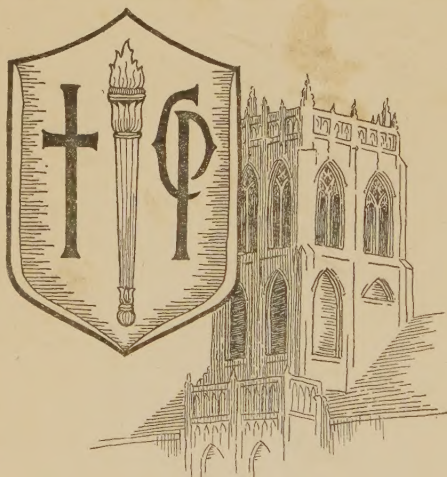


THE RIPENING EXPERIENCE
OF LIFE
AND OTHER ESSAYS

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The Ripening Experience of Life And Other Essays

By
WILLIAM V. KELLEY

Friends,
I absolutely and peremptorily
Believe! I say, faith is my waking life.
— *Robert Browning.*



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TO
MY WIFE

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PREFACE

The title of the first essay seems not unfit to cover this volume, since the views and convictions contained in the book have not been hastily acquired nor rashly propounded, but have matured and been confirmed through the long progress and under the sobering pressure of life's ripening experience.

The Avowals are spontaneous expressions of opinions, estimates, and cherished beliefs, entertained by and dear to the author.

The Answers are utterances which, from time to time, have been evoked or provoked by the currency of pernicious, offensive, unsound, or questionable teachings.

The Consolations set forth some of the supreme comforts which are adapted and adequate to the acute needs of the bewildered mind and suffering heart of man and the hardships of his earthly lot.

The publication of these essays in book form is due, not to the author's self-confidence, but to the request of others. Whether there was the greater wisdom in their urgency or in his reluctance, the future will tell, or the publishers will report in due time.

WILLIAM V. KELLEY.

New York, October, 1907.

I
AVOWALS

Well now, there's one great form of Christian faith
I happened to be born in—which to teach
Was given me as I grew up, on all hands,
As best and readiest means of living by;
The same on examination being proved
The most pronounced moreover, fixed precise
And absolute form of faith in the whole world—
Accordingly most potent of all forms
For working on the world.

What brings out the best of me and bears me fruit
In power, peace, pleasantness and length of days?
I find that positive belief does this
For me, and unbelief, no whit of this.

On all accounts
We can't be too decisive in our faith,
Conclusive and exclusive in its terms.

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise.

—*Robert Browning.*

THE RIPENING EXPERIENCE OF LIFE

AN English scientist whose honorable eminence in the scientific world is unquestioned, Professor George John Romanes, yielding his mind entirely to the scientific method, came to disbelieve in free will, in the presence of mind in nature, and in 1878 argued in his essay, "A Candid Examination of Theism," that the phenomena of the universe needed no God to account for them. But before his death he became convinced that it was reasonable to be a Christian believer, and that he had made a great mistake in not holding fast to Christianity. He then made distinct and devout profession of his acceptance of the Christian religion, and returned deliberately to a full and blissful communion with the Church of Jesus Christ. He came to perceive the enormous implications of the moral nature and to trust the intuitions of the soul. Two days before his death, in 1894, he heartily commended Professor Knight's *Aspects of Theism*, which emphasizes the force of the argument from intuition, and dying he left behind him writings which argue that while the scientific reason cannot clearly perceive the realities known to religion, yet there is a spiritual

necessity for faith, and our intuitions are legitimate, pregnant, and trustworthy; that where anything else than causation is under consideration the "appropriate organs for the ascertainment of truth are those which belong to the moral and spiritual nature," and that there is positive strength and indestructible value in the historical and spiritual evidences of Christianity. Romanes's explanation of this great reversal of opinion and resuscitation of faith suggests the theme and furnishes the title of this essay: "It does not appear to me that the modifications which my views have undergone are due so much to purely logical processes of the intellect as to the subconscious, and therefore more or less unanalyzable, influences due to the ripening experience of life."

Experience is disciplinary and educational; it makes us acquainted with the laws and facts of existence. "Contact with reality will take care of skepticism in the long run," remarks a wise philosopher. Rash radicalisms and insubordination to the constitution of things run away with us in youth. Our inexperience adopts crude theories that will not work. Then we are cuffed and tripped up and kicked about by facts because our awkward notions get crosswise of the procession of things. Moments of reflection flash on us a suspicion that our crotchet does not dovetail and adjust into the universal frame. We feel

a slowly increasing respect for the solidity of the stable universe, which was here before our cradle was rocked, and which has not seen fit to retire its realities or reconstruct its plan out of deference to our infantile misconceptions. In time even the red-hottest anarchist perceives that his proposition to abolish everything is impracticable; everything holds the fort and cannot be dislodged. Successive epiphanies and revelations push us on from probability to positiveness that certain great mysterious objects which sit in shadow are not banks of mist, but mountain ranges whose primeval majesty looked down upon our birth and will cast its silent shadows across our low little graves. We come to doubt our doubts. We overhear a Frenchman saying, "There is somebody that knows more than Voltaire—*Tout le Monde!*" and we begin to pay attention to those generally accepted statements which represent the net result of the long investigation and experience of the race. Gradually the heavens and the earth, our own souls, and our fellow-men explain to us the incorrectness of our ideas. The pert omniscience of our youth takes on the aspect of folly. As years pass a conservative tendency sets in along the channels of the mind. The newcomer who has been here only sixty years or so reflects that perhaps he is o'eryoung and recent to insist upon upsetting the conclusions of the ages, and

is not quite numerous enough to outvote the many-millions of mankind. He is less wise in his own esteem, wiser in the estimation of his fellow-men. Experience is a driver with a long whip for rounding up the thoughts of men within the confines of certain widely credited and long prevalent and entirely reasonable conclusions.

In human experience as a total there is a providential presence and a moral push. Only an atheist will deny that the proper work of all man's higher faculties is to bring him into right relations with God. The universe is reasonable, and human rationality delivered from perversions must lead toward recognition of and harmony with the Eternal Reason. The thought-power holds a secret purpose to fetch all honest thinking round to the Great Thinker. Even logic leads thither, not all the way, but in that direction, if it starts from true premises. Much more a moral view of anything plainly must include belief in God; the ethical cord swings us inevitably to the theistic point of view.

God hides himself so wondrously that it is possible to start away from him, but it is not easy for any sane, half-honest and at all thoughtful human being to keep on going away from him. The mind may travel afar, and, coming to a halt in the distance, stay there inactive forever; we own the possibility. But

the erring mind which keeps moving, investigating, considering, is likely to find itself turning back from farthest and darkest distance toward faith in the supernatural, in theistic conceptions, and in spiritual interpretations; and in that realm Jesus-Christ is apt to be discerned as the central light thereof. Something in the shape of the system of things contributes to this result; one almost suspects that the world of thought is globular, like the planet we live on, so that very far east is west. The man who should sail east from the port of New York, to leave America as far behind as possible, would, if he traveled beyond twelve thousand miles, be heading for San Francisco and the continent he had fled. The limitations fixed around the human mind seem like a circumference, striking against which thought is reflected back along a centripetal line. At any rate, the stress of the universe and its constructive intention work to return the wanderer Godward. Man is tethered by some native relationship to God. Within limits, the farther that tether is stretched the harder it pulls, just as the transgressor's way becomes harder the farther he pursues it. When one casts from his hand the ball which is tied by an elastic cord to his wrist it is the strain on the elastic which brings the ball back to the welcome of his open palm; though this is not saying that no strain can

break the cord. We are born and bottomed in God; from him we come; his children we are rather than the ape's or the devil's; "in him we live, and move, and have our being." Denial of him is like denial of the air, without which we could not deny—which makes enunciation, sound, and breath possible. It is like the fish's denial of the sea, or the bird's doubt of the atmosphere—one swims in it and says: "Where is it?" The other flies in it and says: "I perceive it not!" These things are obvious.

The farther a man goes with doubt, denial, disobedience, so long as mind and soul remain alive, the more difficult his way becomes. Remonstrances rise out of the ground. Reproofs sting him in the face. A displeased sky mutters overhead. He loses solid footing, his steps sink in "Tremble Meadow." He mires. The system of things outargues him and puts him to confusion. It prods him with questions he cannot answer. The universe tells him he is a fool. When the wayward, irreligious soul has run itself out of breath in God-avoiding flight and stands panting, exhausted, and empty at the end of its lane, having overtaken no good and unable to go further, it is liable there in its forlorn and hollow misery to be seized with a suspicion of the nearness of Some One who is not far from any one of us, and to find itself face to face with the Presence it so madly fled.

When the disputatious denier has talked himself out and has nothing more to say, when the echoes of his futile theories and voluble but irrational, because inadequate, explanations have died away, there ensues a silence in which he is likely to hear around and above him, like the tread of thunder along eternal hills, the footfalls of the mighty realities and truths he has denied. When the misguided man has followed fen-fires into the pitch-dark heart of a Serbonian bog, there is a divine Soul-Seeker who swings a lantern through the dark and calls: "Follow me, and I will give you rest on the solid ground of righteousness and reason."

Not untrue is Francis Thompson's confession-picture of the experience of a soul trying to flee from the pursuing Christ:

I fled him down the nights and down the days;

I fled him down the arches of the years;

I fled him down the labyrinthine ways

Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears

I hid from him, and under running laughter.

Up vistaed hopes I sped;

And shot, precipitated

Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,

From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,

And unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,

They beat—and a Voice beat

More instant than the Feet—

"All things betray thee who betrayest me."

Abundant facts of many kinds show that the ripening experience of life, the maturing of the mind, and the progress of candid thought all tend to bring men to that Wisdom which the book of Proverbs magnifies. For example, numerous instances confirm the truth of Lord Bacon's observation: "A little natural philosophy, and the first entrance into it, doth dispose the opinion to atheism; but much natural philosophy, and wading deep into it, will bring about men's minds to religion." Dr. Alfred Momerie contradicts this, and points in evidence to modern scientists, like Tyn-dall and Huxley, as having waded deep into natural philosophy without being brought about to religion. Nevertheless, Bacon's maxim states the general truth. Under it are included several corroborating facts. One fact is that this class of skeptics have either superficial or one-sided learning. They are such, not by reason of superior knowledge, but by deficiency thereof, being ignorant of many things—indeed, of a whole range of facts remote from and opposite to the physical side of life. The broadening of their knowledge by multiplying their points of view will bring them in sight of some of those antipodal facts. If they knew more, they would believe more. Another fact is that increase of intelligence, education, and knowledge is advantageous to, as well as promoted by, Christianity. Its motto is, "Let there be

light." Religion is no fabrication of the imagination, but a knowledge of and regard for truth, and for that central and supreme Reality to which all truth relates. To knowledge enlarging beyond a segment toward the full circle, or in the segment going deeper, Christianity becomes continually more credible. But another fact is that natural scientists, failing to find evidence in proof of their antisupernatural theories, frequently confess failure and acknowledge the breakdown of materialistic explanations. The attempt to account for origins and evolutions on a purely natural basis has to be given up. The insufficiency and irrationality of atheistic schemes are ascertained and published. The necessity of some other theory is admitted, and Christianity's explanation is left in possession of the field, supported equally by reason and by faith.

Eminent scientists, cultivating sedulously the questioning habit of mind and failing to find physical proof of spiritual things, attract attention by the utterance of daring doubts and strident denials. But, continuing their investigations and affirmations in that spirit, they often move on into a gradual distrust of their overconfident negations. Wider study and maturer reflection upon the marvelous and mysterious facts of life diminish the positiveness of their dogmatic denials, until not infrequently in later life

they write some sentence which essentially concedes religion's whole claim. Some new point of view is reached or some overlooked consideration brings its force to bear upon the mind, so that some truth stands clearly out which is nothing less than one of the salients of Christianity; and in giving recognition to that truth they logically surrender the whole case. Over the wall to the besiegers they throw the key of their castle gate.

Instances of an opposite character, apparently contradicting Bacon and supporting Momerie, are not denied. Darwin late in life said that those faculties on which the higher tastes depend had been gradually atrophied in him, "to the injury of the intellect and yet more of the moral character." He was entirely engrossed in physical science, as Edward A. Freeman was in the study and writing of history; so to both of them religious verities faded out of recognition, and degeneration into agnosticism ensued, until the former came near to being the typical agnostic pattern. It is not forgotten that Schopenhauer, the luxurious pessimist, knowing no better god, died with the gilded statue of Gotama Buddha looking at him from the mantelpiece. That disuse may destroy spiritual faculty, evil habits grow fixed, and disbelief unbroken become final and fatal, are awful and admonitory facts.

Yet the system of things, the voices of man's own nature, the true progress of thought, and the powerful pressure of the Holy Spirit are against such results. Romanes wrote with Bacon and against Momerie in these words: "If a little knowledge of physiology and psychology dispose men to atheism, a deeper knowledge of both, and still more a deeper thought upon their relations to one another, will lead men back to some form of religion." Did not Darwin at last concede that his doctrine of evolution was not verifiable, and did he not modify its statement by the hypothesis of a controlling Power? Did not John Tyndall observe that the human mind, by natural instinct, turns, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, to the mystery from which it has emerged, earnestly seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith? And when the mind so turns to study the primal and infinite Mystery, is there any way toward the desired unity of a satisfying conception except by listening to the lips which said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father"? In Mr. Huxley's *Apologetic Irenicon* are signs that at three-score and ten the ripening experience of life has taken sobering and salutary effect on him. When Frederic Harrison flings at him the solemn questions, "What is the relation of man to the Author of the world?

Is there or is there not a moral Providence? Have I an immortal soul, and what becomes of it when I die?" and insists that Mr. Huxley is bound to make some answer to these agonizing questions of the human race, Huxley says that he fully accepts a general Providence which is the cause of the rational order of the universe, and with this Cause he believes man has to do. Of his own life this old man adds: "I have done my day's work not always with a light heart but with a sense of responsibility and a terror of that which may appear when the thick web of fiction is stripped off." Now, can such a "sense of responsibility" be felt toward protoplasm or a godless universe of matter? Is it not true rather that it can only be felt toward "the Judge of all the earth"? In a manner essentially religious Mr. Huxley goes on: "I am a very strong believer in the punishment of certain kinds of actions, not only in the present but in all the future a man can have, be it long or short." "I suppose that all men with a clear sense of right and wrong have now and then descended into hell and stopped there long enough to know what infinite punishment is." "If a genuine immortality awaits us, such immortality, without some change like that depicted in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, must be in eternal misery." After such utterances as these Mr. Huxley expresses his

scorn for the "liberalism" which makes light of serious spiritual issues, which increases the weakness of the world and "covers up the awful realities which it shudders to look at." In all this we find, it is true, no positive profession of faith, but surely it sounds inconsistent with the "gross and brutal materialism" charged upon his Lay Sermons twenty-five years earlier; inconsistent also with professed agnosticism. Rather does this man of science, bending under life's long experience, seem to be bowing his soul in the very presence of those tremendous realities which are the theme of old-fashioned orthodox religion.

In comparative theology it is as Bacon asserted it to be in natural philosophy—at last, if not before, it turns Christward. Years ago, when Max Müller issued his *Origin of Religions*, he was inclined to think that all religions had begun in nature-worship and were natural evolutions therefrom, all being therefore on a par as to their genesis and foundation. But fuller study of the comparative merits of the natural ethnic religions and Christianity brought him to so clear a conviction of the superiority of our New Testament faith that he stood before the British Bible Society with this declaration: "The Vedas, the Hindoo Puranas, the Koran, the Parsi Zend-Avesta, and the Buddhist Tripitaka all say that salvation must be purchased, the purchase-money being our good

works and deservings. Our Bible is from beginning to end a protest against this doctrine. Good works are indeed enjoined, but they are only the outcome of a grateful heart, the fruits of faith. They are never the ransom money of true disciples of Christ. Let us teach Hindoo, Buddhist, Mohammedan that there is only one Sacred Book of the East that can be their mainstay in that awful hour when they pass alone into the unseen world. It is the Sacred Book which contains that faithful saying worthy to be received of all: 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' " Monier-Williams, at the beginning of his study of Hindoo religions, was strongly prejudiced in their favor. But later on he could not listen with patience to those who praised them. He openly and vigorously denounced the stupid ignorance and what he called the "jelly-fish toleration" which refuse to insist upon or acknowledge the decided superiority of Christianity. At an anniversary of the Church Missionary Society he said: "After you have studied all false religions, fearlessly proclaim the plain, unchangeable, eternal facts of the gospel; nay, its stubborn, unyielding, inexorable facts. Let it be absolutely clear that Christianity cannot, must not, be watered down to suit the palate of Hindoo, Parsi, Confucian, Buddhist, Mohammedan. Whoso wishes to pass from the false to the true religion can never

hope to do so by the rickety planks of compromise." And Romanes tells us that intellectually it was in large part the science of comparative religion coupled with the study of anthropology that turned him toward faith in Christ.

Not only in natural philosophy and comparative theology but in all the ways of thought probability presses serious and maturing minds toward faith. Voltaire was brought by lengthening years to believe more and more firmly in an immortality with rewards and punishments, as Socrates in prison taught in the hour before the cup of hemlock was brought. Through Pascal's Paris life dissipation and skepticism went together. In later years, having turned from evil ways, he "faced the specters of the mind and laid them," and came to regard Christ, in his nature, teachings, and life, as the center of all knowledge, in whom was not only God reconciling the world unto himself, but the meeting point wherein all seemingly antithetical truths are reconcilable. Goethe began in revolt against Christianity, but after all his rebellious battling he wrote Jacobi: "It is altogether strange to me that I, an old heathen, should see the cross planted in my own ground, and hear Christ's blood and wounds practically preached without its offending me. We owe this to the higher point of view to which philosophy has raised us." Carlyle, after many hesi-

tations, megrims, and vagaries, "flung the might of his aged manhood against the 'gospel of dirt,' and came back to the catechism, learned at his mother's knee, for a true conception of the destiny of man, which is 'to glorify God and enjoy him forever.'" In like manner Edmund Yates said: "I seldom speak of religion, but I have thought a good deal about it, and what I am now trying to do is to live back to the faith of my childhood." The last friend to whom George Eliot wrote says that "at the time of her sudden and untimely death her mind was slowly reverting toward some measure of faith"; and are we not told that, nearing life's close, she kept Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ* near her? Bourget, who in *Le Disciple* recommended the young to embrace the positive virtues of faith, hope, and charity, yet showed that he himself had never risen thereto, and who in *Cosmopolis* betrays the skepticism of a soul not at one with itself nor with God's world, is said to have undergone afterward so great a change as to class himself as a believer. Tolstoi, in *My Confession*, tells the story of his soul: "I have lived in this world fifty-five years; for nearly forty of those years I have been a Nihilist in the true sense of that word; not socialist and not revolutionary, according to the perverted meaning attached to it; but really Nihilist, that is, lacking in all faith, be-

lieving in nothing." "Early in life I lost my faith; I have lived like all other people among the various varieties of life. I have done something in literature, undertaking to teach others things of which I knew nothing. Then the Sphinx began to persecute me, saying, as to *Œdipus* of old: 'Guess my riddle or I will devour thee.' Human science explained to me nothing. To my incessant questions, the only ones that concerned me, 'Why do I live? What am I?' science answered by teaching me a hundred other things which were of no consequence to me." At last he turned to Christ, and, making his own interpretations, settled upon a religion having such fundamental principles as these: "Regulate your life by the evangelical precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. Shun all violence. Resist not evil. Divide the proceeds of your labor with the poor. Reverence the family—have no divorce or libertinage." The ripening experience of life took thirty years to bring about this conversion from nothing to something, from Nihilism to the Sermon on the Mount.

A man to whom in the decline of life there came through the reading of a certain book the perception of a Beauty of Truth as well as a Beauty of Goodness higher than the senses says concerning that experience, in which his idea of God grew far nearer and immeasurably grander: "I was filled with a new

reverence, mixed with a fear such as one experiences when beholding through the lens of a telescope a star seen shortly before with the naked eye, but now grown to an enormous size. The last rays of evening light were dying away in my study before I finished reading. I put down the book and sat down at a window which commands a view over the plains that stretch from the Alps to the sea. From the religious emotion of that hour, as I sat listening to the murmurings and whisperings of the night, which seemed to me like living voices full of religious meaning, I felt the duty of bearing witness to the divine light which I had received."

Not out of place here are Alfred Noyes's verses entitled "The Old Skeptic"—whose soliloquy the poem purports to be. He is weary of disbelieving. In the sophomoric pride of his youth he pierced his father's heart with words of blatant unbelief, and his father's mute eyes looked on him with grief and amazement. He has read the unsettling, confusing, darkening books that men of his own sort write. But they have done him no good, brought him no peace of mind or heart, given him nothing to take the place of his father's simple faith; and now, empty and ill at ease, he comes toward the end of life. And the old skeptic says: "I am weary of disbelieving." Hear him:

I will go back to my home and look at the wayside flowers,
 And hear from the wayside cabins the sweet old hymns
 again,
 Where Christ holds out his arms in the quiet evening
 hours,
 And the light of the chapel windows broods on the peace-
 ful lane.

And there I shall hear men praying the deep old simple
 prayers,
 And there I shall see, once more, the fond old faith con-
 fessed,
 And the strange old light on their faces who hear as a
 blind man hears—
Come unto me, ye weary, and I will give you rest.

I will go back and believe in the deep, divine old tales,
 And pray the sweet old prayers that I learned at my
 mother's knee,
 Where the Sabbath tolls its peace thro' the breathless
 mountain vales,
 And the sunset's sacred hymn hallows the listening sea.

Not a few men reflecting on the comfortlessness of
 unbelief are ready to ask *Cui bono?* with Howells,
 who says:

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt,
 The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
 Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
 If I deny the things past finding out;
 Or if I orphan my own soul of One
 That seemed a Father, and make void the place
 Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
 What do I gain by that I have undone?

The influence of the ripening experience of life
 often mellows and softens man's nature. The pas-

sionate blood is cooled, the fiery temper tamed, the haughty spirit humbled. The return of a certain childlikeness is noticed in men toward the last, very touching to see and sometimes beautiful; in place of roughness gentleness, in place of self-sufficiency a willing dependence, in place of self-will pliability and submissiveness. A strong man temporarily ill received from a friend this discerning sentence: "It is, indeed, a change for you to like being nursed, and perhaps not altogether a bad one from a character point of view." The renascence of docile dispositions might measurably prepare a man to nestle like a trusting child in the bosom of the Father. The late up-blooming of the pure and artless spirit of childhood from under the incrustations of inveterate worldliness is well set forth in a story about a courtier who, after truckling and crawling all his life for place and favor, sees at the end with a sick heart the worthlessness of all that tawdry tinsel, and gets back a child's joy in the simple but sweet and matchless beauties of God's own conferring. This is the poet's story:

I helped a man to die, some few weeks since,
Warped even from his go-cart to one end—
The living on princes' smiles, reflected from
A mighty herd of favorites. No mean trick
He left untried, and truly well-nigh wormed
All traces of God's finger out of him;
Then died, grown old. And just an hour before,
Having lain long with blank and soulless eyes,

He sat up suddenly, and with natural voice
Said that in spite of thick air and closed doors
God told him it was June; and he knew well,
Without such telling, harebells grew in June;
And all that kings could ever give or take
Would not be precious as those blooms to him.

The intimation is that when a man's heart, sickened of shams and shows and the base insincerities of courts, turns back like a child among the flowers, the banks of the River of Life might not impossibly be somewhere near where those harebells were abloom.

It is not surprising when lifelong unbelievers confess their faith in the words of Thomas: "My Lord and my God!" Ripening experience and advancing seasons bring men to solemn situations, and make trifling impossible. Supreme questions can no longer be postponed. The time when they could be debated and held in suspense is past. The peremptory hour has arrived which forces decision. The soul hears itself spoken to in the imperative mood, and must face its responsibility without evasion. Strauss wrote near the end of life: "I have reached, indeed overstepped, the threshold of old age. There every earnest man has to listen to the Voice within: 'Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward.'" The pinch of life's ultimate exigencies is severe. The pressure, *in extremis*, must be enormous, like the weight of a thousand atmospheres

on every square inch of man's rational and moral being. In a lecture by Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe at Kenyon College were these words: "Says one who knows too well the emptiness of a life shaped by other maxims: 'The most logical attitude of the *thinker*, in the presence of religion is *to act as though it were true*.' 'One should *behave* as though God and the soul existed.' Whose experience dictates this as the philosophy of life? Of course, every believer's; but, I believe in the depths of my soul, every infidel's not less, when daylight dies away from him and the shadows of the dark valley begin to appall. For he who says this is the brilliant Renan, the same unhappy man whose perpetual endeavor it has been to double damn his countrymen, delivering them over again to a reign of terror and despair." Dr. Paulus, a professor at Heidelberg, was an atheist who denied immortality and the supernatural. When his final illness began he said he was about to die, and that that would be the end of him. For hours he lay in coma—no word, no look, no sign. It was supposed he would never rouse from that stupor. All at once his eyes opened and gazed at the ceiling as if he saw something those about him could not see; raising his head, he said distinctly: "There is another life"; in a moment he was gone. Heinrich Heine was no pietist; on the far contrary, possibly the most daring

and startling skeptic of the nineteenth century; yet he wrote near the end of life, of the miraculous effect of God's Word upon him: "Neither vision nor ecstasy, neither voice from heaven nor bodeful dream, has pointed the way of salvation to me. I owe my enlightenment quite simply to the reading of a book. Of a book? say you. Yes, and it is an old and homely book, plain and natural as nature herself, a work-a-day and unpretentious-looking book. And this book is sometimes called quite simply *The Book*, the Bible. Rightly it is also named Holy Writ. He who has lost his God may find him again in this volume, and he who has never known him will there be met by the breath of the Divine Word." The Scotch have a proverb, "The evening brings a' hame." When the shadows of life's evening gather, not all but many souls turn wistfully toward the Father's House and come home to God.

If new light ever falls upon the soul, and new visions of reality are ever given, it may well be when life's experience reaches or approaches its climax and its close. The ancient Egyptians had a temple so constructed that on a certain day of the year the setting sun, as it touched the horizon, would send its rays straight through the propylæa and the long vista of walls and columns within till the sunbeams fell upon the statue of the divinity in the most sacred

secret place. Does the sunset hour of life send fuller light through the temple of man's soul to make more bright that image of divinity which is in him? Matthew Arnold on his last Sabbath attended the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. It was sacrament morning; the sermon was on the "Shadow of the Cross," and the closing hymn was:

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died.

At the home of his brother-in-law, after service, a servant heard him repeating to himself, on the stairs, the first lines of that hymn. At luncheon he spoke about the hymn and said he thought it the finest in the English language. When he rose from the table he went out, and in ten minutes he was dead—dead, with his mind dwelling on the cross of Christ—a *finale* hardly anticipated by readers of his books.

LITTLE PIPPA: A STUDY IN DYNAMICS

ONE day a prophet of spiritual things was walking alone in a wood near Dulwich, England, when "the image flashed upon him of one walking thus alone through life—one apparently too obscure to leave a trace of his or her passage, yet exercising a lasting, though unconscious, influence at every step." This instantaneous conception worked itself out in process of time into the drama entitled "Pippa Passes," in which a past master of the contents of human nature and life teaches the lesson of the imperial, propulsive and permeating power of purity. It is the story of a young factory girl named Felippa, pet-named Pippa, a winder in the silk mills in the Italian village of Asolo. One holiday, when the mills are closed, Innocence in the person of little Pippa goes strolling up and down the streets and hillsides singing to itself, as Innocence, who is God's daughter, will; and in four tragic moral crises, past the scenes of which she goes, her songs jostle evil off its track, fill headlong wickedness with hesitation, and rescue souls from temptation. The passing of this gentle girl disturbs the borders of her pathway more than would a cannon-

ball express going by with a thunder roar, shaking the province and sucking a whirlwind after it.

"Pippa Passes," which Edmund Gosse and Edmund Clarence Stedman consider Browning's masterpiece, is a parable of the dynamics of character in its most delicate and ethereal action. This factory girl, all unawares, is out on a soul-saving service, an unconscious evangelist to four most critical, acute, and necessitous moral emergencies, which are pictured in four separate scenes, divided by suggestive and interpretative interludes.

In the first, Sebald and Ottima, a bold and reckless pair, caught in the carnal snare and guilty of murder besides, are sinning shamelessly in the mad delirium of unhallowed passion, when a girl's sweet voice comes over the garden wall and into the shrub-house, singing this exquisite song:

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

This, only this and nothing more, reaches the guilty lovers, and it leaves with them the vision of God overhead and innocence, blithe, happy, and trustful,

under his eye. In a flash they see that virtue is better than vice; for all is well with the righteous, but the wages of sin is death. Sebald exclaims: "That little peasant's voice has righted all again. . . . I see what I have done entirely now." Pippa has broken the spell in which these sinning souls were bound, though she passes on knowing it not.

In the second, a young sculptor, Jules, is beside himself with anger at discovering a nefarious plot contrived against him by a brutal gang bent on his ruin. Just when the culmination of his rage has swept him to the verge of deciding upon cruelty and murder as a method of revenge, by force of what we call accident and heaven calls plan the little silk winder happens to be going by singing another song, and something in the music or the words abates his wrath, restores his self-control, clears his moral vision, and betters all his thoughts, including his artistic ideals, so that both the man and the artist are saved.

In the third, Luigi, a boy patriot with excessive zeal and erring judgment, is about setting out for Vienna to assassinate the emperor. While he and his mother, alone in a ruined turret, are talking of his rash and furious enterprise, the factory girl, warbling her harmless holiday away, passes underneath, and her song, stealing up, mingling its notes with his mother's entreaties, operates to soothe the fierceness

of his spirit, and, there is reason to believe, introduces hesitation enough to weaken his bloody purpose from fulfillment.

In the fourth, a proud, worldly, and luxurious bishop sits in a palace, with a soul already darkened and unfaithful, and tempted now to flagrant and awful wickedness, when the clear young voice somewhere outside starts singing of nature's simplicities, serenities, and loyalties—trees, flowers, grass, birds, sun, stars, and moon—not omitting to close with God over all; and the imperiled bishop, listening, sees as if by sudden shining of celestial luminaries the black abyss before him, and with a loud outcry starts back affrighted from its brink.

Pippa's songs have the effect of a moral recall and produce a moral recoil. This is because the songs she likes are like herself in quality, as if steeped in the purity of Pippa's spirit.

The essence of any personality is diffusive and distinguishable. That each person has a peculiar quality, distinct and inseparable, is familiar fact; in each the human elements are mixed after a special equation, compounding a unique result; and each declares his essential nature in every issuance, utterance, act. The opposite poles of personal quality are wide apart. The effluence of some is an effluvium, a noxious exhalation; the emanation of others is, to

all our cognitions and sensibilities, the sweet "presence of a good diffused." This Edmund Gosse had in mind when he wrote concerning Walt Whitman, "Something mephitic breathes from this strange personality"; and Piux IX, when he sent word to Bishop Mermillod to remain at Ferney and sweeten the place from the memories of Voltaire; and a Mohammedan Swedenborgian, if such there were, might explain that the Koran refers to this when it says that the houris of paradise perspire musk; and this also was meant by the man who wrote: "The one perfume, preferred by her, with which my mother was wont to touch her handkerchief when I was a boy, is as distinct to memory now as to my sense perception then, yet not more definite than the subtle aroma and bouquet of her personality, a spirit-perfume defying description or analysis, which is with me still as when her immediate presence diffused it here, though thirty years have passed since she added her fine fragrance to the aggregated sweetnesses of heaven." Now, Pippa illustrates the distinctness and positiveness of personal influence; she was a moral perfume sweetening in some degree all the air of Asolo, as if "her garments smelled of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces." This guileless girl, a simple, artless, inexperienced little saint, happy in filial relations with God, saturates her world with sanctity as she moves.

The story of Pippa shows the startling force of personal influence, in its thinnest dilution and slightest tint, its filmiest form and lightest wafting, its softest note and faintest echo. The action of the power proceeding from her is exceedingly indirect, oblique, remote. She does not deliver a message, point a finger, direct a glance, or accost a soul. Innocence passing by simply vocalizes its maiden meditation in the air, and listening guilt, made conscious of sin and aware of heaven, trembles, cowers, relents, repents. Note that nothing hortatory or didactic is in her songs, no stated decalogue or gospel. She is not singing from Rous's Psalms or the Church Hymnal. Mendelssohn's "*Lieder ohne Worte*" are scarcely more indirect. As in the Eleusinian mysteries there was no doctrinal instruction, but all meanings were inferred from the spectacle, so in Pippa's songs there is nothing directive or admonitory; what message they are capable of impressing is an oblique suggestion from their drift and pitch. She is as undidactic as the virgin moon, which simply by its shining preaches of the sun whence it derives its light. Yet her sweet soliloquies, floating softly abroad, reach the tempted and the guilty in shrub-house and studio and turret and palace with the force of a John-the-Baptist message thundering righteousness and judgment; the proportion of effect to cause is as if a babe's

breath should disperse the White Squadron or a film of vapor adrift in space derail the solar system. The tremendous dynamics of character in its most rarefied and ethereal effluence is powerfully illustrated in Pippa. She is not only a perfume, but as much a power in Asolo as if she were a walking dynamo, an electric girl able to lift men with the tips of her fingers.

In "Pippa Passes" is shown, also, the possible might of personal influence acting in and limited to its briefest opportunity. This is intentionally italicized in the title given to the poem. This factory girl's holiday usefulness is shut up to a ministry of touch-and-go. Her transit was a mathematic tangent, just kissing the circumference of each moral crisis at a single point. But personality is electric and discharges its force through an instant's contact. Pippa's song flung out upon the air is like a live wire swinging loose; Ottima, Sebald, Jules, Luigi, and Monsignor feel the thrill. Only a moment at each critical station was she seen and heard; yet the power of her presence is imperial and decisive. The perturbation she causes is worthy of a passing world, as when huge Neptune, rolling in the offing of our system, pulls Uranus aside toward the outlying infinite. Nor is the effect temporary; on the contrary, permanent. Though Pippa is a wandering and intermit-

tent voice, her echoes do not die on hill or field or river; they rather roll from soul to soul and grow forever and forever. The conjunction of a momentary cause and a lasting result, common enough everywhere else, is not absent from human intercourse. One lightning flash, and Alexis is dead and Luther impelled on his life-long course. As one prick of the cobra's fang sends venom through all the veins, so one impure suggestion may taint the whole mind. One summer a young Boston fish dealer had a few glimpses of Wilbur Fisk, and, enamored of the vision, Isaac Rich's life became like his name and was thenceforth dedicated to producing Wilbur Fisks. Christian workers are often oppressed with the feeling that transiency of opportunity prohibits large results. The man who toils year after year in the Judson Memorial Church, south of Washington Square, among the shifting population in sight of his tall tower, seems to himself as one standing on the bank of a swift stream shooting arrows at the logs floating past, or as one preaching in an elevator to people getting in and out at every floor, ministering to lives a moment within reach, then gone forever. So is it with the missionary telling of Jesus and the resurrection to an accidental group of heathen in the thronged bazaar, and the street preacher on the curbstone calling the denizens of city slums to repentance and

reformation. And everywhere a great part of religious work must be done in transient conditions, with only momentary opportunities; at which, the point here is, no worker need be disheartened. Pippa's passing influence stands as the very type of transiency, and reminds of that greatest ministry of all, when, throughout Galilee and Judea and beyond Jordan, in cities and villages and along the countryside, the wondrous and thrilling report ran near and far that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by.

If that which gives way and flies back before its opposite is thereby proven the less weighty and less mighty, then the superior force of purity is one of the doctrines of the drama here discussed. Not that goodness is always unconditionally invincible, for the world puts virtue in serious peril by many trials and tests. Not without danger was the walk the young silk winder took that day through Asolo. Knowledge of life makes one tremble to see innocence steering its light pinnace along the edges of those several whirlpools where souls were circling downward or whirling already in the vortex. Nor did wickedness omit to set its traps for such a prize as Pippa. Yet she came home unharmed at nightfall to her "large, mean, airy chamber." Virtue like hers, it seems, goes panoplied in its own whiteness. On the side of human possibility there is a moral health so sound and solid

it will not take infection; and on the side of divine intention goodness is not meant to be a prey. The earth is not replenished with lambs for the delectation of bloodthirsty wolves. To be devoured is not the purposed fate of innocence. Una's intended place is on the lion's back, not inside his jaws. The will of heaven is fulfilled in virtue's victory.

That goodness is superior in force, as well as in character, is a lesson needed by both good and bad. Evil's pomp and blare and fierce demeanor fright some timid souls. Its brazen effrontery and bullying mien and violent methods seem so formidable that good men, intimidated by its aggressive and defiant energy, write it unduly high in the scale of potencies, discouraging themselves and diffusing dismay around them. Doubt and fear say: "Beyond question goodness is supremely lovely; but is it strong for overcoming? The beauty of holiness none can dispute; but has it rugged robustness to contend with a brutal and bludgeoning world?" Surface appearance looks the other way. In the moment of conflict mild-mannered and sweet-spoken inoffensiveness seems no match for swash-buckler badness with its fists and firearms; but let the doubter go away a while, say for a generation or two, then come back and see that the tribe of the violent has perished, while the meek inherit the earth.

The children of the devil, with a blind faith in the bravado which seems like bravery and the audacity which mimics power, imagine, naturally enough, that the kingdom is theirs; they can easily outwit and outfight these innocents; therefore wickedness leaps with confident ferocity upon the little flock, so harmless and apparently so helpless. But in due time a Power which makes for righteousness gives the kingdom to that little flock. Then at the end of an experience immensely educational the undeceived dupes of the devil con the lesson set for them in characters of fire: "It's wiser being good than bad; it's safer being meek than fierce."

A totally unnatural and far more lamentable thing is that a puling and pusillanimous pessimism, which is less respectable than atheism, drivels sometimes from lips that ought to be manly and courageous. One of the sorest trials of those who believe in God is to hear the expression in Christian circles of gloomy views concerning the condition and prospects of mankind, as if Christ were a visionary and his gospel a futility. Some morbid, twisted thinking gets the attribute of omnipotence shifted over from God to the devil; the Maker and Ruler of all is supposed to be at a disadvantage in his own universe. Mere heresy, a simple disagreement with a prevalent creed or generally accepted doctrine, is immensely less in-

jurious than this cardinal, capital, utterly fatal sin of unbelief in God, upon which our Saviour—and, with equal distinctness, the nature of things—denounces unmitigated damnation. It is slandering the Creator to imply that he has permitted superior power to wickedness. Lincoln said: "God must love common people or he would not have made so many of them." Parity of reasoning would accuse him of a preference for evil if he had arranged that it might predominate. Despondent views of the final fortunes of the world are blasphemous. It is incredible that the Power which made all worlds has in any one of them given the kingdom to the wicked one. The Charioteer who drives this racing planet around its blue-walled sidereal stadium keeps the whip hand of all its forces; the wildest and most fractious he holds with a curb bit, and can throw them on their haunches when he pleases. So much of insurrectionary insolence as cannot ultimately be made to praise him he is abundantly able to restrain. Because "God's in his heaven" it is so well with the world that purity is able to triumph here. His saints are not a feeble folk, but the most formidable force ever marshaled, the only surely conquering column that ever lifted its banner and took up its line of march across the plains of time.

Disbelief in the power of purity and truth and righteousness is fostered by demoralizing falsehoods

in various copybook maxims and poetic quotations which attribute superior vitality, alertness, sagacity, and longevity to evil. Samples of such axioms of unbelief readily occur. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with their bones." Whether result or recollection is referred to, this saying is not true. As for results, there is a lasting quality in the effects of virtue and a value which prompt society to preserve them. As for recollection, many monuments and celebrations perpetuate the remembrance of noble actions, while no commemoration is held or memorial reared on behalf of baseness. Evil deeds have in their nature something which inclines men for very shame to abstain from mention of them. They are put out of sight that they may be quickly and forever out of mind—consigned to oblivion as offal to a pit. The very name of the wicked shall rot.

"The good die young, but they whose hearts are dry as summer dust burn to the socket," is a poetic heresy which puts the exception in place of the rule, the general truth being that goodness and longevity go together in a long and fair survival of the fittest. In wisdom's right hand is length of days.

"A lie will travel round the world while truth is pulling on its boots" is a saying which gives an advantage to the lie. But the false is susceptible of, and

at every step liable to, disproof positive and final; like Egyptian chariots without wheels, it drives heavily, while the true rolls forward on a firm foundation of fact, making its safe appeal to time. "The evil cannot brook delay; the good can well afford to wait." The revolving earth rolls in its vindication. Superior speed and energy are in the truth, and the Maker has pitched the slope of the world to the advantage of righteousness.

In the oft-quoted words, "Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne," the twice-occurring adverb makes the lines untrue. Take it the ages through, rectitude fares better than rascality. Wrong oftenest feels the halter draw. Criminals, and not honest men, wear out the gallows. "A charmed life old Goodness hath." In wisdom's left hand are riches and honor. Say ye to the righteous, it is and shall be well with him.

Even Scripture is perverted to unjust effect. "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light" is interpreted to imply a superior sagacity in the wicked. Only locally or exceptionally now and then have the words been true, the general fact being that "the best men ever prove the wisest too; something instinctive guides them still aright." Virtue alone is sagacious and strong. The all-good is the Almighty. We withhold worship unless

we can address it to a Being amply entitled to the ascription, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen." The superior inherent force, as well as the supreme loveliness and dignity of goodness, is one of the doctrines of "Pippa Passes." Innocence goes forth through Asolo on an errand of power. Wickedness, conscious of manifold inferiority, cowers abashed before the moral majesty and might of passing purity and prepares for flight.

If one searches deeply for the secret of Pippa's power, he sees that truth to essential fact requires it to be said that her superbly useful day is an instance of answered prayer. True, she frames no formal petition in our hearing; her prayer, like her gospel, is in solution making prayerfulness. She is influential for good because she desires to be. To be "useful to men and dear to God" is a cherished thought with her. Early and late, when she wakes and when she goes to sleep, God's service is on her mind, and, in her heart, habitually a forward-looking desire and a backward-looking wistfulness equivalent to prayer. She sets out in the morning with a wish to make the most and best of the "single day God lends to leaven what were all earth else with a feel of heaven," and with fond apprehension of possible tasks to be imposed by God. And when she sits on her bedside at night

we see there has been a steady longing in her heart; she would really like to know how she might approach these people—Sebald and Ottima, Jules, Luigi, and Monsignor—so as to touch them, some way move them; she thinks it was half promised in her morning hymn that her part with them might be in some sense important. And this obedient, unconsciously but powerfully influenced child of God falls asleep with the thought that peradventure he may have used her in ways she knows nothing about, knowing that to be a happy habit he has.

Because this essay deals with some of the most puissant moving forces of man's world we have entitled it "A Study in Dynamics." Does the physicist object?

TREES AND MEN

A TREE is somewhat more than potential lumber. Human interest in it is not merely commercial. The relation between it and man is an obscure and fascinating mystery. Can any wise man make even a beginning toward explaining the relation between a pine tree and a soul? Yet the one speaks to and affects the other. Make it into a violin, and, in the hands of Paganini or Ole Bull, a cry comes out of it which is little short of human, thrilling spirit as well as nerves with inevitable emotion. Although the spell cast by trees evades analysis, no one can regard it as a fiction of the fancy of a few mooning, hysterical hyperæsthètes. It belongs among universals and perennials, and casts its subtle witchery wherever leafy branches cast their shade. It was because of the appeal which they make to universal man that Rousseau, the French artist, liked to paint trees, and said: "The tree which rustles is for me a grand history; if I speak with its language, I shall have spoken the language of all times." A drop of Druid blood shows in most men's veins. Browning was not indulging in poetic pretense but testifying on the witness stand

when he wrote in "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Savior of Society":

Many a thrill

Of kinship I confess to with the powers
Called nature; animate, inanimate,
In parts or in the whole, there's something there
Manlike, that, somehow, meets the man in me.
My pulse goes altogether with the heart
O' the Persian, that old Xerxes, when he stayed
His march to conquest of the world, a day
I' the desert, for the sake of one superb
Plane tree which queened it there in solitude.

In that last line there is the sense of something regal in a gigantic tree, the sense which made it impossible for Dr. O. W. Holmes, who had a lifelong enthusiasm for great trees and carried a measuring tape for taking the girth of the biggest he could find, to pass a certain grand old oak at Beverly, Massachusetts, without a bow and a genuflexion, and which made him say to Mr. Morse, on whose land it stood: "Ah, John, you think you own that tree, but you don't; it owns you!" This ascendancy is as mild and beneficent as it is lordly. Ineffably grateful to man and beast is the benign shade of verduous summer branches. Thereunder dumb cattle love to huddle, and man, primeval or end-of-this-century, seeks instinctively the selfsame shelter for his rest or his work. Kipling writes, "Under the Deodars"; Dr. Cuyler, "Under the Catalpa"; Mrs. Claffin, "Under the Old Elms," and Arlo Bates, "Under the Beech

Tree." Mary Russell Mitford said, in a friendly letter: "I am writing under a beautiful acacia tree with as many snowy tassels as leaves. It is waving its world of fragrance over my head, gratifying that love of sweet smells which in me amounts almost to a passion." The author of *Ben Hur*, telling how he wrote it, says: "The greater part of my work was done at home, my favorite writing place being in the garden beneath an old beech tree. I have a peculiar affection for that tree. Often, when its thick foliage has protected me with its cooling shadow, it has been the only witness of my mental struggles. The soft twittering of birds in its branches and the hum of bees near by helped to make the spot sweet and dear."

The cordial trees everywhere extend a sympathetic invitation to take refuge with them, as do the wild goats with the high hills and the conies with the rocks. Russell Lowell advises that every man should sometimes retreat into the heart of the woods and closet himself in a rustling privacy of leaves, where one may find a peaceful pleasure and respite from nagging necessities, throwing the pack of pestering plagues which pursue him off his scent by taking to the many-scented woods. Escape from din and glare into their shady quietness pacifies irritated nerves and promotes a Christian temper. "Their tempered light is like a perpetual morning before sunrise, and

is stimulating and heroic. The anciently reported spells of those places creep on us. The communicative trees begin to persuade us to live with them and quit our life of solemn trifles." Even a casual thought of foliage and shade can bring through the imagination a momentary relief in an oppressive situation. We felt grateful to the literary artist who reported the Borden murder trial for the New York Tribune when he suddenly took us for a moment out of that grewsome New Bedford courthouse—a veritable chamber of horrors with its hideous exhibit of broken skulls and blood-stained hatchets, amid which a woman sat on trial for parricide and matricide—and showed us in a few picture sentences the lovely June world outside, the green lawn, and the overbending elms among whose breeze-moved branches, he said, "the leaves paid little visits, and fluttered, and kissed, and ran away."

The Bethsaida blind man who, midway in his healing, said to Jesus, "I see men as trees walking," suggests that trees and men are not so unlike each other as are some other things. Aggressive and domineering doctrines have been built up on smaller scriptural foundation than is here given by Mark for insisting that some subtle resemblance must exist between trees and men. In some of their needs and habits they are observed to be not totally dissimilar.

It is not preposterously fantastical to say that the tree is a breathing creature, not drawing the air into internal lungs, but spreading its leaf-lungs abroad upon the air in order that the fluid circulating through a million veins from rootlets to topmost twig-tips may be vitalized by exposure to chemical atmospheric action; a bibulous creature, boring for water and sending its thirsty roots abroad in all directions to get a drink; a sensitive, expressive, and responsive creature, whispering, sighing, murmuring, shivering, writhing, gesticulating with its limbs, and bleeding when it is hurt—not so utterly unhuman as to be unable to appropriate part of Shylock's plea by which he proved a Jew to be human. Some vaguely felt resemblance is intimated also by the fact that many literatures make trees emblematical of men, from the Old Testament likening the man who delights in the law of the Lord to a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth fruit in his season, and declaring that the righteous shall flourish like the palm tree and grow like a cedar in Lebanon, down to John Muir, the geologist and botanist of the Yosemite, when he figured the lofty mind of the Sage of Concord with the hyperbole, "Emerson is the sequoia of the human race."

At times one suspects a sort of semihuman difference of disposition among trees. Some behave socia-

bly and others with reserve. Some gather in groups or fraternize in forests, interlocking friendly arms as if fond of fellowship and converse; as Henley says,

Each to the other bending, beckoning, signing,
As in some monstrous market-place
They pass the news, these Gossips of the Prime,
In that old speech their forefathers
Learned upon the lawns of Eden, ere they heard
The troubled voice of Eve
Naming the wondering folk of Paradise.

Others like to stand apart as if possessed of dainty and exclusive instincts, no gossips, but given to pensive meditation. Of those that cultivate reserve and independence the elm is first. Sometimes it seems to say: "Let me have an occasion all to myself; give me entire possession of a field and see me fill it." And, behold, that one tree suffices to decorate the field from center to outer edge as far as rising and setting suns can throw its shadow west and east; and it proves itself not to have been overbold by adequately filling its large sphere with native dignity and Delsartean grace, drooping its delicate limbs in gentle curves, and moving with cultured ease. Always an elm can be depended on to appear with credit, to dress itself with taste and with an individuality of style which looks like real artistic genius. Who has not seen a single elm, standing tall and lithe with a feminine slenderness, adorned in all its height, with foliaged

trunk as well as leafy limbs, robed like a lady to its very feet, suffice to occupy and completely furnish a whole wide, deep-green, thicket-margined meadow in elm-graced New England? Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote in Elsie Venner: "Nobody knows New England who is not on terms of intimacy with one of its elms. That tree comes nearer to having a soul than any other vegetable creature among us." Many a village owns the tranquil lordship of one supreme tree to which all visitors are expected to make pilgrimage and pay reverent court; and the pride of many a rural neighborhood centers in one gigantic elm, which, like the old cathedral builders, has levied contributions on every side for a century to rear its huge temple, spreading its wide-arching branches in a span of a hundred feet, as if ambitious, like Michael Angelo, to hang the Pantheon in air. The manifest presidency of a single tree made George William Curtis write, one New England afternoon: "A stately elm is the archbishop of this green diocese. In full canonicals he stands sublime. His flowing robes fill the blithe air with sacred grace. The light west wind and watery south are his fresh young deacons, his ecclesiastical *aides-des-camp*. He rules his landscape round; and I—this penitent old Easy Chair—attend devoutly when I hear the eloquent rustling of his voice, as the neighbors of Saint George Herbert,

of Bemerton, used to stop their plows in the furrow and bow with uncovered head while the sound of his chapel bell tinkled in the air."

The close affinity of men with trees is accented in certain moods and in individuals to whom the society of dispassionate, undisputatious, amiable, affable trees seems preferable to the very different company of human kind. It was said of that shy recluse, Lord De Tabley, "He has two intimate friends; one he has not seen for five years, the other not for six," while Tennyson said to Edmund Gosse: "De Tabley is a Faunus; he is a woodland creature." Claude, the painter, the "supreme tree-master," associated so intimately with trees that William Blake's friend, Samuel Palmer, fancied "Claude's mother must have been a dryad." Of Thoreau, Emerson said: "As for taking his arm, I would as soon think of taking the arm of an elm tree." One day the hermit of Walden Pond excused himself from a visitor because he must go to keep an engagement with a tree; and he confessed to being so much in love with a certain scrub oak that it would be improper for him to wed a human mate. Even sane and normal men frequently betray fondness for their foliaged fellow-creatures. When Dr. Arthur Edwards, strolling with Bishop Wiley in a Wisconsin forest, pointed to a noble tree and asked, "Did you ever see more majesty on land or sea?" the

bishop answered: "No, and I confess to you that the trees talk to me and that I understand them," and went on talking, reports the friend, in a way which would have made a Druid's heart dance for joy or have lured a dryad to call him "brother." Mrs. Browning, writing of the deep pine forests of Vallombrosa, says they "have such a strange dialect in the silence they speak with." Dr. Henry M. Field, convalescing at Stockbridge, under trees his own hands had planted thirty years before, soberly wrote: "In this summer of illness they have been next to the dear household within in the way of companionship. Strong men, who are full of lusty life, pushing forward on the world's highway, know not how sweet a thing it is to have such companions and comforters. We have come into a perfect understanding and silent communion. Those trees know me; they know when I am in a silent mood, and they keep very still, hardly a leaf stirring; and when they begin to move, it is very gently, as if it were only to fan away the care that sits upon the troubled brow. Am I weary and downcast, one glance upward gives a new turn to my thoughts, as the waving treetops catch the burden from the spirit, and toss it into vacancy, where it is seen and felt no more." Father Taylor was seen one day on arriving at Eastham camp ground to go up to a tree and put his arms around it, saying,

as if some sacred association touched his memory in a tender place: "My dear old friend, how do you do?" At one of her homes Elizabeth Barrett loved a great lime tree on the lawn which "seemed to have come on purpose from the woods to bring the house a message." In C. P. Cranch's London lodgings a friend fresh from Boston told J. R. Lowell of having dined a fortnight before in Lowell's Elmwood house with Ole Bull and wife, who were occupying it during its owner's absence in England, and spoke of having looked over the books in Lowell's library there, when Lowell broke in: "I care more for my trees than my books. Can you tell me how they are feeling? I'm sure they miss me. They seem to droop when I go away, and I know they brighten when I go back to them and shake hands with their lower branches." "Yes," responded the visitor, sympathetically; "they forgive you for being human and are not above associating with you." Of those old trees around his home Lowell wrote: "A group of tall pines, planted by my father, murmurs to me with messages out of the past and mysterious premonitions of the future. A horse chestnut, the seed of which I planted fifty years ago, lifts its huge stack of shade before me and loves me with all its leaves." And at threescore and ten he wrote to Lady Lyttelton: "I watch the moon rise behind the same trees

as when I first saw it seventy years ago, and have a strange feeling of permanence as if I should watch it seventy years longer." Literature contains few more felicitous figures of speech than Lowell's attempt to express the comfort one may have in the fidelity of a lifelong friend: "A friendship counting forty years is the finest kind of shade tree I know of." When the statue of Horace Greeley was unveiled in Greeley Square, New York city, his daughter placed on its bronze brow a wreath of oak leaves from trees near his old home, with these words attached: "The woods of Chappaqua send greeting to the one who loved them." He was, to be sure, like Gladstone, a feller of trees, but neither of them destroyed valuable ones. At Hawarden the case of each tree was tried judicially with the family as jury. Sometimes visitors were made judges, and the fate of one aged oak was decided by John Ruskin, who once wrote: "No man can be far wrong in temper of mind or way of life who really loves trees." A Georgia poet sings thus of the fellowship of men with trees:

A tree is one of nature's words, a word of peace to man,
A word that tells of central strength from whence all things
 began,
A word to preach tranquility to all our restless clan.

Ah, bare must be the shadeless ways, and bleak the path
 must be,
Of him who, having open eyes, has never learned to see,
And so has never learned to love the beauty of a tree.

'Tis well for man to mix with men, to drive his stubborn
quest
In harbored cities where the ships come from the East
and West,
To fare forth where the tumult roars, and scorn the name
of rest.

But he is wise who, 'mid what noise his winding way
may be,
Still keeps a heart that holds a nook of calm serenity,
And an inviolate virgin soul that still can love a tree.

Who loves a tree he loves the life that springs in star and
clod,
He loves the love that gilds the clouds, and greens the
April sod;
He loves the Wide Beneficence. His soul takes hold on
God.

The writer of this essay confesses to a clandestine
friendship with one tree since boyhood. It is a
great wide oak in a field near Andalusia station on
the Pennsylvania Railroad, shaped like an inverted
bushel basket, its lowest branches close to and paral-
lel with the ground. With it we have had a bowing
acquaintance all our manhood years. We look out
of the car window for it whenever we pass that way,
and it always nods and waves its hands—if there is
wind enough.

At times and in a way trees have been teachers of
mankind. By rooted abiding in their appointed
places they admonish vagabonds and inculcate sta-
bility. Vagrant Louis Stevenson hints at advantages

forfeited by the gypsily inclined: "He who can sit squarest on a three-legged stool, he it is who has the wealth and the glory." As by continuity of growth in a fixed place, the tree gains height, girth, and celebrity, so a man by becoming, through honorable years, an old resident, adds to whatever other standing he may have a peculiar prestige. Sidney Lanier wrote of the Cedarcroft chestnut on Bayard Taylor's place:

The worth and sum of all his centuries
Suffused his mighty shadow on the grass.

The steadfastness, uprightness, and aspiration seen in trees is recently acknowledged by one who hangs his votive song upon its boughs and cries to the strong tree:

Give me to clasp this earth with feeding roots like thine,
To mount yon heaven with such star-aspiring head;
Fill full with sap and bud this shrunken life of mine.

Man may well emulate that instant and invariable responsiveness to celestial influences which is observed by Shakespeare when he remarks that it is useless to "forbid the mountain pines to wag their high tops, and to make a noise, when they are fretted with the gusts of heaven." Suppose the apostles had been irresponsive to the "rushing mighty wind" of Pentecost! As the first temples of primitive worship and

parliament houses of early Gauls and Teutons and Celts, trees taught men how to build. Where did old architects get their ideas for cathedral columns and arches but from arched and columned forest aisles? At Woolthorpe in Lincolnshire an aged apple tree was cut down in 1820, to preserve its wood from decay because it had once made a pupil of a young man who lay at its feet, and had taught him one of God's great secrets. A hundred and fifty years previous this tree, seeing young Isaac Newton, aged only twenty-three, whose mother lived in a house near by, lying on the ground beneath, dropped an apple to the sod for him to notice. The apple struck the earth and stopped, but kept on falling in his mind until he made a discovery which included the dropping apple and the solar system and the sidereal heavens and the immense universe. Such lesson could a tree teach to an apt pupil, though so wide an inference from so small a phenomenon none but a studious, well-prepared, and expert mind could make. Saint Bernard said to his pupils: "You will find something greater in the woods than in books. Stones and trees will teach you that which you will never learn from masters. The mountains drop sweetness and you will suck oil from the flinty rocks." He declared that the oaks and beeches of Clairvaux had been his best teachers in theology, and that what he

had learned to understand from Scripture had been taught him chiefly by the woods and fields:

Good is an orchard, the Saint saith,
To meditate on life and death,
With a cool well, a hive of bees,
A hermit's grot below the trees.
Good is an orchard; very good,
Though one should wear no monkish hood;
Right good, when spring awakes her flute,
And good in yellowing time of fruit.
Very good in the grass to lie
And see the network 'gainst the sky,
A living lace of blue and green,
And boughs that let the gold between.
The bees are types of souls that dwell
With honey in a quiet cell;
The ripe fruit figures goldenly
The soul's perfection in God's eye.
Prayer and praise in a country home,
Honey and fruit; a man might come
Fed on such meats to walk abroad,
And in his orchard talk with God.

Amid the many marvels and splendors of the world few surpass the entrancing spectacle which the Great Artist sometimes makes of a single tree, and literature and life are full of the exquisite response of the human spirit to such spectacles. Dorothy Wordsworth's journal pictures one: "As we went along we were stopped at once, at a distance of, perhaps, fifty yards from our favorite birch tree. It was yielding to a gust of wind, with all its tender twigs; the sun shone upon it, and it glanced in the wind like a flying

sunshiny shower. It was a tree in shape, with stem and branches, but it was like a spirit of water." Emily Dickinson wrote Colonel Higginson: "I think you would like the chestnut tree I passed in my walk. It hit my notice suddenly and I thought the skies were in bloom." Does any ecstasy of earthly vision exceed the rapture of seeing a perfect apple tree in perfect blossom, a bouquet fit for the new bridal of the sun and earth? In Greenwood does any marble monument begin to match the white slopes of the dogwood in mid-May? But the apotheosis of trees is named October, whose splendor beggars language. Celia Thaxter, enraptured with the gorgeous autumnal pageant among New England mountains, wrote: "Oh, the trees! fires and flames; incandescence was the only word I could think of. Burning coals the maples were, and where the frost had touched some of the tops they were like white ashes; I expected to see smoke rising. Then the gold and topaz and amber flaring up into the blue of the clear sky, and the garnets and rubies! It was magnificent. Maples bigger than I ever dreamed they could grow, in such ranks, looking as if they had had such a good time all their lives, with nothing on earth to disturb them, and plenty of room to grow and attain to the fullest perfection. Enough to do you good it was to see them!"

That the sensitive imagination of poets should be enamored of such a living wonder as the tree was from the first and forever inevitable. Witness of this is borne in English as in earlier languages. Old Chaucer wove the woodland in his measures; Spenser sent his heavenly maid moving amid the forests; Milton tuned his deep diapason to the groves, and owned that cathedral organs give forth no music grander than that which sounds when a forest of pines awakes at midnight to chant a solemn psalm of praise; tall oaks awed Keats into calling them "those green-robed senators of mighty woods"; Wordsworth wandered pensive in leafy shade, and rounded an oak at Rydal Mount into a sonnet; Tennyson confided his secret of love to the talking oak of Sumner-chase; and out of meditation in Dulwich woods Browning brought his limpid-souled little Pippa to sing her sweet saving songs forever in the startled ear of the world's wickedness.

Very early in the life of our race the tree struck deep root in the reverences and superstitions of men. Towering aloft between man and the sky, its strength and grace, its stir and animation, its beauty and beneficence charmed him to admire and often subdued him to worship. In many a place and time it has stood associated with the sacred and the super-human. Indications of tree worship are found among

relics of prehistoric forest races as well as in the rites of later and even modern polytheistic idolatries. The earliest superstition vaguely conceived of the tree as of itself a wonderful living being; then thought advanced to the conception of a tree spirit, like the Greek dryads or tree nymphs, confined within or near the tree, and possessing power to command rain or to cause fertility in plants or animals; the next advance of imagination was to a tree god who was able to quit the tree or who presided over many trees. An effect of such superstition is seen in the fact that the heathen emperor Julian professed himself unable to give assent to the Christian religion because he could not conceive how one supreme God could govern the world without a corps of lesser intermediate deities such as were supposed to dwell in trees or fountains, rivers, oceans, or planets. Recent archæological research into pre-Homeric times shows that with the Greeks, as with the Northern Europeans, the groves were the first temples. It is thought by some Greek scholars that the word *ναός* (temple) originally meant a tree trunk. The Ephesian Artemis had her earliest habitation in the bole of an elm, and Zeus was present in the Dodonean oak. Before the time of walled temples superstition separated some attractive spot of ground, most likely on an elevation giving extended vision or around a crystal spring afford-

ing sweet refreshment, consecrated it as holy ground and surrounded it with sacred trees which must not be harmed by anyone nor touched by hands irreverent or unclean. Homer described a well built by Ithacus, Neritos, and Polycetor, round which was a grove of sacred poplars set circlewise, while beside the flowing fountain in the center was an altar on which weary and thirsty wayfarers, refreshed by the shade and the cool water, deposited an offering. Similar superstitions among early Gauls and Britons explain the Druidic rites performed in forest depths. Even in our own day the last vanishing trace of such beliefs is seen in the obsolescent Maypole usages. The Maypole of the Teutons was a sort of totem which protected villagers from harm and brought numerous blessings. Matthew Arnold, in that most perfect of all his poems, "The Scholar Gipsy," writes of

Maidens who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May.

The children dancing around the Maypole do not know that their play is a survival from long-ago tree worship whose devotees danced around the tree in the direction of the sun's course. Thus was worshiped the sacred olive of Athenæ at Athens, and, in Rome as well as Greece, the laurel, sacred to Apollo, the ivy dedicated to Dionysus, youngest of gods; thus also the palm in Assyria, and in India, even to this

day, the fig tree, especially the peepul fig or Bo tree (*ficus religiosa*), reverence for which extended also through Africa, Australia, Sumatra, and Java. The sacred Bo tree in the grounds of the moldy old Buddhist temple at Kandy is said to have been worshiped for twenty-two centuries. In the ancient folklore of Palestine the olive tree was holy as giving food in fruit and light in oil; and whoever cut one down could expect no peace of mind thereafter.

In India trees are connected with marriage rites and burials. The Oráons of Bengal revere the tamarind and bury their dead under its branches; and in the same country the plantain tree is clothed as a woman and worshiped. In the Punjab marriage with a tree is not uncommon. The number three being regarded as unlucky, if a man, not content with two wives, wishes to marry another, he will first be formally married to a tree so that his new wife may be his fourth and not his third. (This well illustrates the mental imbecility and the conscious and transparent make-believe of heathen religions.) Likewise women who for any reason wish to have the name of being married, but are not sought by any man, have themselves married with due ceremony to a tree. In Japan pictures of the holy pine with its double stem, are presented to every bride and groom on their wedding day.

The importance of the tree in the mind of universal man is mirrored in the tree Igdrasil, the mighty ash, which, in Scandinavian mythology, upheld the universe; but it is natural that the tree should be, as in fact it is, most esteemed in hot countries, and central in their superstitions. A traveler reports that in Herzegovina the direct rays of the sun are so malefic and intolerable that a saint might feel tempted to sell his soul for the cool shade of a leafy tree, in a frenzy like that of the rich man in torment pleading for a drop of water, and that in so naked, rocky, and scorched a country the inhabitants might be forgiven for performing pious ceremonies in gratitude to an oak tree a thousand years old and fifty-two feet in girth which stands near the village of Rankovia.

Our own Bible, which is an Oriental book, is full of trees. At its opening in Genesis stand "the tree of life in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil"; and at its close in Revelation "the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God," while in all the space between are trees almost innumerable—the burning bush from which God's angel appeared unto Moses, the oak of the diviners at Shechem, the palm tree under which Deborah prophesied, the oak of Ophrah where an angel appeared to Gideon, the tree which caught up Absalom, the mulberry trees whose rustling

tops signaled to David that the Lord had gone before him to the battle. On the fervid pages of Wesley's *Journal* trees shake their glittering bravery of fluttering leaves and cast a blessed shade. Riding along he notes the green-shaded vale which makes the river bank an arbor for miles on miles, the almost perpendicular hills with tall oaks standing rank above rank from the bottom to the very top, the beautiful thick trees which, with their beneficent, broad boughs, protected him and his little congregation from the hot June sun when he preached at noon near a farmhouse in Westmoreland, and when, as he records, "a little bird perched in one of them and sung without intermission from the beginning of the service unto the end." Such beauteous earthly things this great apostolic evangelist takes note of while he calls sinners to repentance and invites human souls to shelter under the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

The sacredest thoughts we Christians can have about trees belong to the life of Him "who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." In 1853 Arthur Penrhyn Stanley wrote from Jerusalem: "I have now been inside the garden of Gethsemane, and cease to wonder at the emotion it inspires. It is not the situation. It is those aged olives, the more striking from their total unlikeness to all the

others. They could not have seen the agony. No! But they have seen the tears of generations of pilgrims, and more than anything else in or about Jerusalem, except the everlasting hills themselves, they carry you back to that night of superhuman anguish. Of all the trees that I ever saw or shall see they are the most venerable."

Next to the calm unimpassioned narratives of the evangelists the one thing fittest to be read in Gethsemane or repeated in a sermon on the "Agony in the Garden," is Sidney Lanier's "Ballad of Trees and the Master," which by its tender and devout simplicity stands alone in uncanonical literature and must unavoidably conclude this essay:

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to him,
The little gray leaves were kind to him,
The thorn tree had a mind to him
When into the woods he came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo him last,
From under the trees they drew him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew him—last
When out of the woods he came.

THE VALUE OF THE HUMAN

As to human nature, there are two extremes of view, one taken by positivism, which invites us to worship the great being, "Humanity," even offering us a formulated ritual for such adorations. This absurd proposition we may safely leave to the tender mercies of Mr. Spencer's article on "Retrogressive Piety." The other extreme is that of sour and cynical misanthropy which speaks contemptuously of mankind, disbelieving in human virtue and nobleness. The true point of view lies midway; we are neither to worship nor despise, adore nor hate humanity, but enjoy, profit by, love, cherish, and assist it. We are to reverence human nature, whether in ourselves or others; not to crucify, but to purify, educate, and glorify it.

Victims enough there have been to the notion that to fit himself for God a man must put his own nature on the rack; that, for example, he must crucify his natural craving for relationship with his fellow-men. This spirit was not confined to monkish days. Here and there in later times has been seen a mistaken saintliness which seems to esteem it a duty to de-humanize oneself out of all natural feeling into a

sublime insensateness. We have heard how a man once got up in a love feast and told how he had lost his wife and all his children and had felt as calm and serene through it as if nothing had happened, not feeling a pang, shielded as he believed by divine grace. When he ended the sensible preacher said: "Brother! go right home, and down on your knees and never get up till you are a different man. You have the stoniest heart I ever saw. Instead of being a saint you are hardly good enough to be a decent sinner. If you had a human heart, such trouble ought to melt it as in the fire. Don't ever tell such a story again." God is not displeased with us for loving those whom he gives us. He commands us to love them. It is false that he is so jealous as to take them away if we love them much. Religion makes a loving heart toward men as well as toward God. Human affection is a necessity to us. We cannot do without men. They are worth loving against every discouragement. God thinks so and we must, too. Their love is worth having. God seeks it; so should we. Once, when Julia Ward Howe invited Charles Sumner to meet a distinguished guest at her house, he replied: "I do not know that I wish to meet your friend. I have outlived the interest in individuals." Recording in her diary that night the senator's surly remark, Mrs. Howe wrote after

it: "God Almighty, by latest accounts, has not got so far as this." Nobler and wiser was Emerson when he wrote: "I find myself, mauger all my philosophy, a devout student and admirer of persons. I cannot get used to them; they daunt and dazzle me still. Blessed be the eternal Power for those whom fancy even cannot strip of beauty, and who never for a moment seem to me profane." A minister, sitting in a full street car, scanned his fellow-passengers and said: "I am sorry I see so little to attract or interest me in the face of the average human being." He might well be sorry, and ought to practice some self-examination to find the cause of his indifference; for nothing below the Beatific Vision is better worth looking at than what one has dared to call "the human face divine." We make journeys to see great works of art, monuments, architecture, sculpture, paintings; we go to pains and expense to reach some wonder of nature; we call on each other to admire some landscape or some splendor of cloud and light and color in sunset skies; but a human countenance is far more wonderful than any of these. It is not in them, but in the face, that the supreme powers of the world and the superlative meanings of life are beheld. There is more of marvel, of mystery, and of God, in the face of the meanest beggar's child than in all the stars that sprinkle the midnight. When Kant was

at the age of eighty he said: "I have not yet lost my feeling for humanity." The rough Admiral Nelson, dying, said to his friend: "Kiss me, Hardy." When Father Taylor, of the Sailors' Bethel, was tossing in pain, somebody tried to comfort him by saying: "You'll soon be with the angels." He answered petulantly: "I don't want angels, I want folks." The same craving asserts itself when we look across the mysterious boundary line into the hereafter. So Whittier, moving into the deepening shadows beyond life's sundown, says:

As from the lighted hearths behind me
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
What waits me in that land of strangeness?
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

What space shall awe, what splendor blind me?
What thunder-roll of music stun?
What vast processions sweep before me
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
I dread the myriad-voiced strain;
Give me the unforgotten faces,
And let my lost ones speak again.

If we are to be drawn to God, it must be by the cords of man; we are accessible in no other way. Human knowledge begins with man; God is an after-thought, a later discovery. We are not to blame for finding humanity first—it finds us first. The babe finds its mother's bosom before it finds God. The

human has us in its arms at the beginning, and we should never find God except by getting out through the human up to the divine. It is not strange that we cling to the human till forced from it, or led by it, or drawn by omnipotent power beyond it, to find and touch God. We would be inhuman if we ceased to delight in the human; it must ever be dear with its fellowships, friendships, sympathies. In health its companionship girds our loins for work; in sickness its soft ministry steals away our pain; living, we find in it our cheer; dying, it will be the one earthly thing we will be loath to leave and lose. Because we are human we will always find light in the eyes and comfort in the voices of the children of men. Never so long as we can remember a mother's, a sister's, a brother's caress, will a gentle touch fail to seem a blessing. All this is no disloyalty to God. Hearts that loved and trusted him have yet cried: "O for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still!" As for me, the first I knew of God was by knowing men who mentioned his name. They put into my hands a Book that told me of him. A woman in whose arms and on whose knees I found myself, read to me out of God's Book and told me who he is. Then later on men made me think of him by living and being and acting so that their goodness suggested and implied God. When I wondered

what made them live as they did, I was told they were serving God.

It is not too much to say that the prime interest, practically the only interest of the world, is human. It was made for humanity. The final cause and purpose of its creation was in mankind. The drama for whose enacting the globe was framed, began when man arrived; all before was but preparatory. The Creator swung this planet out in space as the cradle in which he meant to rock his coming man-child.

In his image God shaped man,
And breathed into his nostrils breath of life;
Wherein, as nowhere else, shone God;
The godlike cased in flesh, the man-soul breathing soft
And strong, not merely thro' the lips and eyes
But in each flawless limb and graceful curve,
Each muscle molded on the moving form.
Until man came the world and all it held
Was dumb as Memnon ere he felt the sun:
When man stepped forth, mind, spirit sprang to light,—
Earth found her voice, and heaven with music thrilled.

The beauty and chief ornaments of the world are human; no flower is as lovely as a sweet child; no sunrise as splendid as the golden morning of a young manhood or womanhood; no crystal as beautiful as the firm purity of a clarified character; no mountain so imposing and sublime as a lofty life; no harvest or fields or fruitage on branches so fair as the goodly product of a useful and noble career.

The music of the world is human. No birdsong so wonderful as the human voice; no babble of a brook so musical as the ripple of innocent laughter in a happy home; no solemn chant of winds so grand as the psalm rolled into the sky by worshipping assemblies. To stand by the ocean and hear the beat of its stupendous pulse is to take the sound of a shallower deep and narrower sea than when you lay your ear against the throbbing of a human heart.

The joy of life and wealth of the world are in humanity. He was a wise man who said: "A man's wealth is measured by the number he loves and is loved by." This is not exactly what the books on political economy say, but it is as true as anything in them. Get the millionaires together, estimate their riches by this true measure, and for some of them you will need to build a new kind of almshouse. The value of this world to God is not in silver and gold and real estate. Its preciousness is human, and a nameless foundling child, rolled in a shawl by hasty hands of shame and abandoned at midnight in an open lot by one who fled away into the dark, is to the Eye that watches from above a jewel richer than Brazilian or African diamond field ever bore. Humboldt traveled the globe over, saw everything and wrote: "The finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is *a man*." In Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Exile,"

Christ, speaking of the superiority of humanity over the world, bids the earth behold in man its master:

This regent and sublime Humanity,
Tho' fallen, exceeds you! This shall film your sun,
Shall hunt your lightning to its lair of cloud,
Turn back your rivers, footpath all your seas,
Lay flat your forests, master with a look
Your lion at his fasting, and fetch down
Your eagle flying.

Yes, the vivid interests of this world are human. The fascination of history, the spell of romance, the charm of poetry—what are they made of? Made mostly of human passions, human actions, and the human lot—these are the stuff of which the story must be woven that can gain and hold an audience. The thought and study of the world chiefly labor upon and regard humanity. “The proper study of mankind is man.” By that maxim the curricula of schools are made up, including all histories, grammars, languages, political economy, moral and other philosophies, physiology, psychology, literature, logic, rhetoric. Humanity is what interests the angels: they hover over the Virgin’s newborn boy; they come and minister to the soul in the wilderness, hungry and tempted of the devil forty days; they drop down into Gethsemanes where souls are begging, “Let this cup pass,” with cups of cordial in their hands to take the bitter taste out of the mouth which has said

submissively, "Thy will be done"; they sit at the doors of sepulchres to say to mourners who come seeking the departed, "He is not here, he is risen." They watch for feet that are in danger of dashing against the stones; they make jubilee over sinners that repent.

When the Almighty set out to recapture a truant race he did it by incarnating himself. God himself couldn't reach us except through the feelings and tissues of the human. He must put on a soul and a body before he could come to us. The Son of God enters into the race and becomes a second Adam. Yes, on feet like ours, the Saviour had to come to men. Along veins like ours flowed the blood whose shedding made man's peace. Out of eyes like ours, subject to tears and dimness, looked the merciful light which was as the dawn of day to the earth. He who made all worlds, had to take hands that could be spiked to the cruel wood before he could lay hold on us. They were arms of flesh and blood like ours which stretched wide upon the cross, and which when taken down and folded over the lifeless bosom, invisibly folded a saved world in their embrace. In the stately words of Macaulay, "It was before the Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in

the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy, and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust."

The Eternal Father comes as near as possible in Christ, who makes a revelation of God's love and a visible appeal for our love. God does not win us by revealing his mighty name and nature, bursting upon us with the unbearable glory of his unveiled Being. Hearts unskilled in spiritual things like ours might hesitate in fear or dazed bewilderment. He gives himself in such a form that the humanest portion of our affections may be met, our love of friendship, our craving for lip speaking to lip, hand grasping hand, in such forms as make him seem to crave and need our love. Men have been made to appreciate with their bodily senses the sweetness, lovableness, and perfection of him whom we are invited to love. It is in Christ that God shows himself as altogether lovely, as entreating, craving, yearning for the love of us poor, simple creatures of the earth.

It may be that sermons have failed to represent Christ enough on his human side. We need to present him in nearness, not as the Unitarians do, but as the Gospels do. Mankind crossing the rough isthmus of time from one mysterious sea to another, and

groping for the path, want not theory, but a hand to hold, not a map of the way, but a guide who himself has trodden it. Culture and education do us poor service if they incline us to substitute philosophy, logic, and scientific discussion in place of the simple pointing of men to Him who was born in a stable and died on a cross. Church history, roots of Hebrew verbs, and doctrines have their necessary place, but they are not what the mass of men hunger for, and need to have laid upon their souls. It gives them more comfort to reach out the hand of faith across eighteen centuries to the actual divine Man who walked by the Sea of Galilee, who healed the sick and raised the dead. They want to know if he still lives for the help of poor souls and bodies that are toiling and struggling on this troubled earth. Apostolic succession, papal dogmas, councils of Nice, mysteries of the Trinity, evolution, higher criticism, the human multitude care little about such things. They are pressed by questions more urgent. They are driven by life's toil and care. They are weary with yesterday's toil, bowed down with today's sorrow, troubled with tomorrow's problems. They will all be dead before we can get all those lofty, high-flown questions explained, argued, and settled. But that there was once on earth a wondrous man, Jesus, who died for them and holds still his love toward

them, to whom a man can call as to an elder brother when his little child is ill or his wife laid out of sight forever, or when he feels his own body failing, and who can comfort him with sympathy and the assured hope of a better life for his dear ones and himself—Ah! this is what he wants the preacher to tell him about and make real to him. Oh, let us think of the Man who was familiar with the carpenter's shop; who, when he was tired and thirsty, sat down by the well and asked a woman for a drink, while he wiped away the dust and sweat of his journey; who bore the brunt of this mortal life, rubbed along with its hardships, and put up with the differences and jealousies and petty meannesses and irritabilities and obstinacies and hot-tempered hatefulness of human nature, and took the bitter with the sweet, mostly bitter; who lived just our life, and drank our cup, and found a way to overcome and to bear up and be victorious in it all; and who lets us see how he did it, making us his comrades; takes us along with him into his great temptation, that we may see how he deals with the tempter, how he answers and defeats him; takes us along into Gethsemane to let us see how he gets through that struggle; takes us with him into Pilate's court, that we may see how he bears false accusings, rage, and mockings; and at last takes us by the hand as he walks along by

Simon the Cyrenian, who is carrying the cross for him, and says faintly: "Come up on the hill yonder and see me die." He dies forgiving his enemies, and remembering his mother. So he shows us how to live and how to die. That is the kind of Saviour we have, and the Bible is of little use to us unless we find this out. Before he went away he taught us how to pray, made it glad and easy work for us to pray. Indeed, the only real praying on earth is by those that have the gospel in their hearts and look up to heaven, where Christ has gone to plead for all his saints; and we are commanded to believe that it is none other than the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, who waits to receive into everlasting habitations those who accept his salvation and go forward on his path. William Blake truly says that men pray to Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love because now, in Christ,

Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

The instinct is not wrong which leads us in trouble to reach out for our kind and makes us value those who come to us in our distress. Thomas à Kempis said: "Our dependence on God ought to be so entire and absolute that we should never think it necessary

in any kind of sorrow to have recourse to human consolation." But who was à Kempis, and how has his system of living worked? If it be not right to seek sympathy, can it be right to give it and so lead men to look for it and lean on it? Would it not be fair to them, perhaps duty to them, to say, "No, you must look to God alone"? What an arctic hell that plan of living would make of this world!

The great opportunities of life will come to us by, and in connection with, man. The only way to serve God is by blessing and helping men. Say you, "Oh, No! One can glorify God by self-cultivation, by trying to perfect the nature he has given"? A thousand times, No! A man cannot develop himself in any noble and God-glorifying way, except by developing outwardly upon his fellows, by playing off his faculties in sympathy and association with them. There is no way to be a follower of Jesus except by doing good, no way of serving Christ but by blessing men. "Doing good to the little and weak and needy is doing it to me," he says. But how can one do men good without love? He will not desire to bless them unless he loves them. He cannot bless them in the highest way except by gaining their hearts. Those who have toiled hardest for this world have been great man lovers, and most of them greatly beloved. It is useless for a man to pretend to love God if he is hateful and hard, or

indifferent to his fellows. A cross and surly saint is a contradiction. The only way for us to show our love for God is by being good to his other children. We may pray, read our Bibles, profess and count beads, and do penance without end, and it will go for nothing if we care nothing for our fellow-mortals, their needs and miseries; our fellow-immortals, their state and prospects, fears and hopes. Glorifying God by living to bless men, we may find the highest satisfaction possible to us on earth or in heaven. Sweeter than all other success and 'richer than a crown, will be to hear from some human being's lips, "I am a better man, a better woman by knowing you," and if we are capable of extorting such words, we will not be puffed up by them, but humbled at the very feet of God.

THE SENSES OF THE SOUL

WHEN Fales H. Newhall stood in the Dresden gallery, before the Sistine Madonna, rapt in contemplation of that finest portrayal of spiritual loveliness on canvas, a man stepped to his side and remarked: "Well, I do not see that she is much superior to other women." Dr. Newhall says: "I made no reply; much less did I think of arguing the matter with him, for why should I attempt to *prove* beauty to a man on whom the Sistine Madonna had failed?" In a sublime sermon Bishop Warren narrates the story of the cold critic who said to the great artist, Turner, before one of his marvelous sunset pictures: "Why, Mr. Turner, I never saw any such light and color in nature as you put on canvas." "Don't you wish you could?" said Turner; "as for me, I never can hope to match with pigments the glory that I see in the sky." A poor poet-painter once said to a coarse rich man: "When the sun rises you see something like a golden guinea coming out of the sea; I see and hear likewise something like an innumerable company of angels praising God."

When Jesus, within hearing of Greek proselytes

and his disciples, prayed, "Father, glorify thy name," and the answer came, "I both have glorified it, and will glorify it again," the atheists who stood by said: "It thundered; it was nothing but a noise." Atheists adore the neuter gender. They will resort to any evasive circumlocution or pseudonym to avoid saying "He." Like Edgar A. Poe, they are angered at the suggestion that there can be any being superior to themselves. Every intelligent creature ought to have wit enough to distinguish a voice from a noise, but some evidently have not. The deists on that occasion said, "An angel spoke to him," admitting a voice, but not God's, for the deist's deity never speaks to man. The Christians there present knew the voice to be divine, while the Son of God himself completely comprehended the meaning of his Father's message. It is written in Job: "God speaketh once, yea, twice, yet man perceiveth it not."

Mrs. Browning says:

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes.

Nearly forty years ago Bushnell wrote that solemnly impressive sermon entitled "The Capacity for Religion Extirpated by Disuse." Darwin, in his *Life and Letters*, gives us out of his own experience a confirmation of the New England preacher's dis-

course. The dry-souled naturalist tells us of the gradual atrophy of those powers of his mind on which the higher tastes depend. "My mind," he writes, "seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts." He confesses that this atrophy of the parts referred to may have been "injurious to the intellect, and even more probably to the moral character." It was by this gradual degeneration of his nature, concerning which he thus frankly tells us, that he withered and dried up into an agnostic and pessimistic state of mind, to which spiritual conceptions were simply unthinkable. No fact that this great observer of nature ever discovered, no hypothesis which he invented, is half so momentous to mankind as is the recognition of the inexorable law which he so sadly illustrates in his own confessions, namely, that man's noblest faculties may be paralyzed and atrophied by disuse until the sublimest realities of the universe become to him practically nonexistent. In contrast Professor James D. Dana, who was almost as great a scientist as Darwin, devoted as much of his life to investigation and study, but with the opposite result. Up to the end of life his finer sensibilities were as keen as ever, poetry and music had not lost their charm, and his interest in religion was intense. The vision, the voice, and the touch divine are un-

realities to the spiritually blind and deaf and callous; and such insensibility may be brought about by positive sinful indulgence, or by mere neglect of religion.

Especially is it true that the pure in heart see God, but the heart which cherishes impurity loses the vision of the holy. Saddest and most somber of Tennyson's Idylls of the King is "The Last Tournament." It pictures the dismal days of shame when Arthur's knights were false to him and to each other, and the Round Table was eaten of worms, so that the mournful wail went through the land, "The glory of our Round Table is no more," while in the heart of blameless Arthur pain was lord, as also in the guilty bosom of Guinevere, his queen. Gladness was gone with innocence. Wrongdoing had darkened all the realm with gloom intolerable. The illustrious knighthood of the kingdom was smirched and tarnished, its bright sword and battle-ax rusted, its fine raiment moth-eaten, its sifted wheat all weeviled. The master poet, like a true artist, paints the natural world toned ^{into} doleful sympathy with his sad picture of moral decay. He pictures the wan days glooming down in wet and weariness, the frost-bit foliage shivering and blackening in the chill air and scant sunshine of dripping autumn days.

The most wonderful figure in the poem is Dagonet, the king's fool, a dwarf who dances like a withered

leaf before the hall at Camelot, where he is met by Tristram, one of Arthur's knights. Tristram encountering him asks: "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?" To which answers Dagonet tartly and stingingly: "Very likely because, being fool, and seeing that too much wit makes the world rotten, I know myself to be the wisest knight of all." This is the fool's first thrust at the guilt of Tristram, and he follows it up like a swift courier forerunning the judgment day. At last he asks Tristram if he knows the star, or star cluster, in the sky called "The Harp of Arthur," and the knight answers, "Yes." The fool taunts him then with having been false and foul, with having "played at ducks and drakes with Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire," and suddenly looking up into the heavens and pointing at something there he cries: "Tuwhoo, do ye see it? Do ye see the star?" The knight says: "Nay, fool, not in open day." And then, in words sublime, Dagonet rails on him terribly:

Nay, nor will; I see it and hear.
It makes a silent music up in heaven,
And *I* and *Arthur* and *the angels* hear.

A truly solemn parable in verse is this. Oh, dark and bitter day for Arthur's realm, when only the king's fool and the king were pure enough to see and hear the heavenly things! Tristram could not, be-

cause his innocence was gone; he carried guilty secrets in his breast, and his high vows were shattered and trampled in the mire. It is purity of heart that enables one to know celestial things, and not great faculties nor powerful mind.

One knight had Arthur, high-bred Lancelot, who was the king's own peer in ability and gifts and grace of person; the very flower of courtesy and valor. But, alas for poor Lancelot! The king's fool could now see further into heaven than he. Sin had brought a film over his soul's sight, as it always does, and a dullness to his inner ear. And so, Dwarf Dagonet, dancing like a withered leaf among the withered leaves, was nearer the stars than Arthur's tallest, handsomest, and proudest knight. The spotless king, and the king's innocent fool were the only brothers the angels had left at Arthur's court. "I and Arthur and the angels *hear*." They alone in the whole realm had kept the power by keeping purity. As for all the rest, sin had stopped their ears with clay. Whoso will be wise, let him ponder these things.

THE NORMAL AGE FOR CONVERSION

MAN's spiritual constitution is scientifically ascertained to be as real as his bodily frame. Ethnologists and anthropologists report that religion is included in the cosmic order, having undeniably an essential place in sane and normal human nature; and Christianity itself is perceived to have a large and demonstrable basis in universal law, being an integral and indispensable part of the system of things.

Attention is at present specially drawn to the nature and significance of adolescence, and many facts testified to by experience are collated, the most valuable results of which research belong to the spiritual side of life. Those facts require to be freshly impressed upon the church, which sometimes in past periods has manifested woeful ignorance thereof or guilty indifference thereto. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" for pity, justice, and help rose into England's ear; up into our Zion comes the cry of adolescence for comprehension and due attention to its spiritual needs. Even primitive savages condemn us by their example for our failure to appreciate the sacred significance of adolescence; an epoch regarded

among rude barbarians with a kind of awe, marked by rites of the most solemn import, and surrounded with ceremonies distinctly religious, the object of which is to prepare the mind of the boy or girl for the wider life on which they are entering. Among the native tribes of South Australia and the Indians of South America and parts of North America the boy was sent away into the woods to remain there alone, exposed to all weathers, and enduring hunger and thirst, to spend solitary days and nights in expectant meditation, awaiting "the divine revelation which entitles him to call himself a man." The girl was subjected to similar severely impressive discipline, being sent on the incipency of womanhood into long seclusion in the hills or forests, to commune alone with her guardian spirit, who might be expected to make known to her in visions something of the meaning of life; which revelations she sometimes recorded by symbols on the rocks, where traces of them still remain for us to study. Even the dull barbarian has, it seems, the spiritual discernment to surmise and signalize the special nearness of God to the young life at its crossing of the line which marks the beginning of adulthood. Perceiving in the world and feeling in himself signs of a mysterious divine Presence, he believes that a sacred threshold is under the tender feet where the vestibule of childhood opens

into the great temple of mature life, and that the divinity of that temple meets the entering novice with some secret token of welcome and some impartation of wisdom. A shameful and humiliating contrast it is, that, under the very shadow of church spires in centers of Christian civilization, parents often fall behind the aboriginal savage by their failure to reverence the sanctity of adolescence, to recognize the presence and power of God at work in it, and to give attention to its deepest, intensest, and most critical needs. Frequently this period is regarded chiefly with admiration and pride in its developing beauty and strength, and filled only with thoughtless play, frivolous gayety, ornamental accomplishments, or, at best, with merely secular instruction. The crisis which God makes great with meaning, and holy with intimate spiritual visitations, is minified, desecrated, perverted, ignored by parents and friends, too shallow, sensual, sordid, or uninstructed to realize the sacred nature of the time, with its momentous and far-reaching issues.

The moral nature is found to have its times and seasons as distinctly marked as any physical stages or states. It is commonly well understood that, in general, adolescence is the time of most acute spiritual as well as physical sensitiveness and impressibility. It is also fairly well ascertained that within the gen-

eral period of adolescence, extending from the twelfth to the twenty-fifth year, we are able to specify more definitely certain probable times of special religious susceptibility, earlier in females than in males, as might be expected, the age of maximum spiritual manifestation and receptivity for girls being first at twelve and again at sixteen, and for boys first at fifteen and again at eighteen.

That this psychical awakening is simultaneous with similar epochal physical developments neither accounts for it nor detracts from its divine quality and spiritual implications, but is in various respects clearly appropriate and beneficent. A provision that moral adolescence shall keep step, *pari passu*, with physical adolescence is promotive of symmetric balance and a rhythmic movement of part with part in the unfolding of man's complex nature. That the soul should be awakened to its universe and have developed in it perception and power for the relationships and responsibilities thereof just when the body is unfolding into fitness for its world with the relations, duties, and tasks thereof, seems a wise, orderly, and natural arrangement, and, moreover, for the safety of the individual and of society, a quite necessary provision. The physical powers and propensities alone by themselves are a senseless and conscienceless mob. When they receive sudden and

startling development into strength there is instant need for raising to superior power the moral sense, the reason, and the will, by whose firm and solemn dominance impetuous blind impulse may be controlled and the baptismal prayer have a chance of being answered, that youth "may never run into folly nor into the evils of an unbridled appetite." Heaven does not leave man's nobler nature in its most perilous emergency to fall a victim to rampant and ungoverned passions, as Gladstone's government left Gordon at Khartoum to be slain by savages. The good God has arranged for punctual support with a sufficient force, so that the young life may be able to fight the good fight and lay hold on eternal life. In adolescence as at Dothan a supernatural Power masses horses and chariots on the heights above the soul when the citadel of its life is menaced from below. In that seething and else anarchic time of agitation and transition the Holy Spirit actively befriends the human individual by seeking to empower the conscience and put it on the throne, so that reason and the will of God may prevail by the subduing of turbulence and of insubordination and the ruling of the realm legitimately into obedience, order, peace, and safety perpetual.

At the vivid crisis which opens adolescence—a time of confused desires, fluttering alternations of hope

and fear, premonitory reverberations from unknown heights and depths, when the inexperienced, undecided, exquisitely susceptible nature is like a sensitive needle whirled about in the stress of a magnetic storm, moved by conflicting impulses the nature and source of which it does not understand—then it is ineffably important that the quivering and wavering spirit shall be settled decisively without delay, by the interaction of divine and human power, in the right direction, securing thus the punctual, normal, and permanent polarization of the soul through its own preference upon that revealed, discerned, and revered Right which it is typographically proper to capitalize because it is divine, because behind it, in it, and inseparable from it is God, its eternal substance, support, and revealer, so that loyalty to it is fealty to him. The maiden

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet,

is entitled to tender, earnest, intelligent, and godly guidance, that those pathetically inexperienced feet may immediately find the path of purity, pleasantness, and peace to walk therein lifelong, mounting to “those high table-lands to which the Lord our God is moon and sun,” and on to being’s splendid final goal in the consummate likeness of the Lord. The

Church of Christ exists upon the earth for nothing more certainly than for befriending the lad when he stands bewildered at startling revelations of unsuspected contents in his own nature, dazed with sudden light, filled with troubled wonder at life's enlarging and unmeasured meanings, newly conscious of being involved in wide relationships, regarded by exacting expectations, and beset by many dangers, all as yet dimly realized or vaguely understood; disturbed and mystified by strange goings on within and without; visited by visions and dreams and unable to distinguish dream from reality; ignorant how far his subjective states are caused by or point to objective reality in earth or heaven:

In that first onrush of life's chariot wheels
We know not if the forests move or we.

He, then, that expanding, uprising, adolescent, intellectual and moral being, is entitled to have the sublime and awful new universe he is becoming aware of, with heaven at the top and hell at the bottom of it, explained to him; to have the meaning of his inward crisis and commotion interpreted for him in the right spiritual way; to be shown how he may relate himself prosperously and happily to all things in spiritual, intellectual, and physical realms by a right self-adjustment with Him who is the supreme Ruler and center of all, making peace

and forming an alliance with the system of things in which he finds himself by signing a prepared and proffered treaty with the Lord of all, seeing that for him the central subjective facts are conscience, free agency, accountability, while his supreme obligations are pointed out in the great twofold commandment of Christ on which hang all the law and the prophets.

Most obviously the divine intention is that when the young life at its transition time sees curtains rising on many new perspectives of earthly reality and temporal option there should also open for its clear beholding the vista of life everlasting and all veils be drawn back from the face of the heavenly Father whom we must love and obey. As it is plainly provided for that spiritual facts shall be revealed to the soul as soon as faculty for apprehension is developed, so also it is manifestly expected that so soon as those facts make themselves known to the awakening individual he will adjust himself thereto in heart, and will, and conduct, in accordance with their august nature and legitimate demands.

It is as certain that he who would win souls must be wise as that he who does win them proves himself wise and will shine as the stars forever. Cherishing a respectful sense of the sanctity of each individual soul, and of the inviolable prerogatives of the divine Spirit working therein, the intelligent and tactful

Christian shepherd will, and any pastor who wishes to succeed must, discern the times and seasons, discriminate cases, and deal delicately with sensitive young souls with a firm purpose to be faithful to them for their salvation. From the before-mentioned earliest times of probable spiritual awakening for girls and boys no risk is run of being premature in urging them gently but earnestly toward conversion. We may assume in almost every case that the Holy Spirit, undelinquent and undilatory, antedates us in its initial operations, as it surpasses us in its infinite solicitude, expecting us who by superior age or relationship are the responsible guardians of youth to render punctually that outward assistance of instruction, encouragement, and direction which is our share in the divinely initiated work. Just now it is being pointed out with increased positiveness, and from unexpected quarters, that we best coöperate with the manifest intention and push of the divine Spirit present and active in humanity for its sanification and sanctification, by making a determined effort to bring girls of about twelve, and boys of about fifteen, to an intelligent consent to God's requirements and a decided religious life. Parents, pastors, and teachers must see to it that this first marked epoch of spiritual sensibility does not pass unnoticed or unimproved; all possible means should be used to foster

the work of the Spirit in the heart and guide to the right decision. Sadie's mother held her back when at the age of thirteen, being inwardly moved, she besought permission to make a public profession of her faith and purpose by joining the church as other girls of her age were doing. "Wait till you are sixteen," said the sadly blundering mother, a woman of social ambitions but deplorable ignorance of spiritual things. Sadie, being checked, discouraged, discredited, denied, fell into indifference or worse, and before she was sixteen met sudden death.

If for any cause the first epochal opportunity unfortunately passes by without such decision and action as commits the life to God's control, a probable recurrence of maximum sensibility and interest in spiritual things may be looked for when the girl is nearing sixteen, and the boy approaching eighteen, at which times an immensely urgent emergency is on. We are summoned then to a supreme effort, that with all skill and power we may help to crowd and steer the young soul safely over the bar on the high tide that is lifting it. God makes it his time, and if with holy anxiety, prayer, entreaty, and endeavor we make it ours, the great saving work will in almost every case be done.

Anywhere within the period of adolescence, from twelve to twenty-five, a word may easily save a soul,

if the word be made so fit and timely as to seem like an authentic call from heaven. Such a word was spoken to the young cadet, O. O. Howard, when in a spirit of banter he was making light of religion: "If I were you I would stop ridiculing religion. I would just begin and be a Christian." That unexpected friendly word opportunely spoken gave the United States army its Havelock. Such a word was spoken by a college president in time of special religious interest and activity to a student who was impressed but reluctant: "Make one honest effort for your soul's sake"; and that word, added to the Spirit's inward work, sufficed to push the young man hard up against the heavenly Father, who closed his arms of power and love around the no longer unwilling but penitent and consenting boy.

While conversion should be confidently and insistently expected within the period of adolescence, and its failure to occur regarded with sorrowful concern as a delay unnatural, unhealthy, and alarming—like the failure of some physiological function to make its appearance at the divinely appointed time—it is yet needful to say that the emphasis here laid upon that period by no means implies the impossibility of conversion after or before what is correctly termed the normal age. There are instances, on the one hand, of earlier spiritual sensibility and capa-

bility—as there are of precocious physical developments and manifestations—and a genuine religious life is sometimes observed as early as the eighth or seventh, or even the sixth, year, “at which time,” says a materialistic teacher, “the child begins to have a soul,” which we deny, holding with Lotze that the child has a soul as soon as it has a body; but as early as six there is sometimes unmistakable religiousness. Bishop Wiley, one of the saints and heroes of modern Methodism, could not remember the time when he did not love God and his people. There are also, on the other hand, belated religious awakenings, reactions to some extraordinary stimulus, and recurrences of spiritual sensibility beyond adolescence, and we are bound to labor, undiscouraged, for men and women of all ages, even for the old, in the hope that so long as life lasts there may be a possibility of the moral magnetization of man’s spiritual nature by the divine Spirit into such sensitiveness and holy affinity that it may answer the call of the true Center of attraction and acquiesce in its divine authority. From his study window a minister watched through the spring and the summer a rusty weathervane, which paid no attention to the winds of heaven. It lived a stolid, dogged lie, and only by accident ever pointed true. But in the late autumn, one gloomy and threatening day, there blew across the

scowling sky a mighty wind which wrenched the old vane loose from its false position, and from that time it was responsive to the breath of heaven, moving obediently as it was moved upon from above.

Without doubt we are harping on familiar truths and repeating platitudes, but they are holy truths, tremendous platitudes; and the forcible reiteration of a pile-driver would not be excessive to send some slighted lessons in as deep as they need to go. While all who hold any responsible relation to youth should be admonished to watch for the smallest signs of religious concern or appetency, and to aid by sympathetic encouragement, interpretation, and advice, instead of neglecting, dismissing, or repressing those manifestations as immature, imitative, or superficial; and while, because a spiritual leaven indubitably works in the ferment of adolescence, all Christians may be bold to say always in the presence of youthful sensibility, disquietude, and craving, "This is your day of grace and the time of your visitation. It is God that worketh in you," yet the particular burden of this present writing is to emphasize the admitted fact that our most distinctly marked and imperative duty is to make the most of the inviting opportunity which adolescence gives. In his book or in his mind every pastor should keep a list of the names and ages of all young people within

his reach. Toward them his soul should yearn, over them he should brood, for them he should pray, near to them he should manage to be—inside the circle of their respect, confidence, and love, as near as possible to the center of it. Before the coming of the periods of special susceptibility and probable awakening he should have established himself in genial friendship with them, so that they may be willing to be guided by him, believing themselves to have no sincerer, nobler, kindlier or more sympathetic friend outside the home circle.

In the Sabbath school, besides seeing to it that the superintendent is a man of genuine piety as well as blameless life, and the teachers earnest-minded and devout persons, he should, by his regular presence and stimulating leadership, by his prayers, expositions, exhortations, and appeals, do all in his power to make the session impressively and persuasively religious. He should urge upon officers and teachers in their meetings a prayerful effort for the immediate conversion of all pupils of sufficient age and intelligence. In the Epworth League he should be one with the young people, influence quietly and wisely the selection of leaders and the adoption of methods, develop a true, intelligent, and ardent religious life, and infuse an aggressive evangelistic spirit. In the church at large he should prevent or extinguish divi-

sions which promote unfriendly rivalries and contests between old and young or which set the official board and the Epworth League or the Sabbath school in disagreement and opposition.

The weekly prayer meeting should not be weakly, but be made alive, profitable, and attractive to the adolescent. One of several reasons why Friday evening is the best time for it is that school is then over for the week, and the young people, having no lessons to prepare for tomorrow, are free to attend. In his study every morning he should have his mind's eye on them, studiously adapting the sermon he is preparing to their needs. Parents should be impressed with the spiritual significance of the period of adolescence, and their instructed attention turned to this crisis in the children God has given them, especially urging the importance of bringing up children to habits of church attendance from a very early age. Gross ignorance abounds. One woman told the pastor that her daughter, aged seventeen, a Sabbath school scholar for a dozen years, was not old enough to understand properly what she would be doing in confessing Christ and uniting with the church. In a certain church one man, an official member, refrained from requiring his boy to attend church on the notion that it was better to leave him free to choose for himself, so that he could not complain of being constrained

or overinfluenced. The adversary of souls approved the father's policy of noninterference and made the most of the opportunity thereby given him. The devil, not being himself deterred by any delicate scruples, appropriated that boy and twisted him the other way, where he remains warped to the evil one's will. To leave a child to select his own associates, without counsel or supervision, or to refrain from requiring him to go to school lest he be unduly influenced toward education, would be less fatuous and fatal. In addition to making the church profoundly and tenderly anxious for all children and youth, this solicitude should be brought to the notice of those toward whom it yearns by such services as shall manifest the church's anxiety and readiness to help—services adapted to surround with friendly atmosphere and favorable opportunity for expression and relief the adolescent soul, sure to be frequently, however secretly, visited and admonished by the Father of spirits, moved by spiritual unrest, compunction, and wistfulness, and possibly by vague and infinite alarms. In his intercourse with the young the minister, the teacher, the parent, should, in fit time, place, and manner, make each one aware of their concern for his spiritual well-being, and their prayers for his speedy conversion; seeking also to discover the condition, attitude, and tendency of each mind, in order that

they may successfully influence the young soul to heed those inward motions and monitions which are known to proceed from the Holy Spirit by their urging only to holy things. These pages could hardly find better use than in a plain and practical reiteration of such sacred truths, stupendous platitudes, solemn duties.

MINDS IN OPPOSITION

A VENERABLE bishop told a Christian congregation that the centuries have never seen a time when it was so necessary as it is today for laity, as well as clergy, to incorporate the utmost attainable intelligence with their religion. The age demands reasons. Even the papal church shows signs of perceiving that the temper of the modern mind is such that the attempt to indoctrinate by force of authority is certain to be resisted and must prove disastrous to the authority which attempts it. Rome shows increasing deference to the free intelligence of the world. An eminent university president says that "throughout all education, both of the school and of the family, there has been too much reliance on the principle of authority, and too little on the progressive and persistent appeal to the reason." It is not unusual to find those who have received views and doctrines simply upon authority coming to the day when they demand of themselves and of their teachers, "*Why do I believe these things?*" The shock, too, of having heard these doctrines denied and their faith in them ridiculed as credulity sometimes

precipitates inquiry. The skeptical or perplexed catechumen, disciple, or hearer appears in every Sabbath school, congregation, seminary, and college. To him who studies to serve and guide his fellow-men great is the satisfaction of encountering and the privilege of helping the inquiring mind. A pastor felt this when, at the close of service, three young men came to the foot of the pulpit stairs to ask if certain statements in his sermon were really true just as he had put them. This questioning showed an interest more gratifying to him than an expression of their mere pleasure, phrased in compliment, could have been. It let him see exactly where they were in their thinking, gave him a momentary chance at them then and light by which to train his guns on them thereafter. In writing of minds in opposition, we refer chiefly to exceptional types and attitudes of mind; yet these are sufficiently prevalent to make it almost certain that every teacher and preacher and many parents will sometime be put to the test of facing their interrogations and demands.

Human oppositions are of many kinds. That there are different temperaments is generally recognized. As early as two thousand years ago an attempt was made to distinguish them under the four heads: choleric, sanguine, melancholy, and lymphatic. The kinds have been numbered as high as nine and as low

as two. Temperament has been defined as the sum of the natural physical peculiarities of a man. A medical journal explains it to mean "the peculiar way in which the individual reacts to the stimuli of his environment." It may be said that there are antipathetic or porcupine temperaments that bristle toward their environment; their most natural impulse is repulse, they are chronic objectors, they incline not to assimilate the new, their acceptances are slow, their reconciliations reluctant. Such a temperament puts its owner in frequent if not incessant opposition. It is the recalcitrant disposition of a mule which receives approaches with his heels.

But we are not now to write of temperaments. If it be said that temperament is the sum of physical peculiarities, and that there are different types, it is in like manner and no less true that there are various types of intellect, minds constructed in a peculiar way; and although the different types of mind have not been grouped and classified as distinctly as have the temperaments, they are, nevertheless, known by observation to exist.

Several mental types are found exceptionally and extremely difficult to deal with in any effort at instruction, inculcation, or indoctrination. Every experienced spiritual instructor knows, for example, that there are certain dry, prosaic, literalizing minds

which seem unable to grasp, and are little affected by, the mystical meanings of religion, and to whom, when they accept it, the whole great matter reduces itself for the most part to a solemn and imperative obligation to righteousness and a conscientious, faithful doing of duty; minds with small faculty for spiritual conceptions, no vivid mental picturing power, little ability to interpret symbolic language (and most language is symbolic, especially when it deals with invisible and immaterial things), with sensibilities too dull to receive any delicate impression or to attain more than the faintest sense of communion with an unseen personality. Many things are difficult of explanation to this matter-of-fact and wooden sort of mind. It is not, however, of this type that we at present design particularly to speak.

It is well known that in many a circle there are oppositions of various kinds that can be relied on almost as confidently as the Gulf Stream. Occasionally in families, churches, Conferences, Legislatures, parties, boards of trustees, or managers there are habitual opponents who are considerably surprised when by accident they find themselves once in a while both on the same side of a question. Of two customary antagonists in debate one could say of the other: "I knew the habits of his mind so well that I could predict which side of any question he would

naturally take, and if I preferred that he should take a particular side, I could generally insure it by getting in promptly and vigorously at the beginning on the opposite side."

Most of us have at some time been brought at least into circumstantial and adventitious relation with persons who uniformly took a position so remote from ours that a telephone was almost a necessity for any consultation; and if we desired to call them up through a central office we should be obliged to say: "Give me the antipodes!" It has come to be recognized that there is one specific type of mind which, for want of a better name, is described as polar. In the terms of logic, polaric opposition is the extremist possible opposition or contrast, as of black and white in colors. The mind we speak of is called polar for the reason that, so soon as any intellectual proposition, not axiomatic and self-evident, is stated, this mind instantly flies to the opposite standpoint, formulates without conscious purpose or effort the contradictory proposition, and inclines to stand just there until driven from it and rationally compelled to come round to the statement. In a deliberative assembly it argues and votes in the negative; on a jury it often constitutes a stubborn minority of one.

We judge that it might be possible by advertising to find a considerable number of parents, instructors,

pastors, and employers who have to deal daily with one peculiarly constituted mind which can usually be reckoned on for opposition. The expectation which locates him at the other pole and plans to deal with him there is seldom disappointed. If an affirmative proposition lifts its head, this mind flings at it a negative; and if the proposition is negative, the mental reaction is energetically positive. Like Diana on her tower, it inclines to shoot its arrow straight against the wind. Nothing puts so intense a strain on an instructor as is sometimes forced by an acute antagonizing mind, compelling him to answer offhand unexpected objections in connection with great subjects in the realm of philosophy, metaphysics, theology, or exegesis. To see straight and think clear and at the same moment formulate extempore replies, which shall not merely nonsuit the objection fairly, but be intelligible and convincing to the objector, exact the highest effort of the mind; and a chronic objector perpetuating such a strain may be to the instructor a trial indeed.

But it is also true that such an occasion affords the teacher his most spacious and sparkling opportunity. It is the bugle of the tournament which bids him ride the joust and show how readily truth can unhorse objection. Pressure puts the instructor at his best, and his most brilliant work is likely to

be done in presence of a challenge. The objector sometimes renders a service to truth by eliciting its strongest statements, compelling it to call up its reserves and produce its uttermost evidence. One of the most unique, fresh, and cogent of modern evidential sermons shaped its outline instantaneously in the mind of an eminent educator, at the moment when he was driven to bay and put to his last proofs by the question of a pupil in his class room: "Why do you believe this?" The capable instructor likes such intellectual excitement. Life is worth living when definite opposition gives a chance to wrestle intelligently with it. Every good fisherman prefers the gamy fighting of the trout to the logy acquiescence of the pickerel. Nothing is so intolerable and deadly as stupid and apathetic agreement, which usually means indifference. A skilled instructor instigates dispute as a stirring antidote to the monotony of submission; he wakes up the class with startling and dubious questions. To break up stagnation he provokes combat and brings on a conflict of minds, till sometimes the air is a-sparkle as from the collision of flint and steel.

Some minds will receive things in bulk by an act of general consent and comprehensive trust, without going critically into details. Others have unquiet analytical propensities. They are often found pick-

ing things to pieces, and are under a native necessity of thinking their way through a subject step by step. These are they who halt here and there over knotty points and must clear up those points intelligently, or at least exhaust all possible efforts so to do before they can go on. They are found now and then at a stand, asking questions, stating objections, and petitioning for light. A perilous misfortune is it for such a mind when it is surrounded by those who cannot answer its questions, have no patience with its demands, construe its attitude as disloyal, and regard its sincere inquiries—sincere none the less but all the more when intensely earnest and in manner somewhat peremptory—as a disrespect to the elders and an affront to sacred truth which must be promptly and sternly suppressed by its official custodians. Occasionally in some communions the questioner has been made to feel the heavy and repressive hand of authority laid on by a dull dogmatism too ignorant to explain or comprehend; and then sometimes there have followed the righteous resentment of a conscientious and faithful soul smarting under undeserved maltreatment and a revulsion which made a hopeless and everlasting breach. There is no denying that undue harshness and unwise haste have been in time past responsible for the loss of some who might have been saved if a capable and tactful rescuer had been

at hand. In lamentable instances of dark, and fortunately for the most part distant, history, honest heads have been bruised for containing inquisitive brains. Let it be remembered all along that we speak thus only of sound and sincere souls who chance for a time to be in intellectual trouble, unable to assent to what is not clear to them. Happy is it, on the other hand, for the perplexed and pertinaciously questioning mind when some wise, gentle, skillful friend or teacher is at hand who knows how to release the entangled and struggling reason. Many years ago a young minister of studious, searching, and philosophic mind used to take his difficult problems to Dr. Whedon, who was at the time his most accessible seminary. Today he gratefully bears the following testimony: "Whedon was the only great man who did not make me feel like a fool. He would understand my difficulty, take me up just where I was hitched, and unsnarl me." In schools, academies, colleges, theological seminaries, and churches no little similar work of explanation, illumination, guidance, and deliverance, is being done by well-informed pastors, wise elders, and capable instructors; and every day increases the number of those competent to do it.

Some of the cases requiring most discreet and judicious handling have belonged to the class of "polar" minds. Though often difficult, it has gen-

erally been found possible to manage them successfully on the side of right reason and Christian truth, even when only a few primary convictions were imbedded in them. A gentleman fishing at Punta Gorda, Florida, got a big tarpon, six feet long and weighing one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, on his hook. He treated him gently, gave him plenty of line, and let him run. If he had been violent with him, if he had tugged and jerked, he would have snapped the line or torn the hook loose. The line was light, long, slender, strong. He played him for an hour. The fish tried every way to get off; he dove, he rose, he darted to and fro, he ran straight away. It was of no use. The hook was deep in, the line too strong. The big fellow tired himself out and gave up. The fisherman landed him, not by force, but by patience, not by a net woven of so many lines, but with only one. This is a parable for those whom Christ has made fishers of men. Every soul has some one conviction which may be used to bring him to the Lord. A young man, under religious conviction, but in great mental bewilderment over problems of thought, most of which were unfamiliar to him and all of which were too vast for him, sought an interview with a minister, who asked him to state his difficulties. After listening to a list of things concerning which the visitor said, "I cannot

believe these things," the pastor said: "Well, what *do* you believe?" And with explosive emotion the quick answer leaped from his lips, as if he loved to say it: "I believe in God *tremendously*." With that one blessed divine conviction hooked deep into the vitals of his soul it should have been possible with the aid of prayer to land him completely on broad and solid Christian faith; and so it was. Blessed is the man who believes something tremendously! It is better to believe one holy, central, fundamental truth mightily than to hold a thousand tenets languidly, listlessly, coldly. It is not the length of his credo that saves or empowers a man.

All truth has native and affinitive relation with the normal mind, although ever and evermore religious truth is under necessity to win its way over outworks of reluctance and resistance, by which its access to the mind is frequently obstructed. A serene and discerning seer has written: "There is for every man a statement possible of that truth which he is most unwilling to receive—a statement possible so broad and pungent that he cannot get away from it, but must either bend to it or die of it." The problem in each special case is to frame that comprehensive, lucid, and convincing statement so fitly for the particular and peculiar individual mind, that he "shall not be able to hide from himself that something has

been shown him which he did not wish to see," and which disposes of him because he cannot dispose of it. The certainty that it is possible to frame such statement gives the signal to go ahead with the attempt; and the reward is sweet, for there is no higher joy than to bring the lost and wandering mind out of the woods into the open, to fetch the doubter flush with the necessary conviction he has hung back from, and to see Truth, robed in the beauty of holiness, lay her soft hand upon him, while a voice like unto the voice of the Son of man is heard overhead saying to him: "Truth is my deputy and you are my prisoner." No higher joy, did we say? Hold! there is one joy which, if not higher, is at least more intense and intimate, and that is the rapture of the captured soul when it finds itself in the beatific embrace of the truth it was born for but perhaps for long time fled from, and with a sacred and final gladness, as of the bride unto the bridegroom, exclaims: "Home at last! I am my Lord's and he is mine." Nothing can match the bliss of such captivity.

Not every case of skepticism is entitled to courtesy. The genuine and the spurious, the virtuous and the vicious, must be distinguished. The more capable and masterful an instructor is the greater his power of discrimination, and the less likely is he either to be harsh toward any inquiry that can possibly be

construed as sincere or to be imposed on by the unprincipled troubler. The late Dr. Jowett, the famous master of Balliol College, Oxford, evidently was a discerner of spirits. One day he was met in the "quad" by an undergraduate who informed him that he, for his part, could find no positive evidence of the existence of God. Quickly perceiving that he had on his hands a shallow-pated, bumptious, agnostic sprig, the wise and resolute master, always patient toward a real case of distress from having been in distress himself, but never to be trifled with by pretenders, took the trenchant and decisive way of dealing with this pretentious case, and struck it smartly a stinging blow after this fashion: "Well, Mr. B., if you do not find a God by five o'clock this afternoon, you will leave this college!" A simple bit of surgery, done with neatness and dispatch; the pus let out of that tumefaction with one stroke of the lancet!

Amid the variety of phases which questioning takes on, caution and discrimination are necessary to intelligent action, and a knowledge when to resort to the knife and when to use emollients. It is desirable to make sure whether it is at bottom a case of captious quibbling, a penchant for eccentricity, a propensity to shock the orthodox, an itch for notoriety, a mental instability unable to settle, always unfixed, forever dallying with something forbidden; whether it may

be the rebellious current of young blood against established things, a wanton effort to annoy and discomfit the teachers and guardians of traditional views, a spirit like that of the insurgent, in Halévy's Parisian story, born on the wrong side of the barricade and pledged to fight "against the government—always, always, always!" no matter what that government might be; or whether there is under it a motive which entitles it to respect, patience, and assistance.

For the wickedness of what the Bible denounces as unbelief no syllable of apology can be spoken. As to the willful and obdurate rejecter of the truth, we can only stand sorrowfully aside while the terrible anathema of Holy Scripture goes blazing and crushing to its mark. Yet in order to deal justly with minds in opposition it is needful to remember that under the surface skepticism of some there may lie a faith as deep as the sea. They are skeptical only in the original root meaning of the term, the Greek word from which it is derived signifying thoughtful, reflective, looking cautiously about, considering carefully—in this sense skeptics, but far away from being infidels, unbelievers, deniers.

W. W. Story, in his poem entitled, "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem," embodies in verse the theory that Judas delivered Jesus into hostile hands because he had boundless faith in his divine Master, and

thought it no harm to put him in a situation which would compel him to put forth all his glorious power at once, destroy his enemies, and set up his victorious kingdom. The New Testament makes it impossible for us to accept this whitewashing theory about the betrayer of our Lord. Nevertheless it is a fact that, behind the severe tests to which some exacting minds subject whatever claims to be true, there is the unuttered faith that truth is able to vindicate itself as such by silencing and overpowering everything that can come against it. They have no sympathy with infidelity or Pyrrhonism. They are certain that truth can be known and established. In the center of their souls is the belief that truth is invincible, and that while "error dies of blood poisoning from a pin scratch, truth will get well though run over by a locomotive." They expect the truth to answer all reasonable questions in a manner as straight as a line of light, as clear as crystal, and as steady as a sharpshooter's aim. They want divine truth to get itself up from behind the mountains, burn its way through the mists as the morning sun does, and dazzle them with its splendor, that they may know it for what it is. They are in dead earnest, and are determined not to be put off with anything less than absolute and some way demonstrable reality. They do not deny the word of prophecy, but only want it

made more sure to them; therefore they serve on you a writ of certiorari. It is axiomatic that a divine revelation must be so related to the intellectual and moral nature that when honestly considered and examined by a seeker after truth he will find that its line is flawless and its hook is bedded so deep in the inmost tissues of his being that he cannot get away without tearing his very vitals out.

Youth in general is given to pushing against law, authority, and doctrine. It delights to put them in straits just to see what they will do, experimenting even with the Ten Commandments to find out whether they are founded on fact. This tentative youthful insubordination is intensified in some cases by a peculiar native indisposition to take anything on trust merely out of respect for authority. We hear of a precocious child who, when an attempt to teach him the alphabet began with "That's A," immediately said: "How do you know it is A?" Now and then we encounter an honorable, frank, and fearless mind which habitually and instinctively challenges all traditions; never submits out of diffidence, courtesy, or mere deference to age and experience; cannot be subdued by iteration, as in one case we are told that "the poor young fellow, continually hearing the same thing put to him, gave in," but requests of every affirmation its credentials, and will have reasons for

accepting before it accepts. Christianity is the *only* religion among men that can safely and gladly welcome such a mind. Looking on such a one, Jesus loves him. The gospel cries, "Believe, believe!" yet is only too happy when any human intelligence with honorable intent straightens itself erect and replies: "On what compulsion must I? Tell me that!" There are compulsions by reason of which a sane and open-minded person *must* believe. This is what renders thinking a jubilee to the Christian reasoner and makes logic a spiritual ecstasy.

A young man at majority has broken into the intellectual world and finds himself in the presence of institutions, systems, and establishments. Some system of doctrine stands before him, built up by men of previous ages who are nothing but names to him. He has never examined its foundations, does not know if it has any, thinks as he walks about it: "If I can upset this structure, it is not well founded. I'll try it." He begins to batter the walls with intellectual catapult and ram; he pries and digs. Thus he gets acquainted with the foundation; discovers what buried buttresses support it; finds it grooved and riveted into the very frame of things, wedged away down into the central widths of the world; knows now that it is solid and immovable, built upon rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail;

moves into it and settles down, content for time and eternity in its castellated security. Every well-founded structure is well pleased to feel the pickax and crowbar of examiners smiting and prying at its foundation. An exultant thrill runs through its sound timbers, and its molecules make merry at every stroke. They who know what Christianity's fortress is built of and built on are not in trepidation lest rationalizing critics or World's Parliaments of Religions or anything else shall undermine or demolish that ancient and sacred fortress.

It is important also to bear in mind that there are certain critical periods of later life and various bodily conditions especially liable to be beset by intellectual as well as physical disturbances. There are in nature electric storms which so disturb the magnetic currents that the needle of the most reliable compass loses sight of the pole and whirls about like a poor, bewildered thing at the mercy of wild elements. When the disturbance subsides the needle gets its bearings and settles once more into steadiness as faithful as its intent was all the time pure and loyal. Similarly, there are in human nature certain abnormal nervous states when the brain is disturbed and the mind slips its cable and drifts about in the dark with no sight of sun or star, driven by strange currents and veering winds. This condition is path-

ological; its victim is a sufferer, often unable to see the grounds of faith and sometimes, while the crisis lasts, floating off into hopeless doubt, which may take the form of denial and possibly the aspect of bitter opposition. Frequently relief for such a case comes along the lines of physical treatment, with patient waiting on and, so far as possible, assisting the recovery of a normal nervous condition, until the mind regains its equilibrium as by the steadying of the throne on which it sits. Just here we cannot help remembering that it is written of an estimable woman, lately gone to God: "She was original and independent as a thinker, and sometimes seemed to doubt the postulates of the faith which at last she so fully received; but it was always the earthen vessel, not the treasure it contained, which she questioned."

Apologetics should not constitute the entire staple of preaching; yet teachers and preachers everywhere must be prepared to deal with minds in opposition—not only with the perversely obstinate "carnal mind" which is "enmity against God," but with honest minds unable, not unwilling, to see clearly; doubting Thomases not disloyal, but perhaps so constructed by the Creator as to be very exacting about proofs and not able to settle down except on grounds both clear and firm, not to be put off by the dicta of one or of one thousand, but insisting on the particular sort of evi-

dence that will strike their peculiar minds conclusively. May not the exhortation, "Make full proof of thy ministry," be lawfully construed to include the meaning, "In your ministry make full and cogent proof of the things you preach"? Was not Paul a pattern of this kind of preaching? Witness his address before Agrippa. Indeed, there is reason for thinking this to have been the apostolic style. Peter's explanation of the healing of the lame man at the Gate Beautiful is a marshaling of evidential facts which makes the argument march like an army.

Not a few of the strongest men in the Christian ministry, some of the most absolute and dogmatic believers, formidable champions, and sturdy defenders of the faith, have come through severe and trying experiences of searching, questioning, and struggling. For each there have been exigent hours, intense crises of intellectual perplexity, debate, and conflict, when he was working his way through the immense meanings and tremendous mysteries of life and destiny. That period of storm and stress is over now. As to some of those great questions, he has thought out in the light of God's Word an interpretation which makes the subject intelligible to him so that reason rests satisfied. Whether that solution coincides precisely in all particulars with the teaching of any particular school or with any particular man's construc-

tion he does not care much; it is true to the accepted fundamentals, and it rivets his soul and his reason to God and his truth. It is heaven's hallowed secret confided to him in terms suited to the construction of his own mind. It is his divinely authorized version, translation, and understanding of the divine will, upon which he has closed his contract for a million ages with the Eternal; a contract which he carries in his farthest inside breast pocket next his heart; a contract duly signed with blood, sealed with the mark of the cross, and witnessed by the Holy Spirit. As to certain other problems which perplexed him, he has come to the conclusion that these are too vast for human solution; they belong to the realm of the infinite, which it is unreasonable for the human reason to expect to reason out, or to those matters of which the Master says, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now," and he has laid them on the shelf of a devout and rational trust to await the fuller explanations and clearer light of the communicative and luminous hereafter. One minister said to another: "The questions I really think about nowadays I leave unanswered. The matters which are now most discussed are as a rule things that do not puzzle me and as subjects for debate do not interest me." This probably means that a lucid mind, rarely gifted with spiritual comprehension,

has, at life's meridian, satisfactorily disposed of the questions which continue to be discussed by those who have not settled them; and that the problems he leaves unanswered are such as man's reason in its prime is unable to solve, and of which God has not revealed the solution.

The mightiest faith to be found on earth is often the well-won prize and final possession of wrestling souls—souls capable of feeling the burden of existence, the significance of life, the abysmal needs and enigmas of the human lot, and the vastness of that unseen, immaterial, but not unsubstantial universe in which the mind of man, a free-willing and free-thinking creature, is let loose to run at large. Now, as of old by the brook Jabbok, some blessings and distinctions are wrested out of the night by striving with the unseen Reality in a temper half-suppliant and half-antagonistic, until to the suffering wrestler there comes the pause of satisfaction and the gift of power as the angel gives up his secret to the prevailer.

It is only through some such experience that the deepest convictions are obtained. And deep convictions are a necessity. The difference between opinion and conviction is the difference between powerlessness and power. Some men have only a stock of opinions like clothes in a gripsack, and some have convictions like live sinews and muscles on their

bones. Opinions are "store goods," furnished ready-made by creeds, churches, schools, newspapers, magazines, books, by antiquarian tradition-mongers, as well as by novelty peddlers of every sort. Convictions are homespun, raised on the place; a man acquires and develops them for himself through turmoil, labor, and trouble, by athletic exercise, in close spiritual grapple with great problems, difficulties, and realities. Opinion is a sapling, without pinroot, and may easily be bent, broken, or uprooted. Conviction is an oak that has seen wild weather, fought for its footing against the fury of tempests, and, while rocking in the storm, sent its roots down and out to bed them deep in the firm earth to feel for the cleft of the rock of ages, and to knit themselves about it, in and out, with a reticulated and many-fibered grip.

Men with rooted convictions are the sinewy thinkers and reasoners whose preaching has substance and fiber, weight and force, before which strong and heady sinners must go down. The man who has demanded reasons for his faith and hope and got them from Him who says, "Come now, and let us reason together," is able to give the reasons he has gotten. The preaching for today must not be mere affirmation and exhortation, but demonstration closing in on mind and conscience with the clutch of conclusive argument and the marshaling of irresistible proof.

There must be power in the pulpit to silence the gainsaying mind, to deprive it of its objections by fair debate, and to reduce its citadel as by circumvallation, starvation, and manifestly superior force to unconditional surrender.

The first glory of doctrinal Christianity is that it is not a string of enfeebling and devitalizing negations, but a body of well-knit, healthful, and cheering affirmations; and the second glory is that all its affirmations are capable of proof. Its normal procedure is to declare the truth on the authority of God's infallible Word, and then to compel its acceptance by reasons furnished to the mind accompanied by the Holy Spirit moving on the heart.

So intellectually and morally imperial is Christian truth that it can even compel the credence of constitutional skeptics. Converted infidels are its frequent trophies. A university president, thirty years in the ministry, said: "I am a born skeptic. The natural action of my mind is to doubt everything, to resist and dispute and deny if I can. I am so suspicious that I never believe if I can help it." Not a few men more or less of that cast are devoting their lives to preaching, with all the glowing passion of certified souls, the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Men so made that they will not believe except under irresistible rational compulsion are, like that rugged,

stalwart, intrepid thinker, Paul, the slaves of Jesus Christ, simply because, as thinking beings who have opened mind and heart freely and frankly to the evidence, they cannot help themselves. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. *Amen!*"

AUTOMATIC EVANGELISM

“PHILLIPS BROOKS! What struggling souls does he strengthen and support! What a depth under his surplice, what a broadness behind his prayer book! After a draught of his elixir a wayfarer marches on for a week or two with songs upon his lips, the rough earth with all its mountains and valleys leveled and smoothed before him.” So wrote a heathen-born son of Japan in his journal after inhaling in Trinity Church one Sunday morning the breath of the great preacher, from whose pulpit tidal waves of spiritual emotion, heaved off the swelling slopes of his great throbbing heart, surged over the souls of men, drenching them with the flood of his own high, tender, passionate fervors, till saint and sinner were conscious of the mighty inundation. It was like a dip in the ocean. His hearers were like men and women sitting in the breakers. All the waves and billows went over them. But, moreover, all Boston outside his church was likewise sensitive to him and in some measure similarly affected by him. His whole moral effluence and influence, like the words he spoke, were spirit and life indeed, for a living soul and a quickening

spirit was Phillips Brooks. The city streets, like Trinity pews, were flooded with tides of saving influence which proceeded from him.

"Whenever we met him on the streets," writes a university professor, "a benediction seemed to come from his towering form." An editorial note in a Boston daily, one morning years ago, ran thus: "It was a gloomy day yesterday, with overhanging clouds and pattering rain and clinging mists; but Phillips Brooks walked down Newspaper Row bowing here and there to his friends, and the day was all sunshine." A certain workingman was not a churchgoer, being weary with the week's work, or doubtful of welcome, or ashamed of his clothes, or too proud to accept favors by going where he could not bear his share. Yet seven days in the week he was aware of Phillips Brooks, whom no church walls could confine, but who pervaded all the neighborhood like the sweet presence of a good diffused, making the world fairer, life nobler, and the workingman himself somehow a better man, more reverent and more righteous. So much was the minister of Trinity Church a revelation of the divine to this laborer that when he reverently tried to imagine, as he sometimes did, how God would seem if he should encounter him, it always resulted in his conceiving of an infinitely enlarged man, a sort of colossal rector. Did not Sir Matthew Hale

say, "God is the supreme Rector of the world"? To this workman's uninstructed religious fancy the Deity seemed a kind of divine Phillips Brooks, as Phillips Brooks was in his measure a sort of human Christ. And surely a man feeling after God without theologies or the church to help him, might easily do worse than worship the sum total of being which he would get through multiplying the soul of Phillips Brooks by infinity. Even Matthew Arnold's highly cultivated, elegant old Hellenes, so doted on by Matthew, did worse in their worship of Zeus and his disreputable gang of deputy divinities, cabinet ministers, and heads of governmental departments in the sumptuous Olympian hierachy. In Phillips Brooks there was no Olympian absorption in self-will, self-love, and self-indulgence, but a self-forgetting concern and laborious responsibility for humanity's sake. Over and above the direct appeal by the proclamation of the gospel with which he called multitudes to repentance and faith and a Christian life, to be in himself an embodied gospel, as he was, is to be everywhere an evangelizing engine, the whole machinery of such a life carrying on an automatic evangelism which plays off its persuasive and purifying force in church and out of church, alike on manual laborers and college professors, on busy newspaper men and wandering heathen. On all sorts and conditions of men,

churched and unchurched, baptized and unbaptized, he cast such a spell that, when he rested from his mighty work, bereaved crowds of men, women, and children with sorrowful faces filled Copley Square and filed all day past the lifeless form of that big, brotherly giant, who was a masterpiece of God's own hand, modeled after Jesus, that he might show us the fullness of the stature of spiritual manhood which was imperial in Christ. Of similar dynamic spirituality and all-radiant sanctifying influence was Henry Drummond, whose evangelism, marked and moving as it was, was by no means limited to speech or to assemblies. And this is why, when an artisan of Possil Park was dying, his wife knocked hurriedly at Drummond's door late one Saturday night and begged him to come at once to her house, saying, "My husband is deein', sir; he's no able to speak to you, and he's no able to hear you, and I dinna ken as he can see you; but I would like him to hae a breath o' you aboot him afore he dees." These were consecrated servants and messengers of God, whose work, each in his own way and adapted to his field, was meant to be aggressively evangelistic, the direct preaching of Christ's gospel with devout intent to effect in men immediate rectification and amelioration of heart and will and life. Yet the force of their ministry was more in what they were than in what

they said, more in that silent, unconscious, and pervasive influence for good which radiates from pure and noble Christian character than in any studied utterance or formal appeal. This is that never-sleeping, involuntary, automatic evangelism of which the man himself is as unaware as of the processes of digestion or the oxygenation of the blood.

“The most influential evangelizing agency in every community, and our main reliance for the conversion of the world, is Christianity exemplified in character and life.” So said one of the leaders of modern religious thought to his friend on a street car. No advocacy or exposition of goodness can be quite so convincing as the thing itself. George Macdonald by no means disparaged preaching when he said that to know one person who can be absolutely trusted will do more for a man’s moral nature—yes, for his religious nature—than all the sermons that are preached. On a street corner one day a man of the world said to a minister: “The way that storm-beaten woman trusts in God and seems to be helped by him through all her tempestuous life is more impressive to me than any sermon I ever heard.” And yet another testifies thus: “No books that I ever read have so nourished in me a believing heart as have the goodness and the truth, the patience and fidelity that I have known in individual lives. These

build up the believing heart in men as in the lovely fable Amphion's music built the Theban walls." President King, of Oberlin, truly says: "The one greatest road to character is not through intellectual formulizing nor through constant moralizing, but through association with the best—catching their spirit." This is largely the Bible's power. The righteousness which saturates it is suffusive and contagious. It keeps us in touch with great characters, with saints of ancient days, and above all with Christ, who breathes on us his divine influence, and pervades us with his own spirit, subduing us by a kind of moral hypnosis. An observant Jew, watching the pervasively victorious progress of Christianity and feeling after the secret of its power, writes: "In working through the figure of Christ, Christianity stands on a basis of sound psychology, for nothing affects character like character." A French psychologist, M. Tarde, has formulated what he calls the Law of Imitation, and shows the immense far-reaching force of a living example moving before men's eyes as a model.

Rightly to indoctrinate men with clear statements of Christian truth is forever necessary; but even more important is it to ask ourselves searchingly what argument our life to our neighbor's creed hath lent, and to remember that the fulfillment of our

plain, personal duties in domestic, social, and business relations is our most obligatory service. Right living is the truest teaching, and a good life is the primary philanthropy. More prevailing than the most aggressive evangelism is a purified character diffusing its effortless and unconscious influence through all its actions, words, and looks. It is no undervaluation of the didactic and the dogmatic, in their indispensable place, to say that they are not the most powerful kind of teaching. Men who weary of precept will be stirred by high example; listening listlessly to exhortation, they will be caught by the authentic story of noble deeds. The world is converted largely by silent, unprofessional, uncertified preachers. It might not occur to us to call Charles Lamb, and Dr. Johnson, and Walter Scott great preachers of religion: but Lamb, pacifying and amusing his fretful and unreasonable old father night after night; rough, gruff Sam Johnson, crowding his own small home with a lot of disagreeable dependents whom he sheltered and supported, and Sir Walter, sitting by the humble bedside of a poor little humpbacked tailor and pouring the sunshine of his genius and his love into that dull, unamiable life—were they not all teachers and preachers because exemplars of some of the most difficult of real humane and Christian virtues? An English clergy-

man lecturing on "The Next-to-Nothings of Life" enforced impressively the immeasurable effects of unconscious influence for good, concluding thus: "The highest service which we can render to God in ourselves and through the lives of our fellow-men is simply but strenuously to live, in the fear and love of God and without self-consciousness or needless anxieties as to effects, the life which, in its main outlines, circumstances have prescribed to us. For whatever heart beats high and strong and brave inevitably better the hope and courage of the world. Whatever voice rings clear and cheerily assuredly puts life and gladness into mankind. And if a man but walk in wisdom's way and work righteousness, he certainly moves toward a time and place in which many shall rise up to call him blessed, saying, 'You did us manifold good,' while he astonished asks: 'When did I visit and inspirit you?' The surest way to make others good is to be genuinely good yourself."

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own!

Maud Ballington Booth's booklet on Antiseptic Christians is an amplified version of Christ's "Ye are the salt of the earth"—the preservative element preventive against decay and rottenness. Such are

the Christians who, like Maltbie Babcock, by the help of Him who is able to preserve both soul and body blameless unto everlasting life, keep themselves surgically pure. Their presence is more sanctifying than holy water, their touch is as clean as listerine, and their breath sprays the air with antiseptic vapor. What did the Supreme Authority mean when he said to certain persons, "Ye are the light of the world"? He meant the luminous refulgence of spiritualized humanity. A Philadelphia professor finds that even the human body is so radiant that by the light emanating from his hand a photograph of other objects can be taken. Spiritual radiance is equally demonstrable. In northern India, among the high foothills of the Himalayas on the Thibetan border, lives and labors a woman whose picture taken in a group of her Bhotiyas shows a face which might illumine a province. And she is only one of many such. For the mission field has been fruitful of lives which, amid loneliness and peril, hardship and horror, have been "all-radiant with the glory and the calm of having looked upon the face of God." At a pastoral installation a young actor listened intently to several ministers who spoke in succession. With one of them whom he had never seen before he was so impressed and captivated that he whispered to his mother (the widow of a Methodist minister): "Mother, watch

that man; you'll see a halo form around his head in a minute or two." The world is to be saved by the presence and power of those who cause in their fellow-men the expectant apprehension of an imminent halo—true saints who are not thinking of halos nor troubled with self-consciousness, whose own excellence does not weigh upon their minds, and whose goodness is not of the sort which is looking for a mirror, saying anxiously within itself: "I wonder if my halo is on straight." To the artist who painted, after her death, the portrait of a woman who had been a good angel to all the poor in a Minnesota city, a well-known jurist said: "It is a fine picture, only you have not caught the most affecting touch in her expression. There was something in that woman's face which every time I caught sight of it, even when I passed it on the crowded street, made me wish to be a better man." A Shunammite woman, after carefully watching Elisha in his coming and going, reported to her husband her conclusion: "Behold, I perceive that this is a holy man of God that passeth by us continually." Ignatius wrote to the Trallians concerning a certain bishop: "His very bearing is a sacred lesson." "Just to see that man on the street is a sermon," said a physician in a Hudson River town concerning the Methodist pastor there. Such impressions are produced by prophet and by pastor,

not by posing for it but by being, through and through, a genuine man of God. Joseph Parker, unveiling a tablet in the city of Bath in memory of William Jay, and using the text, "Behold now there is in this city a man of God," said: "The men of God in any city are its strength. Their God is with them and their character is a continual emanation, an outgoing fragrance that finds its way on the winds that blow through the lowliest places of the city and carry odors from roses that grow in the gardens beyond the blue." Even the place where the good man lives or dies is made sensibly holy by his presence. William of Saint Thierry coming away from a visit to Bernard of Clairvaux felt that he had been at the very altar of God. "I tarried," he says, "a few days with him, and whichever way I turned my eyes I marveled and thought I saw a new heaven and a new earth. As soon as you entered Clairvaux you could feel that God was in the place." "There is always a sense of God where you are," said a peasant to Erskine. Dr. Joseph H. Twichell coming away from Horace Bushnell's home, where the seer and prophet of eternal things was passing into eternity, sat down with his journal and wrote: "Felt as I left the house a mighty conviction of spiritual realities and a desire to live in them."

That "the palm tree looketh on its fellow and

groweth fruitful" is a familiar analogue of the spiritual life of man. None of us can escape that spermatic dust which floats upon us from surrounding personalities for the pollenizing of character, so impalpable that the sunbeam which shows the finest motes cannot reveal it. No photographic plate is a sufficient emblem of human sensitiveness. Our susceptibility is manifest in particulars almost absurd. A certain man says: "In answering a friend's letter I find my hand strangely influenced by his handwriting, so that mine is perceptibly modified into resemblance with his. If his is careless, mine is demoralized; if his is clear and careful, mine is improved; if his is light or heavy, so is mine." And assimilations more inward and important than handwriting are produced by letters. "I am a victim of moral contagions," wrote Marie Bashkirtseff to Guy de Maupassant; "so it may happen to me, by this correspondence, to become like you." In this case one can hardly be certain which of them would take the more harm from such infection by mail. On the side of the precipice and the abyss which evil is it is simply frightful to behold how easily and how often impressible natures, particularly the young and inexperienced, fall a prey to strong or fascinating personalities. Witness Marguerite in the toils of Faust and Mephistopheles. Payne, the would-be

assassin of William H. Seward, though by no means a weak man, was hypnotized by Wilkes Booth's personal magnetism into participation in that audacious and gigantic conspiracy of hideous crime. A man who realized his peril in contact with a certain magnetic person wrote these words: "So well aware were we of the dangerous power of his fascinations that all the time we were with him we kept silently repeating paternosters lest we should fall victims to his sugared heterodoxy." Personal salvation depends on fortifying against intellectual and moral perils. The sobering and repressive unconscious influence of the gentle, the wise, and the noble is pictured in the well-known lines:

The stern were mild when thou wert by;
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was softened, and HE KNEW NOT WHY.

The presence of a pure character rebukes unrighteousness and summons sinners to repentance as really, if not as distinctly or loudly, as John the Baptist's "Repent ye." The mere arrival of virtue appraises, accuses, and brands all that is less than virtuous. The sheer majesty of goodness overawes evil. Its silent nobleness says: "Quit your meanness!" Its indignant gaze says: "Get out, you dog!" Enter Cato unexpectedly among the young Roman patri-

cians, and his face makes them ashamed of the base character of their pleasures. Let the boy Bernardino of Siena join a group of rough lads, and bad language ceases. They are intimidated. His presence is a prohibition. They are touched with that sense of the regal dignity of the pure which may be the germ, or at least the condition, of incipient nobleness in them. Something in Gladstone made his company a stern restraint to lowness or vulgarity. A man who, in a London club, told a story which reeked with gross indelicacy, was put to shame by the question: "How many thousand pounds would you take to tell that to Gladstone?" "But there are gentlemen present," interposed General Grant, quietly but quickly, when a coarse story was about to begin, and a clean silence ensued which no loafer dared defile by opening his lewd lips. The look of pained surprise on Fales H. Newhall's face when he detected a student cheating in recitation was punishment enough for the man who caused that look. Maeterlinck says that a crime which becomes suddenly conscious of the gaze of a strong superior soul will halt, retreat, and at last crawl back to its lair leaving its sin unaccomplished, and adds, illustratively: "Imagine a sovereign all-powerful soul in Hamlet's place at Elsinore. Would the tragedy have flown on till it reached the four deaths at the end? Is that conceivable?"

An employer writes: "In very trying circumstances I once said to a man against whom falsehood seemed to be proved: 'In spite of everything, I do believe you are telling me the truth.' He answered me with a simplicity which was nothing less than noble: "If you knew my wife, sir, you'd know that I couldn't live with her and lie.' I learned afterward that this was the exact state of the case. His wife was a plain, good, honest woman, rather silent in her way, and I do not believe she had ever lectured her husband on truth-telling. It was simply that one could not live continually in her influence and be willing to be guilty of falsehood." The atmospheric pressure for truth and honesty in that man's home was heavy upon every square inch of his moral sensibility.

The most tremendous dynamo in the world is the human individual, and all of us know what it is to be powerfully affected by great personalities. Once Charles Lamb wrote thus to Wordsworth: "Coleridge is absent but four miles, and the neighborhood of such a man is as exciting as the presence of fifty ordinary persons. To be within the whiff and wind of his genius is enough to prevent us from possessing our souls in quiet." "How few of us can keep our balance," said George William Curtis, "when a regal soul dashes by!" It is as when a train goes past on the railroad, half a mile away from the astronomical

observatory, and jars the earth so that all the stars tremble in the astronomer's vision. Science has no electrometer to measure the voltage of personal influence, nor has any explorer tracked all the channels of its interflow. How much may be conveyed by the eye as an organ of transmission no one can measure; but, for one thing, intelligence may pass from mind to mind across the bridge of a look. It is related of a distinguished teacher of mathematics that, when a student brought him some statement in the textbook for explanation or desired help in understanding a problem, the instructor would simply read the passage or the problem slowly and clearly to the pupil, and then, without adding a word, would quietly look him steadily in the eye. And with most pupils it came to pass that, looking into the teacher's eye, they comprehended without verbal explanation. Somehow by his look the clarified intelligence was imparted which enabled them to perceive as he perceived. Also a believer's look may cause his listeners to believe as he believes. One way of making a good man from a bad is indicated in the *Idylls of the King*, when rough Edryn says to Enid:

Dubric, the holy saint,
With the mild heat of holy oratory,
Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness
Which, when it weds with manhood,
Makes a man.

But another equally successful way is shown when Sir Galahad, the pure-hearted, tells how, during all his long quest of the Holy Grail, the vision of the cup which held the blood of Christ stayed by him and moved with him night and day, keeping the soul within him from discouragement and doubt. To this story told by Galahad, the knight Percivale listened absorbedly, gazing all the while straight into Galahad's rapt face, and thus the listener describes the effect upon himself:

While Galahad thus spoke, his eye, dwelling on mine,
Drew me, with power upon me, till I grew
One with him, to *believe as he believed*.

Here is Henry M. Stanley's account of his conversion: "In 1871 I went to Africa as prejudiced as the biggest infidel in London. But there came to me out there a long time for reflection. I was in the heart of the Dark Continent, far away from a worldly world. I saw a solitary old man there, and asked myself: "Why on earth does he stop here? Is he cracked, or what? What is it that inspires him? What motive can he have for such a life of loneliness, hardship, and peril?" For months after we met I simply found myself watching him, listening to him, and wondering at him, as he carried out all that was said in the Bible. But, little by little, his sympathy and spirit became contagious. Seeing his piety, his

gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how quietly he did his duty, I was converted by him, though he had not tried to do it." Here was automatic, effortless evangelism at work in the wilds of Africa; the pollenization of character; Explorer Stanley looking on Missionary Explorer Livingstone, palm tree on palm tree, and growing fruitful for like faith. "Contagious" is what Stanley says Livingstone's spirit was: so in his own soul he experienced it to be. Negro natives, too, caught the same infection, and loved the good missionary so that when this godly old man died, on his knees in Chitambo's village, black shoulders, strong with devotion, bore his sacred body three hundred miles to Zanzibar to ship it home to London and the honors of Westminster Abbey. And if African monkeys had been half human, they, too, would have succumbed to the moral power of Livingstone. When George Maxwell Gordon, the pilgrim missionary of the Punjab, who fell at Kandahar at the age of forty-one, wished to engage as his native teacher a certain Sowar who was master of Bilochi and other frontier tongues, the man said: "I dare not; I should be made a Christian." Gordon promised that there should be no talk of religion between them. The Sowar answered: "But I love Gordon Sahib, and I am sure I couldn't help accepting his religion if I were with him." For a similar

reason Lord Peterborough withdrew from Fénelon's presence, saying: "I was obliged to get away from him or he would have made me religious in spite of myself." Sowar and lord were both afraid of automatic evangelism, against which there is no defense. Neither ramparts nor rifles, dikes nor quarantines, avail to keep back an atmospheric invasion. W. E. Henley could neither understand nor abide "the Samoan Stevenson," one explanation of whose altered spirit lies most assuredly in his chosen associations there, which were such as to spiritualize his temper and sentiments. Among Stevenson's close friends at Samoa were the Congregational missionaries, the Rev. W. E. Clarke and wife, and his deepening sympathy with their work was increasingly manifest. His admiration for that good man, Mr. Chalmers of New Guinea, was like the hero-worship he felt toward Gordon of Khartoum. His association with and reverence for such as these worked in him to resemble him to them. Here was automatic evangelism. Even Ismail Pasha, khedive of Egypt, who made Chinese Gordon governor-general of the Soudan, acknowledged the mystic spell of that sincere, selfless, sovereign soul, and like many other men, savage as well as civilized, found himself held to higher standards than he had ever known, and, greatly to his own betterment, subdued to the sway of Gordon's superior man-

hood, a manhood purposely and passionately patterning itself after Christ. Here, too, was a measure of automatic evangelism. In the years of George J. Romanes's agnostic unfaith some of his most intimate friends were sincere Christians as well as highly intellectual men. His wife tells us that without set argument or formal persuasion the influence of these believing men was most salutary upon her husband's mind. In their presence Christianity seemed a reasonable and beautiful reality. And in time it came to pass that he renounced his cheerless agnosticism, returned to the altars of the church, fell back on Christ as the sole but sufficient refuge for mind and heart; and his complete surrender uttered itself in his last word on religious subjects: "It is Christianity or nothing." Largely his recovery was the effect of automatic evangelism.

"What India most needs," said Dr. J. H. Barrows when he returned from delivering the Haskell lectures, "is not Christianity but Christians." An observer among the Shevaroy Hills in India reports that Hindus of all classes are beginning to see and say: "These Christian missionaries and converts are better, gentler, more honest and truthful, more self-sacrificing as well as more purposeful and strenuous, and live in all things on a higher level than we do." The inoffensive, ingratiating, and irrefutable argu-

ment of pure, sweet, unselfish Christian living is taking effect. Professor A. B. Davidson, writing of "Mohammed and Islam," rests his hope for the Christianization of Mohammedans on the example of individuals who illustrate, in character and conduct, a higher conception of human life; and says that "such a man as David Livingstone presents the Mohammedan mind with a high ideal, exhibits the moral norm, awakens in the beholder by contrast a sense of his own spiritual defect, and makes the character and work of Jesus intelligible to the followers of the False Prophet."

Wonderful indeed is that terse and telling record of one man's wholesale victory over an entire population inscribed upon the monument to the Rev. John Geddes at Aneityun: "When he came here there were no Christians; when he went away there were no heathen." Such an overwhelming result could only be achieved and explained by blending in the life and work of that man both aggressive and automatic evangelism. And the final, comprehensive word upon this subject is that without such blending no really efficient ministry is possible to any man.

A BIT OF CRITICAL RECONSTRUCTION

EDWARD DICKINSON, nephew of Emily Dickinson, assistant librarian of Amherst College, once wrote that the Autobiography of Mark Rutherford far surpasses Robert Elsmere: "The first is the original thought of a man who is most extraordinarily honest with himself; the other is the result of careful and tasteful compilation." This judgment of the "higher criticism" on Mrs. Humphry Ward's Robert Elsmere excites a similar *a priori* apprehension toward her later *brochure*, New Forms of Christian Education, and suggests a question whether in this production also the reputed author may be a redactor of matter gathered from more than one preëxisting document. Confirmatory of such apprehension is the fact that on searching its contents carefully for any internal evidence bearing on the question we find signs, not only of compilation, but also of at least a double authorship, for we distinctly hear running through this utterance tones as different as those in "The Two Voices" of Tennyson, one of skepticism and one of trust toward the validity and verity of accepted Christian doctrine. Finding this mixture of differing

currents, the spirit of the age warrants a small experiment in criticism for the purpose of separating the words of the document of original faith from those of the unbelieving deutero-author.

When so-called "Christian" rationalism places on our table a streaked, Neapolitan, *Tutti Frutti* conffection it is our mental habit to proceed with deliberation in a discriminating selection and rejection, referring for justification of our eclecticism to the venerable example of Jack Sprat and his wife, each of whom appropriated only what each could relish and assimilate, and also—pardon the collocation—to the example of the rationalizing biblical critic who pieces together from preferred remnants of Holy Writ what he presents as the real Bible, but which seems to many a crazy quilt too narrow and too short to cover the needy nakedness of the sinful human soul. Using, therefore, after the fashion of Christian scholars, the methods of the higher criticism on the side of faith and in the interests of evangelical doctrine as the antisupernaturalist, *per contra*, uses them against those interests, we separate and cast away from the document now before us by the judgment of our inner sense the portions which seem to that inward critical authority incompatible or incongruous, retaining only such matter as may, by some loyal interpretation, be made to coalesce with essential Christianity in a unity

satisfactory to our taste. Of what follows hereafter in this writing, be it understood, little is ours except the dovetailing together of the parts retained by us from Mrs. Ward's essay. What we here submit might be called our revised version of *New Forms of Christian Education*, the text of Mrs. Ward's manuscript being, so far as possible, retained. We count it lawful to reproduce by preference only matter which is friendly and not hostile to evangelic truth. No obligation toward any author binds us to incrust and freeze our pages with the hoarfrost of unbelief; it is our right as well as duty to hold them ever toward the sun and make them always beat with the old gospel's ancient heat. Accordingly, we now transcribe from the writing before us the substance of those parts which belong to the perihelion, and not to the aphelion, of undecided semirationalism in its oscillations between faith and unfaith.

The essay concedes that the petulant skepticism of the eighteenth century, like much other skepticism, was in itself wholly barren, bespattering and defacing the then current picture of Christian reality, but not putting anything in its place; that there are innumerable points where biblical criticism with all its efforts will probably never make good a claim to dictate; that it is clearly possible for the labors of Assyriologists and Egyptologists to throw fresh light

upon portions of the Old Testament that had been prematurely or imperfectly explained by the literary critic; that many statements and sections of the Pentateuch may ultimately be shown by the archæologist to have a higher antiquity or a more definite historical value than the critic has granted; that archæology is transforming our knowledge of the ancient world; that the early culture of the Hebrews is in all probability both more ancient and more complex than any critic of fifty years ago could have supposed; that Professor Ramsay's vivid work upon the Acts, based mainly on the first-hand knowledge of an archæologist, is believed to have undone a great deal of German criticism; that modern scientific knowledge fights against the deists who denied the conformity of Christianity to nature, while increasing historical knowledge fights against the hypercritical denial of the validity of the Christian evidences.

The essay observes that historical theology concerns itself chiefly just now with the life of Christ, the criticism of the Old Testament having taken a secondary place, while the problems of the gospels have once more moved to the forefront; that there is still wanting an English Life of Christ which shall enrich, not the literature of popular edification, but the literature of a true and responsible knowledge; that more discoveries like that of the *Logia* are possible

and would teach us more than we now know of the origins of the gospels; that scholarship is throwing ever fresh light on the conceptions and beliefs which prevailed in the age when Jesus was growing up.

The essay notes that in the past all phases of Christian teaching have at some time undergone gradual modification from the progressive thought and experience of man's religious life. As Luther and Wesley, each in his day and way, modified the faith of Christendom, so also the Calvinism of the Scotch peasant of today in that delightful Thrums which a novelist pictures is not the Calvinism of John Calvin and the Genevese ordinances; and the Anglicanism of this century is far from the Anglicanism of the eighteenth century which busied itself in "hewing and chiseling Christianity into an intelligible human system, represented as affording a remarkable evidence of the truth of the Bible"; and the Catholicism of a Manning, ready to join hands with any heretic so long as temperance be preached, the child protected, or the laborer raised a step nearer to manhood, was not like the Catholicism of a Newman, only a generation earlier, with its eagerness about speculative theory, its abhorrence of Liberalism and Liberals, its remoteness from this workaday world, and its comparative indifference as to whether there be "too many public houses in England or no." Even where the same great old

words of creed and argument are retained, the emphasis, the place of the accent, the pronunciation of the words have been changed from time to time, and such change has altered the leading, urgent meaning of the whole, the meaning which stirs the blood and attaches the heart.

The essay remarks that this historic progress of Christian thought has not now come to a halt; to-day does not "stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon"; in almost all Christian bodies are felt the vibrations of change if not the pangs of new births, the stir of movements neither retrograde nor tardigrade; and various forces operate, both from within the church and from without, for the gradual modification of religious opinion, for a different arrangement or a slightly altered point of view, giving a new perspective. But while the religious consciousness contains always two elements—the transient and the permanent—so that what is to last makes its way at first in human life by virtue of that which is to pass away, yet the Christian battle of doctrine and belief moves without any real check toward a unifying knowledge. And although the order of the apologetic argument may require to be reset the inviolable root-beliefs of Christendom will remain, however the deductive constructions of inferential doctrine may be pruned and trained. If any hold that, by reason

of growing knowledge, we are on the eve of a new Christian philosophy and restatements of beliefs, yet, because the faith of nineteen centuries has been no delusion, all must admit that the history of those centuries and of the part played therein by that force called "the Life of Christ" will enter into the new statement whenever it appears, preserving the vital continuity of doctrine and making the faith of the future a normal development and enlargement of the faith of the past, so that rational coherence and essential constancy will live through all the transformations and constitute a living and lasting growth of human thought.

The essay asserts that Christianity is a system founded on perennial needs of human nature, bound up with the hopes and sorrows, the tears, the agonies, the joys of eighteen hundred years, which has added to the ethical thought of Greece and the governing power of Rome an emotion and an enthusiasm all its own; that the distrust of Christianity seen among some of the present day is the most wasteful and uncalled-for surrender of its own wealth that modern life can make; that this age is not so rich in symbols and rallying cries, nor is it so easy to touch, to bind, to lift men, that we can dispense with the images, the thoughts, the aspirations and inspirations which have touched and bound and raised them in the past,

and which come to us, therefore, steeped in and consecrated by an unfathomable human experience; that Christianity still claims our faith and our devotion because in its best form it is the most moving and beautiful, the most striking and concrete testimony that history affords to the power of a divine and eternal life, a life which is perpetually revealed in conscience, law, and knowledge, and which so presses on and appeals to the human spirit that it can generate, within the sphere of contact between it and man, a faith that can transfigure these passing years and take the terror from the face of death.

The essay declares that the "Christian riddle" as a whole is being read with a self-verifying accuracy and subtlety which a hundred years ago were still among the unconceived births of time; that the force of Christian evidence and the power of its argument grows from year to year; that as new conceptions of the Christian reality come with successive decades that reality gains in vividness, fullness, and convincing power, and as it is impressed with irresistible force upon the mind of mankind the figure of the Master becomes ever clearer and grander, all progress of knowledge only strengthening our grasp of that tender and beautiful reality; that it is being more and more fully understood how it happened that Jesus, and not anybody else, stands in history as the

leader and symbol of a great movement of converging philosophies and kindling enthusiasms which coincided with the birth of modern Europe under the ægis of the Roman empire and is still capable of infinite expansion; that in the Christian history God and man have met for the founding of the most significant, the divinest work of human history, by which light has dawned for the slave, the outcast, the woman, the poor; that the personality, life, words, acts of Christ thrown on the fitting moment of history have evoked from the race that electric power of sympathy and passion which is to utilize materials from "the stored labor of Greek ethical thought, the ordered power of Roman life, and the moral and imaginative wealth of Jewish faith, for the actual building in earth's midst of the new Jerusalem, and the practical founding of the city of God."

The essay assures us that if, in our teaching, we so use the life of Christ as to make of it the most compelling and the most fruitful symbol known to our experience of that contact between God and our poor human consciousness, which is religion, then we need have no fear that it will ever fail to meet religious need or strike out spiritual response; that by studiously following the Master as he moves among the sins and needs, the sufferings and affections, of Galilee and Jerusalem, and by communing with him,

there will be quickened in us, and in those whom we teach, both reverence for the life of duty and of pity and strength for the daily relations and tasks of our own world, each of those relations and duties being connected in our thoughts with the beloved and sacred name of Him who stands, by the irrevocable choice of men, at the head of the spiritual life of Europe and America, and who bequeaths to us the maintenance and spread of his work; that all things may be done to God in Christ, and that only by so doing can men hope for the growth which alone is true life, growth in that temper at once of self-surrender and indomitable hope which yields all that man has and does to the action of the indwelling, all-transforming God, whose chief representative in history is Jesus Christ.

We have given partly in its own language those portions of the essay most closely allied to sound doctrine. Neology adheres by some of its tentacles to the Rock, while its bulk floats and sways about in currents unstable and irregular. The vitality of the Christian creed is manifest in its continuing to appeal with undiminished effect, spite of all questioning and criticism, to the alert and progressive intelligence of civilized mankind—the intelligence which dominates and leads the world.

THE SYMPHONY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

IN the island which is called Patmos, John, who saw into heaven, heard voices like the sound of many waters, like great thunders, like harpers harping with their harps. And the voices sang as it were a new song before the throne, and no man could learn that song save the hundred and forty and four thousand who were redeemed from the earth. To understand John's vision we must remember that the harpers whom he heard singing the new song were in heaven before the throne, while the one hundred and forty-four thousand were upon the earth. George Matheson, the eloquent blind Scotchman, calls this "God's music lesson." No man could learn that celestial song, apprehend its meaning, and join in it except those who though still on the earth had been redeemed from its power. All men have been redeemed in the sense that Christ died for them, but men are not actually rescued from earthiness until they consent to be saved, yield themselves up to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, permit his Spirit to work in them to will and to do of his good pleasure, while they put forth their own energies to the utmost

to work out their part in their own salvation. These are they who catch the heavenly melody, the song that is sung up above, and sing it themselves down here on this low earth, from the carnal spell and degradation and grossness of which they have been happily freed.

To talk of the spirit-world in terms of the sense-world is our human necessity. Even the men who find fault with the Bible because it does this, have to do so themselves, and cannot otherwise possibly make their ideas intelligible to their fellow-men. We have to use the language of sense and speak in figure, when we talk of any sphere beyond the senses, as when we speak of seeing the point of an argument, or hearing the voice of conscience, and so on without end. So when we talk of harmonies the word is capable of carrying many meanings, ranging through very different realms. In the realm of the senses there are harmonies for the ear, which we call music, and for the eye in graceful form and outlines and in the blending or contrast of colors in a pleasing way. In the realm of mind there are harmonies, as in sequent and orderly thought, sound reasoning, poetic imaginations, and, above all, in the divine and wondrous realm of numbers; harmonies which are produced by intellectual processes that conform to the laws of logic, or of mathematics, or of poetic

fitness. In the realm of the soul there are ethical harmonies, which are produced by the proper blending of moral elements, by the bringing of man's spiritual nature into consonance with the laws of righteousness, purity, goodness, truth. Those who live chiefly in the senses find more enjoyment in the delights of color and sound than in ideal or spiritual harmonies. Such are all whose supreme delight is in art or music or sense-beauty. Those who live most in the intellectual find their satisfaction in clear, strong thinking, in the philosophies and mathematics. Such have been some who seemed preëminently if not merely thinkers, and lovers of cold reasoning. There is another class who live not supremely in the senses nor in the intellect, but in the moral and spiritual, and they find their highest joy in whatsoever things are pure, true, lovely, honest, holy, and of good report among the good. Such are all lovers of God and goodness. There can be no question which is the sublimest harmony and the noblest joy. Moral harmonies constitute heaven. Heaven is something more and better than a chorus of voices and concord of instruments; something more and better than a golden city with iridescent gates of pearl and walled with the blaze of precious stones; something more and better than pure mathematics or the joy of syllogisms. It is the bliss and beauty of souls in accord

with the Father of spirits, having no voice or choice in dissonance with the supreme voice and the adorable will of God. This is the perfect peace with God which passeth understanding; this is the eternal felicity of the holy.

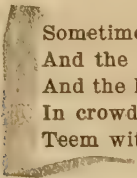
The song which John heard overhead is not confined to heaven; it pours its melody down to earth. Man is within hearing of what goes on around the throne. He is "hard of hearing" by reason of grossness, but there is One who puts his fingers in the deaf ears of the soul and unstops them. Man born in sin has his natural desires, impulses, cravings, and moves out along the directions in which they push or draw him. He follows his bent, pursues his natural ambitions, yields to his inclinations, gratifies his passions, indulges his selfish will, taking his cue from his own carnal desires. So doing he follows the bent of a nature which is corrupt, tending to evil, having in it seeds of depravity, capable, if unrestrained and unrenewed, of baseness and wickedness. And he is certain, if he follows the gravitation of his nature, to live a life pitched from the first on a low key and descending lower and lower. But, by the mercy of God, he is not left to do this, unadmonished, unrestrained, unhelped. Heaven proposes and pictures to us, even demands of us, a better life than we naturally lead; rebukes our low ways; tells us of a nobler way;

invites and urges us to rise toward it. This is what the whole Bible is for. The discipline of centuries was bestowed on one special nation to lift them above the universal groveling grossness, to teach them to live decently in the fear of God and make a beginning of a godly race on this defiled and besotted earth. This is the explanation of Old Testament history. Then came the office and work of Christ to gather up all that had been taught, to enlarge, complete, and emphasize it, to show men how to live on earth this better life, and to die that the human race may be redeemed from earth and earthiness. Then comes in this present dispensation, the office and operation of the Holy Spirit, to bring to remembrance all that Christ taught and showed and did, to prompt and urge men to aspire and enter on the higher life, and to replenish them with strength so to do.

It is recorded in a Book which does not lie that a lone, forsaken old man on a poor, rocky, precipitous little island once heard the melodies of heaven. So may we all, not in the same way as John perhaps, but in a true and real sense, if we will, for our sky includes the throne round which that harmony rolls, and in the high arches of our being floats a music that must be of heaven, since it is not of earth. Heaven plays its influence down about the human soul. One of the most graceful of memorial marbles in the world

is the recumbent statue of Saint Cecilia, by Stefano Maderno, in the church which bears her name and stands in the Trastevere near the Ripa Grande in Rome; and one of the sweetest of Roman legends is the pure and lovely story of Saint Cecilia, whose one absorbing passion was for music. One day while playing on her instrument she heard another music overhead, finer and richer than her own, seeming to drop from the skies. Recognizing it to be celestial, angelic, divine, she hushed her own music that she might listen to the nobler strains that floated down upon her ears. The legend of Saint Cecilia has charmed the greatest artists, and Raphael and Carlo Dolce paint her listening. Raphael's picture of her is at Bologna, and at Dresden, Carlo Dolce's picture divides attention with the Sistine Madonna. These two famous Saint Cecílias are among the loveliest faces in all art. The legend and the two world-renowned paintings suggest some things of highest moment. They intimate that heaven is open earthward and rains messages, influences, meanings down on human souls. As the music came down to Saint Cecilia's ears, so over our employment and our play, our task and our rest, there sounds the hint of principles and laws that do not issue from the earth. Is it faith or mere fancy that "close, close to man, like undulating layers of air, right above our heads,"

is a stirring unseen realm filled with pure melodious spirits, and that



Sometimes the airy synod bends,
And the mighty choir descends,
And the hearts of men thenceforth
In crowded and in still resorts
Teem with unwonted thoughts.

The legend and the paintings suggest that above earth's best is heaven's better still. Cecilia playing, doubtless her best, hears overhead what far surpasses her finest possible performance and transcends all her dreams. She could not conceive it till she heard it. In like manner all that man does naturally, even his highest natural possibility, is poor, low, and contemptible compared with what the Holy Spirit teaches, coaxes, prompts, commands, and empowers for. Above man's nothing-perfect is God's all-complete. Legend and pictures tell us that we must be silent that we may listen. Hearing this sound of something better breaking in upon her own not-so-good, Cecilia hushes her music that she may listen to heaven's. Carlos Dolce paints her with her fingers pausing idly on the keys which they so fondly swept, with downcast eyes, a soft, sweet, gentle face, none lovelier in all art; and Raphael pictures her standing in ecstasy with all instruments of earthly music broken and discarded at her feet, the pipes hanging

down in her forgetful hands, and her glowing upturned face rapt with the music of the celestial choir. She keeps utterly still that she may miss no note or strain, drops her own tune to catch the tune which God is playing for her out of heaven. It is substantially setting aside her own purpose, holding her will and choice in abeyance to do homage to the wondrous voice from above. It is the disposition which ceases from its own discourse, and all sounds of earth, to hear what God the Lord will speak. And the lesson for us is that no matter what we are about, or what our hearts are set upon, or what we have begun and want to play through to the end, it is necessary to drop it if it prevents our attention to the voice of God, if it keeps us from hearing, taking in, and appreciating the divine strains which breathe a heavenly melody into our harsh, discordant souls.

Cecilia—interrupted, pausing, listening—makes us think of ourselves. Once we were playing a merely earthly tune, or improvising idly without any score a haphazard experiment of our own composing. That was our life, till God interrupted us. Then all at once or gradually we became aware of something different and better suggested in, shot through, between the notes we struck, some sound of superior music falling on us from above. Then we dropped our self-devised, self-chosen, self-taught tune and heark-

ened with hushed souls reverently, if not rapturously, to God's Infinitely Better sounding over and shaming our unworthy, ignoble, and unholy Poor Enough. Then we devoted heart, soul, and faculties in strenuous endeavor to copy those finer harmonies into our inner and our outer life. Saint Cecilia heard the angelic choirs, says legend. John, says inspired history, heard in his apocalyptic hour great voices before the throne singing the new song. Who can learn that song? A great multitude, even as many as are willing to be loosed and lifted out of earthliness, out of the carnal mind. The souls of men can be changed from discord to harmony, from confused disorder into symmetrical form. Does this seem mysterious? Come out to the quarry in the side of the hill. Blasting into the solid bed of rock, we find it to be only a coarse-grained, opaque, monotonous mass. But blasting further into the middle, we split open something new and strange, we come upon a nest of clustered crystals. That sudden spectacle, gleaming there in the heart of the rough and common stone, excites feelings of awe, wonder, and ecstatic delight. For what do we see? We see where a finer and higher law of arrangement has entered into the stone, chosen its spot in the flinty depths to set up its secret laboratory, and taken charge of the crude and shapeless materials—a law intending and enacting beauty and

order—and with its transforming touch, no less miraculous than changing water into wine, this marvelous law has wrought the miracle of crystallization, changing the dull common stone at that point into jewels, making some portion of the crude and gritty mass take fine polished form and clarified substance. There in the heart of the rock a superior law has seized on coarse, unpliant, and unpromising material and mysteriously refined them into pure and sparkling splendor, fit to deck the diadems of kings. Standing together in the quarry, among the fragments of blasted rocks, over the spot of bright surprise where now for the first time the sunshine of the open heaven flashes on these crystals that were born in the dark but destined for the light, we look into each other's faces and say to one another with a solemn gladness that a like miracle of crystallization may take place in the hard and flinty nature of man; that there are laws of spiritual refinement, moral beauty, and a divine spirit of order which, if allowed to enter in and work, can make the human heart like a nest of crystals, like a cluster of jewels; so that when death shall break the body asunder and the soul burst open into the light of heaven's immortal life, the King of kings shall wish and wear it for a jewel in his crown. What is crystallization? The mineralogist tells us that it comes by the action of laws of

chemical affinity on the constituent molecules at the moment of transition from fluid to solid, and the atoms are arranged into perfect forms with mathematical exactness. Something resembling this happens in man when the Holy Spirit melts his stony heart; and when it is melted and flows down, laws not of chemical but of spiritual affinity act on it and arrange its substance, clarifying, conforming it by the geometry of righteousness. And when the divine Spirit has wrought in man this beauteous change from love of wrong to love of right, from love of sin to love of God, from the carnal and selfish to the spiritual and unselfish, when man's inmost desires and will have been squared with that eternal right which is the will of God, then the soul can learn that song which rises round the throne, the chant of loyal adoration from spirits who are in unison with God, loving what he loves, hating what he hates—Godlike they are, or, as we say, godly—spirits who cry: "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty! Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders! Great and marvelous are thy works; just and true are thy ways, for thou only art holy!"

The new song is the adoration of holiness and of the all-holy Lord. Man begins to learn this song when the Spirit of God makes him hate sin and in his heart he worships, when he feels the longing and

the need for deliverance from sin and is willing to have it in God's way of mercy through Jesus Christ; willing to pay the price so far as he can, and to have it paid for him so far as he cannot. Then he sounds the keynote of the new song, and from that he goes on to bring his whole life into tune, to make all his powers join in this song, to bring his thoughts into accord, and his imaginations, and his ambitions, and his hopes, and his words, and his actions, and his plans, to make all these join in the symphony of righteousness, in accord with the perfect will of God. To do this is a lifetime's work and may never be done perfectly here. It is not said that a man, on earth, in the flesh, subject to infirmities, with his clumsy powers, can master completely this heavenly music, and render righteousness in a faultless way to the full measure of perfection. But he can learn, and all his life can go on learning, knowing it better and coming nearer to it every year, and even every day that he lives. If sometimes we seem to fail, let us not be disheartened. There are some simple verses which tell of a little child who used to go and stand by the organ, reach up and put his fingers on the keys; stand there silently awhile with upward gaze, as if listening to catch some far, faint harmony from the unseen overhead; then as if he had caught it he would rise on tiptoe and strike the keys, trying to

play it, but as he tried there would come upon his face a dissatisfied, disappointed, and dismayed look because his music went wrong; and he would bend his ear to the instrument, murmuring with a frown: "Not right, not right!" Day after day he would go back to the organ and try and try again, looking and listening upward and then running his fingers along the keys, always dissatisfied yet ever patient and persevering, till a day came when the keyboard missed his tiny touch, and the floor the patter of his feet, and the house the sound of his prattling voice. They no more heard him say: "Not right, not right." He had vanished whither his eyes used to look and his ears listen. And the verse-maker, who tells us his story, believes that the little laddie, who strove with such earnest zeal to catch and copy some heavenly air he seemed to hear, has gone where he no more has to say with a vexed soul, "Not right," but has attained the music he vainly sighed for here. Often we grown men and women do no better than the little boy. We reach up to the keys and try to play perfection on this organ we call life—and listening to our performance our vexed faces show chagrin and our hearts, sad with a feeling of failure, say: "Not right, not right!" Never mind! Let us be patient and persevering! What we do poorly here we shall do perfectly up there.

We need not hesitate to confess that in one sense we do not know much about heaven. We have never been there. All emblems, figures, and symbols given convey but dim ideas and faint conceptions to us about the forms and methods of that celestial state. But in another sense we do know a great deal about heaven. Emily Dickinson's odd verses are not entirely without warrant:

I never saw a moor,
 I never saw the sea;
 Yet know I how the heather looks,
 And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
 Nor visited in heaven;
 Yet certain am I of the spot
 As if the chart was given.

We know what principles rule the skies and what spirit fills them. And we can reach up and lay hold of those principles and be filled with that spirit and work them out in the affairs of this flesh-bound life and earthly state. It is possible for the children of Adam to live a divine life here and now, down in this dust and din and darkness of earth and time. We have seen actual flesh-and-blood men and women, in all the chafe and fret and misery and sweat and smother and vulgarity of this coarse, vexatious, greedy, grimy, and low-minded world, living so that those who saw them confessed that "celestial fruit

on earthly ground from faith and hope may grow." We can apprehend the heavenly and manifest its everlasting beauty in this disfigured, snarling, clangorous, and crazy world. Amid our humblest toil and most inexorable tasks, if our spirit be one of reverent obedience, we may be striking the chord which will make life melodious, keep our hearts from withering, and make drudgery divine.

Some there are in this loud stemming tide
 Of human care and crime,
 With whom the melodies abide
 Of the everlasting chime;
 Who carry music in their heart
 Thro' dusky lane and wrangling mart,
 Plying their daily tasks with busier feet
 Because their hearts some holy strain repeat.

Blessed are they whose hearts repeat some holy strain, who catch the tune of the new song, and sing it, play it, with all their powers till every thought of the mind, every motion of desire, and almost the very blood-pulse in the arteries shall run rhythmic with the will of God. Happy are they who take the teachings of the Lord, and fit pure actions unto them like noble music unto perfect words; who toil at the lofty language of righteousness, and master it to fluency, till it flows trippingly from tongue and life; who uncover the keyboard of their inmost soul to the Divine Master and let the Holy Spirit sweep

the keys and strike responsive chords; who cheer their hearts by rehearsing such sublime and exultant themes as the love of God, the redemption of man, the beauty of holiness, the hope big with immortality.

God's Spirit pleads with us every day to bring us to a sweet and holy mind, to make us love and endeavor to fulfill the pure and perfect law of Christ, so deep, so high, so musical; so that our thoughts may chime with God's thoughts, and our purpose be harnessed with his purpose, and our desires be keyed and pitched by his, and our ways be made to rhyme with his ways; so that the will of God and the sweet reasonableness of Christ may prevail in us and through us. A life thus harmonized with heaven is not unnatural but preternatural—not against our nature in violence to it, but the restoring, uplifting, and perfecting of our being. It is not to unman nor to abase man's proper dignity and noblest pride, but to cure him of insane and belittling conceits, and make him roundly and soundly a man. For humanity is sacred, of royal blood, and must wear its crown, and of it two converse things are true: it regains the completeness of manhood by imitation of the Son of God, while by every effort to perfect human nature it approaches the divine. High aims and spiritual thoughts, sweet tempers, scorn of wrong, love of the true and right—these make a man, and

these bring him near to God. We are summoned to join the "hundred and forty and four thousand," the multitude of the redeemed, to take heavenly principles for earthly practice. We are called to play our whole life up to the pitch and level of that heavenly music of which God in his Bible gives us the score, and which the Man of Nazareth has played for us to show us how. We may aspire and pray and strive until all our life shall be euphony, symphony, anthem of praise, in unison with

All the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing and singing in their glory move.

Watch the sidewalks when a band of music comes marching down the street. Notice that the music gives a different step, a new bearing, a finer carriage to boys and men as it comes along. What is there in that music to take command of the passers-by? We all know, for we have felt it ourselves, that a slouching, plodding, and stoop-shouldered man, overtaken on the street by drums and fifes and bugles playing martial airs, feels his nerves played upon, shoulders thrown back as if by force, frame erected, muscles braced, tread involuntarily elastic, firm, and rhythmic, every motion keeping time to the throb and accent and bidding of the music. In some mysterious way that music commands him and hurries his

slow feet along at its own brisk rate of movement. Oh, immortal men! The drums and trumpets of God's hosts are marching along. What ails us that heaven's march-music does not play us through? Have our souls no nerves? Why do we keep our wretched, unerect, and shambling gait? Are we such dull clowns as not to know grand music when we hear it? Hark! Listen till you feel the mighty thrill and catch the heavenly tune. And then fall in, mark time, keep step, and "Forward, march!"

A FABLE OF ÆTNA

WHEN Ætna was young he was but a little hill. Placed in a semitropic scene in sunny Sicily, he fell to dreaming of more bracing climes and longed to visit higher latitudes. Breathed upon by tepid and indolent airs, swathed about by riotous exuberance of vegetation, surfeited with the colors and odors of orange trees, pomegranates, figs, almonds, mulberries, and magnolias, washed by warm Calabrian waves, his soul sickened of sensuous luxury, and robust cravings rose in him for a sturdier life in more invigorating atmospheres. He wished he were not rooted fast, but like those little Bible hills that could skip like lambs, for then he would seek what he desired; he would travel away over the earth to visit the lands that lie under the light of the north star, south of the frosty pole. He would see the slender, sinewy, tapering cedars grow, and smell the resinous breath of the northern pines where they stand against the gray skies, "with the moan of the billows in their branches, and the snow furled, like sails, along their limbs." He would find the hardy growths that love long winters, and the frost-defying moss and lichens that en-

ture and persist in regions of everlasting snow and ice; and, at last, his journeyings would bring him where he would behold the stern and spacious magnificence of white landscapes and frozen seas, in the far Arctic, under the rays of the low-circling sun. Dreaming thus longingly of the scenes and products and experiences of higher latitudes, satiated and dissatisfied with the excessive sweetness and softness of his low latitude, he tried to tug his feet loose from under the flowers; but they were fast and immovable in deep clefts of the rocks, as if earthquake gaps had closed and caught him in their trap.

Then he complained unto the distant heavens: "Why am I fastened in this narrow fate and sentenced to this languid life?" And God said: "Be patient and hear the word of the Lord. For a purpose I have appointed your place and planted you where you are. I mean that you shall hereafter hold a torch to light the Mediterranean straits, where the currents swirl and sweep between Scylla and Charybdis. You will yet be, by day and night, a far-seen landmark for ships to steer by. Lift your head higher, that you may fulfill your commission loftily. Grow toward the greatness of your task. As for the fruits and experiences of more tonic and rigorous climes which you so much desire to taste and feel, trouble not yourself about them; only stand in your

lot and place, aspire and rise heavenward, and all those climes shall come to you, empty their treasures in your lap, hang their products in festoons about your neck, and give you to drink of their clear, cold atmospheres. Seek them not, and they shall seek you. Your lot is broad enough; a higher life is what you need; elevation is the equivalent of wider range and will insure most eligible gains."

So Ætna, heeding the word of the Lord, became content to stay where God had put him; gave up the thought of going to seek the advantages of regions remote; more and more sought to look down on all such things, satisfied to do without them. He fixed his attention on the mission announced for him—to be a light and a landmark—and began to build himself up from the level of his semitropic foothold, with a purpose to be equal to his task and an effort to fulfill heaven's ideal for his life. And as he rose God rewarded him at the proper level by hanging on his rising flanks the vegetation of the higher temperate latitudes. And then later, when the aspiring hill grew to the height and dimensions of a mountain, God belted his rugged strength with a thick growth of tough cedars and tall fir trees; and still above that, as Ætna lifted his ambitious head into the sky, there was buckled about his neck a collar of mosses and lichens, set with frost-jewels; so that he

wore the arctic zone, like a muffler, around his throat. Then the winds from Iceland came and quenched the laboring mountain's thirst with draughts of air cool as a glacier's breath. And at last, ten thousand feet aloft, the glittering white snow that never melts crowned Ætna's aspiring head with the dazzling purity of the pole, and he breathed continually the atmosphere of the zone that was farthest from his footing and apparently most inaccessible.

God had said to the little Sicilian hill, longing restlessly for a different experience and wider ranges of earthly knowledge and possession, "Seek rather the realms that are above, and all these outlying, low-lying things, however distant, shall be added unto you." And Ætna got them all simply by obeying God. He gave himself entirely to upward aspiration and endeavor; and when he dreamed not of such things and had almost forgotten that he ever desired them or complained to heaven because he had them not, then one by one all the latitudes, from Cape Spartivento to Siberia, from Africa to Nova Zembla, came down to bring him their gifts and hang their rich panniers upon his rising shoulders. Thus Ætna stands conspicuous and acknowledged, the one complete, symmetric, perfect mountain in Europe, wearing all zones in order, one above the other, on his rising slopes.

Moral: Be ye therefore likewise perfect. Life lacks not breadth so much as height. Not wide-wandering desire, but a noble ambition for excellence and fidelity is the secret of attainment and the guide to greatest gain. Keep your base, stay in your place, aim at the zenith, aspire, strive, build heavenward. Rise to the level of duty, live loftily. Then far realms will make pilgrimage to lay their best gifts in the lap of such a life, and a stainless splendor crown its head sublime.

WINGS OF A DOVE—HOMING PIGEONS

MANY years ago Father Taylor, the inspired genius of the Mariners' Bethel, arose in a prayer meeting in the old West Church in Boston, and began to talk in a quiet way about doves. One who heard him says: "He hadn't talked many minutes before that old meetinghouse seemed to be full of doves; and then somehow pretty soon he made us all feel like doves waiting to be fed from God's hand." Among the mysteries of things animate and inanimate, few are more wonderful and suggestive than the carrier dove, or homing pigeon.

Every bird is a marvel. The miracle of wings puzzles and defies the earth-bound creature, man. The bird floats superior, still unexplained and unmatched, describing its ancient challenge in circles on the blue dome above us. The frigate bird, with its slight body hung between prodigious pinions fifteen feet in span, outstrips the tornado, and finds the hurricane, which breaks frigates like eggshells, a mere frolic; with incredible wing-sweep covers eighty leagues of ocean in an hour, and reposes on the storm, unwearied, superb, victorious.

Man envies this power of flight. Egypt betrayed

the desire in that strange and significant conception, the Sphinx, composite of a human head, a lion's body, and a bird's wings, indicative of man's wish to add to his thought-power the strength of the tawny brute-killing and the bird's gift of aerial transit. Well, it is believed that the human creature *has* wings. Greece figured the soul by her winged Psyche. Dreams that are not all a dream give us the sense of wings concealed or prescience of wings to come. It was not on us that the degrading sentence was pronounced, "Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat." Mounting faculties are felt in us, flutters which have charter to a large, liberal, and lofty franchise. We have no occasion to be jealous of the bird.

The bird is a creature that moves in and on an element that is invisible, from the tangible, hard earth into the viewless air; from the visible up into the unseen, living and breathing and having its being in that realm. The atmosphere—you cannot see it; take a telescope, and you cannot; take a microscope, and it is all the same. But the invisible is not therefore unreal; wings find something in it substantial enough to rest on, lean on, and rise upon. The bird finds it practicable to advance through the unseen and live there. So do we. For us, also, the invisible is actual, veritable, substantial.

The homing pigeon challenges admiring wonder by its fine fidelity and mysterious faculty for finding its way. Loose it anywhere, and it starts instantly homeward. Carry it however far away and toss it up, it spirals to a great height in the air, sails around a moment or two, chooses its course and sets out for home, making sometimes a hundred miles an hour and a flight a thousand miles long. How it knows the way is inexplicable. Not by landmarks, for it may be loosed far out at sea, beyond possible sight of any object that could give direction, coming back safe and straight. This knowledge is strange enough to fill us with awe. It is as if that little flying craft of the upper ocean, with trim, slender hull, and wide spread of canvas, had machinery on board for winding in its clew, as the Great Eastern might take up, haul aboard, and coil away an Atlantic cable from midocean shoreward, so coming in at last to the headlands of Heart's Content.

This swift, unerring navigator of the air—where does he keep his sextant? What observations does he take of sun by day or pole-star by night? Whose logarithms does the little mathematician use in ciphering out latitude and longitude on the aerial sea? Where is the binnacle which hides the needle that gives him his bearings? By what chart does he know the where-away of the unseen port? The

Sphinx has no more answerless riddle. No man guesses the bird's enigma. The instruments of its strange feat are not among its visible organs; science is baffled at the hiding of this power. "The secret of the Lord is with them" to whom it is given, and who "fear him" so much that they would not disobey the instinct or the revelation he has given them; it is a secret not to be explained, conveyed, or transferred. Take in your hands one of the homing pigeons when it flutters in at the dovecote, stroke the panting breast that holds the true home-loving heart, and ask, "How did you know the way home?" It could only say, if it should speak: "I cannot tell. Ask God!"

O wise little birds, how do ye know
 The way to go?
 "We but obey
 One who calleth us far away,
 And maketh the way appear."

Then to this answer of the doves let your heart make response: "Dear little birds, He calleth me who calleth ye." Heinrich Heine, having passed through flippant skepticism, atheism, and pantheism, repented of them all and at last wrote himself down a Christian. Attributing his late enlightenment entirely to reading the Bible, he gave this account of what happened him: "A sort of heavenly homesickness fell upon me and drove me forth."

The homing instinct is in the soul of man, and, moreover, the God of doves has not left the human spirit without faculty for finding its way to the home which it longs for. Remember the beautiful words of the priest to Evangeline, seeking in vain for many a day and many weary miles her lost lover:

"Patience," the priest would say; "have faith and thy prayers will be answered!

Look at this delicate flower that lifts its head from the meadow.

See how its leaves all point to the north as true as the magnet:

It is the compass flower that the finger of God hath suspended

Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveler's journey

Over the sealike, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

Such in the soul of man is Faith. The blossoms of passion, Gay and luxurious flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,

But they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter

Crown us with asphodel flowers that are wet with the dews of Nepenthe."

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." "Thine ears shall hear a voice behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it." "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee." A man of eminence has told us how, when in childhood, he raised a stone to crush a tortoise; at the moment of the lifted arm

something said, whether from within or from without he could not tell: "No, you must not. It is wrong!" What is it plucks the boy by the sleeve, holds his arm back, and makes him drop the stone harmless to the ground? "A power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," say the philosophic phrase-inventors. It is a saving of breath, and perhaps of souls, to say, God. Man circles round, like a pigeon bewildered in the air, till he takes the way of Christ homeward through penitence, forgiveness, adoption, and obedience, and as he settles to it sings:

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not.

THE METHODIST EARL OF DARTMOUTH

THAT a Christian college in America should bear the name of Dartmouth is, even apart from the benefactions received by that institution at its founding, eminently fit and proper, for the reason that the good earl whose name the college bears, and of whose munificence it is a monument, was highly distinguished both as a fervent Christian and as a sincere friend of America.

In the government of England this Lord Dartmouth, who was secretary of state for the Colonies at the outbreak of the American Revolution, counseled against harsh measures, deploring war and striving to avert it. When report of the armed rising of the Northern Colonies, the battle of Lexington, and the investment of Boston by the insurgents reached England, in May, 1775, Lord Dartmouth, who knew the colonists on their best side, was so deeply affected that he could not discuss the news. In the British Cabinet he had stood almost alone in treating the colonists with sympathy and giving respectful hearing to their appeals for justice. Benjamin Franklin said: "Dartmouth is a truly good man, and wishes sincerely

a good understanding with the colonies." Sir George Trevelyan tells us in his valuable History of the American Revolution that in the farmhouses of America, where the portrait of King George was hung head downward on the walls, the conversation was uncomplimentary to all the Cabinet ministers, "save and except the good Lord Dartmouth." Because of this friendship for the ill-treated colonies, it is a duty of American patriotism to honor the name of Dartmouth. And England itself today, perceiving in the light of history the mistakes made in dealing with the colonies, is likely to approve Lord Dartmouth's attitude as showing him to have been the wisest member of the British Cabinet.

In 1750 William Legge, aged twenty-five and unmarried, arrived in London from a foreign tour. Having by the death of his grandfather, the first Earl of Dartmouth, just come into possession of immense wealth and the title of Lord Dartmouth, he was expected to become at once a conspicuous matrimonial prize in the gay life of English court circles. Instead of this, he attended the preaching in the parlors of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, became a devout Methodist, and married shortly after a wife like-minded with himself, who confirmed him in his earnest devotion of spirit and joined heartily with him in all religious work. The spread of the spirit of

religious awakening and reformation among the titled great was mostly due to Lord and Lady Dartmouth and Lady Huntingdon. The nobility of England were not wholly unaffected by the great revival. Even the Prince of Wales was so influenced by it that the infidel Bolingbroke, after conversing with him, declared that his royal highness was "fast verging toward Methodism." And King George himself was so favorably impressed as to say: "They call my Lord Dartmouth an enthusiast, but surely he says nothing on religion but what any Christian may and ought to say." It was said that Dartmouth had been excluded from the office of Lord of the Bedchamber for fear "lest so sanctimonious a man should gain too far on his majesty's piety." Among the nobility the Earl of Dartmouth was the chief champion of the Methodists, and used his influence at court and with the Anglican bishops to secure fair treatment for all the evangelical clergy. At a time when current literature teemed with abuse of Wesley and his followers, and when the dramas on the boards of London playhouses turned the laugh of the theater upon the men who were awakening and saving England from lethargy and peril, and when Lady Huntingdon's friend, Conyers, was threatened with having his clerical gown "stripped over his ears" for "preaching his Methodism in the presence of his grace, the arch-

bishop of York"—at such a time this noble peer of the realm stood forth as the ally and defender of the persecuted cause, and as a leader in religious reformation. Lord Dartmouth appears at many a turn in the history of the great revival, contributing of his wealth to build houses of worship, interceding at court for some wronged evangelist, accompanying some itinerant preacher around on his circuit, and making one of his congregation in the fields, or chapel, or private mansion, or humble cottage, or by the wayside, devising with Lady Huntingdon plans for extending religious work, or relieving the temporal wants of the evangelists. At Cheltenham, in 1768, when he tried to secure the use of the church for the Methodist evangelists, one of whom was his own private chaplain, Mr. Downing, his request was refused by the rector and wardens, and the service was held in the churchyard. Abel Stevens thus describes it: "A singular spectacle it was—the closed church, the graves covered with thousands of people, and such churchmen as Venn, Madan, Shirley, Maddock, Talbot, Rowlands, and Whitefield, ordained and gowned, and yet proscribed for preaching to the famishing multitudes the doctrines of the Anglican Reformation, and this, too, while the Earl of Dartmouth, a nobleman distinguished for his wealth and dignity of character, admired by the king, the first Lord of

Trade, member of the Privy Council, and Principal Secretary of State for the American Department, stood with his family among them as their friend and patron." Being unable to obtain the use of the church, Lord Dartmouth opened his own stately mansion evening after evening for the administration of the sacrament and the preaching of the gospel. It was to him that the poet Cowper, himself a Methodist-churchman, referred as "one who wears a coronet and prays." When Dartmouth was offered the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, somebody said that if he were in that position of power, he would probably make John Wesley a bishop. How such an event would have affected the history of Methodism is an interesting subject for speculation.

How intimate and free were Wesley's relations with Lord Dartmouth, and what courageous fidelity characterized Wesley's dealings with his noble friend, is illustrated in the plain-spoken letter he wrote the earl in 1764 about his failure to support Wesley's plan for a formal union of all the evangelicals, from which the following is an extract:

"At present I do not want *you*, but I really think you want *me*. For have you a person in all England who speaks to your lordship so plain and downright as I do? who considers not the *peer*, but the *man*?

not the *earl*, but the *immortal spirit*? who rarely commends but often blames? who is jealous over you with a godly jealousy, lest you should be less a Christian by being a nobleman, lest after having made a fair advance toward heaven, you should measure back your steps toward earth again? O, my lord, is not such a person as this needful for you in the highest degree? If you have any such, I pray God to bless him to your soul. If you have not, despise not the assistance which it may please God to give you by

"Your lordship's ready servant,
"JOHN WESLEY."

With similar fearlessness and energy, as Sir George Trevelyan reports *in extenso* in his great History, did the ablest man in England advise and admonish the advisers of the Crown in the matter of the American war. Trevelyan says Wesley "addressed to them a series of most impressive letters in which the exalted diction of an old scriptural prophet added force and dignity to the solid arguments of a sagacious and patriotic Englishman." At the time when George III was entering in high spirits on the work of subduing the Americans, regarding himself as commissioned by Providence to punish them, and was saying to Lord Dartmouth, "I am of opinion that with

firmness and perseverance America will be brought to submission. Old England will make her rebellious children rue the hour that they cast off obedience. America must be a colony of England, or treated as an enemy"—just then did Wesley try to enlighten the British government in an appeal to Lord North, Prime Minister, and Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State for the Colonies, dated June 15, 1775, of which the following is a part: "I cannot avoid thinking, if I think at all, that these oppressed people asked for nothing more than their legal rights, and that in the most modest and inoffensive manner that the nature of the thing would allow. But waiving this, waiving all considerations of right and wrong, I ask, Is it common sense to use force toward the Americans? My lord, whatever has been affirmed, these men will not be frightened; and it seems they will not be conquered so easily as was at first imagined. They will probably dispute every inch of the ground, and, if they die, die sword in hand. Some of our valiant officers say: 'Two thousand men will clear America of these rebels.' No, nor twenty thousand, nor perhaps treble that number. They are as strong men as you are; they are as valiant as you, if not abundantly more valiant, for they are one and all enthusiasts—enthusiasts for liberty. They are calm, deliberate enthusiasts; and we know how this

principle breathes into softer souls stern love of war, and thirst of vengeance, and contempt of death. We know men, animated with this spirit, will leap into a fire, or rush into a cannon's mouth." Within forty-eight hours after this letter was written the battle of Bunker Hill confirmed Wesley's warning to his majesty's government. From his constant correspondence with his religious adherents in America, Wesley knew the character, mind, and purpose of the colonists better than did any member of the British Cabinet. He greatly influenced the Secretary for the Colonies. When the government was deluding itself with the notion that the colonists were divided among themselves, Wesley said: "No, they are terribly united, not in New England only, but down as low as the Jerseys and Pennsylvania. The bulk of the people are so united that to speak a word in favor of the present English measures would almost endanger a man's life." "And then," says Trevelyan, "the famous preacher, who was such a master of condensation, shortly and frankly exposed the difficulties of a war conducted across a vast ocean, and with Europe hostile." Also when the king and his Cabinet were under the delusion that their course had the approval and support of the English people, the ubiquitous itinerant, who knew England better than all His Majesty's councilors did, endeavored to undeceive

them. Trevelyan says: "If anyone had special opportunities for ascertaining what the people all over the country were thinking and saying, it was John Wesley and no other. After commenting to the king's Cabinet on the defenseless state of Great Britain, and the threatening attitude of foreign powers, Wesley informed the government that its most dangerous foes were in England itself. He had conversed more freely and with more persons of all classes than had anyone else in the three kingdoms; he was familiar with the general disposition of the people—English, Scotch, and Irish—and he knew for certain that a large majority were bitterly angry and profoundly disaffected. . . . The Cabinet had got reports that trade was flourishing and the population of Great Britain well employed and well satisfied. The expression of Dartmouth's innocent gratification over these reports had come round to Wesley, who wrote his friend the earl: 'Sir, there cannot be a more notorious falsehood than has been palmed upon the administration for truth. In every part of England where I have been (and I have been east, west, north, and south within these two years) trade is exceedingly decayed and thousands are unemployed. I aver that the people in general all over the nation are far more deeply dissatisfied than before the Great Rebellion and far more dangerously dissatisfied. The bulk

of the people aim not so much at the Ministry, but at the king. They heartily despise his majesty, and hate him with a perfect hatred. Nineteen out of twenty to whom I speak in defense of the king seem never to have heard a word spoken in his favor before. I wonder what wretches they are who abuse the credulity of the Ministry by florid accounts of the contentment of the people.’ ”

Thus did Wesley do his duty to the British government, and particularly to his fellow-Methodist, Lord Dartmouth, by warning of dangers at home and abroad, and pointing out grievous mistakes in the treatment of the American colonies. Later on, to be sure, when England grew actually turbulent and openly disloyal to Crown and Cabinet, and when he saw the British throne itself in grave danger, he rallied as a loyal Englishman to the support of his sovereign and of his friends in the Cabinet, Lords Dartmouth and North, by publishing what is known as the Calm Address. Having tried to save his country from the mistake of entering upon war with the American colonies, he later, when in spite of him war was actually proceeding, tried, with equal zeal, to save his country from internal rebellion and his government from the impending danger of overthrow. For this last effort the scurrilous Horace Walpole charged “the artful patriarch of the Methodists,” as

he then called Wesley, with trying to court favor with Lord Dartmouth in hope of obtaining a bishopric or a deanery. But no one knew better than Lord Dartmouth that John Wesley was the strongest, bravest, most erect and unbendable man in England, incapable of doing anything in order that thrift might follow fawning, and far more certain to rebuke the king and his Cabinet than to ask any favor for himself.

In the history of that troubled and eventful time two figures stand together in close friendship and co-operation, the good Lord Dartmouth and the great Wesley, both devoted patriots and both devout Methodists. To both of them the world is infinitely indebted. That the memory of both should be perpetuated by giving their names to two New England colleges, Dartmouth and Wesleyan, is supremely fit and proper. The visit of the present Lord Dartmouth to this country in October, 1904, to lay the corner stone of the new Dartmouth Hall, brought to remembrance the noble earl whose portrait adorns the walls of the grand old Christian college at Hanover, New Hampshire, which was founded in part by his personal munificence and by his active influence in obtaining its charter from George III, on December 13, 1769.

SOME FEATURES OF A TYPICAL STRIKE

Two reasons moved us to write of this particular strike: we had eyewitness knowledge of it, and it is of general interest, because typical to some extent of many other strikes. On Monday, January 14, 1895, the motormen and conductors on about all the trolley lines of Brooklyn, numbering some five thousand men, quit work and went on strike for better treatment, being overworked and underpaid. Over several hundred miles of road not a car was running, except a few that carried United States mails. A city of about a million, suddenly deprived of its accustomed means of transportation, suffered immense inconvenience and discomfort, and business was largely paralyzed. An extra expense of \$20,000 a day was entailed upon the city, or, what is the same thing, on Kings County, for troops and special police necessary for restoring and maintaining order. The loss to business must have aggregated millions. The suffering endured in severe winter weather by the poor families of the strikers must have been great and distressing. It seems worth while to set forth here, in numbered order and in the present tense,

the salient features of this deplorable history, as it proceeded from stage to stage.

1. In the beginning the sympathy of the community is almost entirely with the strikers. They are believed to have real grievances and a just cause; they only ask for fair play. The trolley companies have few friends. Their history has not been honorable. By corrupt means, to begin with, they obtained from the city valuable franchises without paying anywhere near what the privileges were worth. They then inflated or watered their stock, to a volume far in excess of actual capital invested and far beyond the value of their property. Then the roads are so run as to pay large dividends on all this fictitious stock over and above excessive dividends on the real investment. The fare being limited by law, the trolley lines cannot get more money out of their passengers; they therefore wring it out of their employees by overwork and underpay, shrewdly and heartlessly arranging their rules so that most of the losses—as, for example, by delay or accident—shall fall on the men and all the profits go to the company. Thus, the poor workmen are ground between the millstones as grist, to feed fat the stockholders and pay dividends on money that was never invested. It is the same sort of cruelty as miners in Scotland revolted against, when a fifteen per cent dividend

was paid to the stockholders and eight dollars a week to the laborer in the mines. Moreover, the law requires that when dividends reach ten per cent fares shall be reduced. It is said that to avoid this necessity the individuals who constitute the companies resort to a legal fiction, organize on paper another company, a sort of side show, and manage to divert part of the revenue of the roads into this fictional treasury, whence it is distributed to the individual trolley stockholders by a subterranean sluiceway which dodges the law. The trolley companies have, also, been reckless of human life. They have killed many people. They delayed as long as possible to equip their cars with fenders, and only did it slowly when compelled. They made such rules about trips that their men, in order to earn even the wages allowed them, were obliged to run the cars at a higher rate of speed than the law permits. This has endangered the public and made lawbreakers of the men. For such reasons the community had small sympathy or patience with the companies in the beginning of the trouble, and have still less as the miserable days go on and most of the trolley officials maintain, in spite of intercessions by the mayor and others, an attitude of hard and arrogant stubbornness toward the men who are claiming their rights.

2. The strikers, starting with a just cause, show

their reasonableness further by yielding part of their demands on some of the lines, and resuming work the moment the managers of those lines make a slight concession and consent to a half decent compromise. The men promptly meet these companies halfway. A similar spirit on the part of the other lines would have ended the strike completely in twenty-four hours.

3. The companies whose employees, obtaining no concessions, continue on strike slowly secure other men, a few at a time, from other cities to run their cars. The new men have a right to come and take the places made vacant by the strikers, and must be protected in that right if it requires all the power of the city and the state. One of the new motormen—"scabs," the strikers call them—being asked if he is not afraid of the angry mob, answers grimly: "No; I have a wife and five hungry children looking to me for bread. It is easier to face the mob than to face them." Another "scab," when threatened by the strikers, replied resolutely: "Let me alone. I have a right to earn food for my motherless children up in Connecticut."

4. The labor leaders earnestly caution their men from the first to abstain from violence and lawlessness. Nine tenths of the strikers, perhaps, obey and refrain from molesting the new men and from injuring the property of the companies. But it is a

heavy strain on suffering human nature for them to see the trolley magnates triumphing over them and destroying their hopes, by filling their places with other men who do not belong to their labor organizations; and a few of the strikers, unable to bear this strain, begin to intimidate and assault the new men and in various ways try to prevent the running of cars. Wires are cut, tracks are torn up or obstructed, car windows are smashed, motormen and conductors are stoned, pulled off the car platforms, and brutally beaten. The danger is intensified by the fact that liquor saloons, where many of the strikers congregate, put that into their mouths which steals away their brains, inflames their blood, and deprives them of self-control. A crisis is at hand. Some of the strikers are becoming responsible for crime, thus challenging the law. Violence must be suppressed at any cost. And now a battle is in sight which can have but one end—an end in which, sad to say, there is no comfort for the workingmen standing out for their rights. Government and authority dare not parley with violence and destruction; lawbreakers must be restrained by force; order and peace must be restored at all hazards. The initial issue, the disagreement between the labor unions and the trolley companies, is now pushed into the background by a more ugly and desperate conflict. Labor has lost

the floor by the folly of some of its sons; its motion, which was seconded by the community, is indefinitely postponed. The authorities responsible for law and order call the previous question on a motion to put down violence. The cause of the poor workingman begins to be in a sorrowful plight.

5. By the time this stage is reached, if not before, the unhappy laborers suffer a new and undeserved calamity. All the vicious classes, the toughs and hoodlums, the motley crew of vagabonds and villains that infest all cities, gangs of young rowdies, anarchists, thieves, thugs, and drunkards, gather on the scene with no desire but to create disorder and make trouble. The foulest scum of Europe boils up from the slums and pours itself in among honest workingmen. Riot and arson, destruction of property, brutal assaults on persons, jeering defiance of all authority break loose and threaten all things. The strikers, whose purpose was orderly and whose requests were lawful and right, are by this irruption of the barbarians mixed up indistinguishably with the offscouring of the earth and involved in apparent responsibility for anarchic disorder. And now we see the cause of labor in a forlorn, desperate, and pitiable case. The situation is one which the strikers did not desire and are not as a body responsible for; which they of all men have reason most bitterly to deplore;

but of which they are the helpless victims. In the streets law is being trampled in the dust. In places there is no safety for property or life. There is, in such a case, but one course for civil government, set to preserve peace and protect society. The police proving insufficient through lack of numbers, or inefficient through cowardice or sympathy with the strikers, the militia are ordered out. Thousands of soldiers are quickly under arms. Batteries wheel out of armories and are planted in public squares and at other commanding points. Regiments come marching down the streets. The mob, enraged at this armed menace, hoots and yells, "Get out, you tin dudes!" Stones and other missiles are showered at the soldiers. Bricks from chimney tops are thrown from house roofs to crush the skulls of the military. Members of the police and militia are carried bleeding to hospitals. The troops represent order and law; the mob represents anarchy. The issue is sharp and inevitable. The officers bear it unflinchingly with soldierly self-control until the assault on their men is deadly. The crowd is warned to desist and disperse, but pays no attention to the order. Only one thing can happen now. "Make ready! Aim! Fire!" The volley goes into the mob. The next-to-the-worst event has happened, in order to save us from the worst. The strikers as a body are not to blame; they

only ask what they had a right to demand. The soldiers are not to blame; they have only done their duty to the public welfare at the peril of their own lives; they are acting as the bodyguard of civilization. Young fellows mostly they are; but Captain John Bigelow was only just turned twenty-two when at Gettysburg, on the second day, he fought his Ninth Massachusetts Light Battery from the Peach Orchard angle to the Trostle House, until he had lost twenty-eight men and sixty-five horses, was himself disabled by two wounds, and not enough were left to work the battery. In like manner, no doubt, if need be, these soldier boys will do their duty manfully, until peace and safety are restored to the city. Older men forget what splendid and heroic manliness twenty-one years may develop. But at this point the most widely tragic and lamentable thing is that the ill-fated cause of honest labor has gone down before the guns, having got itself mixed, as so often happens, with lawlessness and riot, and lies now bleeding from many wounds, overwhelmed with irretrievable disaster. Dire *dénouement* for the cause of the innocent! Many blameless and needy ones plunged into a bottomless abyss! Unutterably disheartening spectacle for angels and men!

Everybody knows that, under the methods now in use by labor unions, on one side, and corporations, on

the other, the procession of events as seen in Brooklyn in January, 1895, is liable and likely to be duplicated in the main elsewhere. The same dismal and disastrous story goes on repeating itself from year to year with melancholy monotony, the only uncertainty being where the sickening tragedy will be enacted next. So long as such things are possible ours is a lame, rickety, stumbling civilization. We have thus far made only a horrible failure in regulating the relations of employers to employed and of corporations to the public. Our statutes are a mockery, a grief, and a disgrace. Our system of laws is inadequate. Like a bridge too short to reach either shore, it does not sufficiently restrain the action of labor unions, at one end, or of capital, at the other. In particular, it fails to seize the biggest offenders with a grasp from which they cannot get away. It needs to be added to by skillful and conscientious engineers, until it spans the gulf and justice can pass all the way to and fro between the two sides, to adjust their interests in such equitable fairness that the wrath of God shall not abide on the situation and punish society with perpetual turbulence and misery. The planks of that bridge must be laid on the framework of Christ's Golden Rule. Until we ordain and establish righteousness we will have no rest; the stars in their courses will fight against us, and the very stones of

the field will refuse to be at peace with us—they will leave their resting places and come flying at our thick and stupid heads.

The cause of the workingmen is in bad shape. They have not yet hit upon the best plan for self-protection. Their case is mismanaged for them, and they are victimized by the stupid or reckless folly of incompetent, unscrupulous, and largely irresponsible leaders. They are led into hopeless struggles from which nothing but loss and distress can come to them and their families, and are often forced by officers of their unions to continue on strike, when it is plain their battle is lost and when they earnestly desire to resume work on the terms offered. On the fourteenth day of the Brooklyn strike Master Workman Connelly admitted that it was a mistake to have ordered the strike, when so many men all over the country are out of employment; admitted, further, that the situation had become such that further prolongation of the strike meant ruin to many of the workingmen; and yet, in almost the same breath, declared that he had no intention of calling the strike off. To the Brooklyn strikers the following bright gleam of sense came from a distance over the wires: "Saint Louis, January 24.—At a meeting last night of the Building Trades Council, delegates being present from each of the thirty-two trades unions in Saint

Louis, a new and most radical constitution was adopted. One of the most important changes made by it is the abolition of the office of walking delegate. The preamble is a strong one. It boldly asserts that strikes are unnatural and that boycotts are un-American; and both methods, which have been pursued by unions all over the country to subserve their ends, are discountenanced. Arbitration is the method that will be employed in settling difficulties between employees and employers in Saint Louis hereafter."

The cause of public welfare is in equally bad shape. We have not yet hit upon the best way of protecting ourselves from the rapacious greed, stony selfishness, and formidable influence of corporations. It is intolerable that, in a case where labor, asking for living wages, stands making overtures to submit the whole dispute to impartial arbitrators, capital should refuse to consent to arbitration, while a million of people are compelled to wait, with their business nearly at a standstill, until one party to the quarrel shall starve the other out. A community that has passed through such an infliction is of opinion that corporation officers who show no regard for the public comfort, and who, even when appealed to by the mayor and others on behalf of the interests of the city, refuse to yield an inch and keep answering stubbornly, "We have nothing to arbitrate," deserve to be pun-

ished by long imprisonment at hard labor; and the dishonest companies that uphold their officers in such a course deserve to be mulcted in fines heavy enough to reduce them to bankruptcy. There is need of some power, equipped with apparatus capable of sudden efficiency, to compel both parties in disputes which incommode and afflict the public to submit their differences to a court of arbitration, and to continue their service of public needs without intermission until decision is given, by which they should then both promptly and faithfully abide.

It will not be easy to make our laws what they ought to be, touching these acutely distressing matters, for of legislators two classes are in the way: those who are afraid of the labor vote, and those who are owned by the corporations. Moreover, the corporations employ able and cunning lawyers who, by fictitious procedures and ingenious trickery, can generally circumvent such laws as now exist. Apparently, there is no trolley line to the millennium; we may have to foot it all the way; but we must keep moving forward, and not back. *We must!*

II
ANSWERS

A CONGO CRITIC ON THE SPANISH- AMERICAN WAR

IN the space of a thousand years changes many and great may come to pass upon this speeding planet. A great man once said: "We have no way of judging of the future but by the past." In the past the seat of empire and dominant power has migrated from continent to continent. History makes it not inconceivable that by the end of a thousand years there may be a mighty civilization on the continent of Africa; while nations now comparable to the Roman empire for extent and dominion may decay and fall by neglect of the conditions which the Power that makes for righteousness has decreed for the survival of states, and Macaulay's New Zealander may be seen engaged in archæological research among the ruins of spent empires and extinct republics.

In all soberness, supposing skepticism to be as rife and insistent a thousand years hence as now, and the historical critics of that time to be as smart and knowing as ours are today, what will the professor of ancient history in the great University of the Congo in 2898 A. D. probably do with such records as may

then remain of our war with Spain waged in the intense, immense, and amazing summer of 1898, when the learned gentleman shall set his spectacles astride his nose to lecture on the history of the republic which flourished on the American continent ten centuries prior to his lecture?

He may easily remark in general by way of introduction that in all the literature of the nineteenth century one cannot find, even on the pages of avowed fiction, a story woven of wilder improbabilities than some parts of the professed history of the United States. He may observe that from the very beginning American histories teem with exaggerations; for instance, in their report that twice—once in the latter part of the eighteenth century and again in the early years of the nineteenth—they, being then but a young and feeble people, vanquished on sea and on land Great Britain, known as the mistress of the seas and an every way powerful nation. He will probably say that American records in somewhat later periods, as, for example, in that Civil War of 1861-65, are full of contradictions, the accounts of that conflict written in the northern parts being so full of direct contradictions of those written in southern parts that it is impossible to ascertain the facts of the case.

But he will particularly note that among human

records ostensibly historic there are none quite so incredible as those of the Spanish-American War of 1898, except certain Hebrew records and certain Greek manuscripts several millenniums older containing accounts of various equally marvelous and unlikely events and portents. Turning to the first armed collision of the war he will examine that forecastle yarn, invented, doubtless, by imaginative jackies idling around when their ships were drifting and dragging in the doldrums, about how an American commodore with only six vessels crept through the dawn of a dewy May morning into the fortified harbor of Manila, a harbor planted with mines, bordered with shore batteries, and held by thirteen Spanish ships of war; how this war god of the sea opened fire at five o'clock in the morning and fought a while before breakfast as if to whet his appetite, then desisted and coolly breakfasted his fleet in the hostile, bristling, and banging bay, and when he was ready, and felt the warlike mood come over him once more, resumed action and blazed away merrily until by 7:30 that same morning, as an impartial eyewitness, a retired French naval officer resident on the shore between Cavité and Manila is said to have testified, Spain had every one of her thirteen warships sunk, burned, or captured, a thousand of her men killed or wounded, her forts on shore all battered into silence,

and property worth ten millions of dollars destroyed. The critic of history will also note in the same chapter another forecastle yarn so monotonously similar as evidently to be written by the same romancer, who tells how another American fleet utterly destroyed a powerful Spanish fleet in West Indian waters, piling all its mighty ironclads one after another in a string, with incredible rapidity, on the rocks along the southern Cuban coast, killing hundreds of officers and sailors, and taking all survivors prisoners, so that not a ship or a man escaped.

The keen-eyed scholar will also point out numerous minor improbabilities in the records of this war; how unlikely, for example, that a war inaugurated for the simple purpose of driving the Spaniards out of Cuba, an island only seventy miles from the American coast, would be begun and ended in the Philippines, twelve thousand miles distant from the United States, on the opposite side of the globe. Applying the law of probability to the records of our war, and happening on a description of that strange conglomeration of opposites known officially as the First Volunteer Cavalry, and popularly christened Roosevelt's Rough Riders, he may observe how contrary to all human likelihood it is that such a freak combination would voluntarily and of choice get together from widely separated sections—college prize men mixed with

illiterate cowboys, grimy miners with dainty dudes, homeless tramps with sons of millionaires, malodorous ranchmen with perfumed dandies, the *jeunesse dorée* of palatial homes and dazzling drawing rooms, bloody bandits and criminals dodging the sheriff with men of such superior character and eminent moral force as to be fit for cabinets, senates, and capitol; all these irreconcilables organizing into a mutual admiration society, rushing into each other's arms and falling on one another's necks to live together like brothers day and night for two years, to eat and sleep and march and dig and sweat and starve and fight and bleed and die and be buried side by side. The learned critic, familiar with the slow progress of the ascending ages, may remark that an overwhelming amount of evidence goes to show that the human race had not, in the nineteenth century, become such a happy family, so full of brotherly love, as such a heterogeneous, voluntary aggregation would imply. He may point out the mistake evidently involved in that part of the account which represents a certain general, named Joseph Wheeler, as having led part of the land forces of the United States in the storming and capture of Santiago; which account cannot be true inasmuch as General Joseph Wheeler is known beyond doubt to have been a deadly enemy of the American republic, so much so that he fought

long and desperately to destroy it. The critic will regard as exceedingly improbable the story that at Santiago a force of thirteen thousand Americans fighting mostly in the open defeated, captured, and disarmed an intrenched force of twenty-seven thousand Spanish regulars, more than double their own number, fighting behind strong defenses, and from inside blockhouses and stone forts; a story which recalls that of the valiant Hibernian who boasted that, single-handed and alone, he captured five of the enemy, and when asked how he did it answered: "I surrounded them." Dwelling further on the improbabilities which fill the American records, the Congo professor may inform his class that a learned Australian antiquarian mousing among ancient tomes has discovered a volume containing an estimate, made from official naval statistics by European authorities at the beginning of the Spanish-American war, as to the comparative strength of the opposing navies. This estimate shows that, reckoning ship for ship, gun for gun, and man for man, the Spanish navy was on the whole superior to that of the United States, clearly outranking it among the navies of the world. In the face of such official statistics the whole story of uninterrupted and complete victory for the American navy over the Spanish ships is to the last degree improbable.

The acute historical critic will not fail to discover the many discrepancies which confuse and to his mind will discredit the history of this war; for example, at the outbreak of the war the Atlantic fleet of the United States is familiarly known and described as the White Squadron, while the fleet which sailed and fought in West Indian waters, and is represented as the same fleet, was dark gray; again, while much public ado is made at various times and places over the valor of the cavalry regiment called the Rough Riders in the land assault on Santiago, eyewitness accounts agree that no mounted troops are seen in the fighting there; again, while the vessels which blockaded Santiago harbor for many weeks are spoken of as Sampson's fleet, yet, in the fight which sunk Cervera's ships when they came out of the harbor, no one of that name had any share; a man called Commodore Schley is in command, with valiant captains under him named Cook, Philip, Evans, Taylor, and Clark, but no Sampson participating. In 1898 A. D. some critic may express his opinion that Schley was but another fabulous and ferocious sea monster like Dewey, or that Sampson was a mythical character no more historic and real than the more ancient Samson, whose story is found in the writings of the early Hebrews. If the professor shall indicate his adverse opinion by saying that the two accounts of

the two Sampsons are probably about equally trustworthy, he will be a better supporter of both records than he intends to be or is conscious of being.

Although not exactly in logical connection here, it seems not impossible that the venerable, dark-skinned professor in the University of the Congo, unconsciously biased by something in his own nature and moved by racial pride, may dwell a trifle fondly on the large, manly, and heroic part reported to have been played at El Caney and San Juan Hill, and elsewhere in the reduction of Santiago, by four regiments of black men; and he may conceivably cherish the opinion that no part of the record of that war is more trustworthy than the account of the saving of the famous Rough Riders from annihilation in a Spanish ambush by a colored regiment which came to their rescue, charged in two directions at once on the Spaniards, and sent them flying right and left in tumultuous confusion; an early instance, the professor may complacently remark, of the African protecting the Saxon.

Attempting to explain how such incredible stories came to be written as history, he may say that they are partly attributable to the inordinate boastfulness of the Americans, who were regarded by contemporary nations as offensive and unconscionable braggarts, vaingloriously bent on making their own coun-

try seem the greatest, their countrymen seem invincible, and other nations to be as the small dust of the balance in comparison. In illustration he may cite certain records which tell how tall the American soldiers were, hundreds of them six feet high or over, many of them trained athletes and physical champions, so that the Spaniards wondered at their size and strength, and felt themselves to be as grasshoppers before them. He may instance the boastful statement that an American gunner killed more Spaniards with one shot off Santiago than the whole Spanish navy killed of the Americans in all the naval conflicts of the war; and the sweeping assertion that from beginning to end of the war, which wrested from Spain her colonies and swept her navy from the seas, no fleet or army of the United States experienced a single reverse, or so much of failure as would make one bad half hour. He will say that a good deal of this stuff must be pure braggadocio, that it is noticeable that these self-glorifying stories absurdly exaggerating the victories of the Americans are written by themselves, and are no more to be accepted than those very old accounts which the Israelites, who fancied themselves a chosen people especially favored of God, wrote concerning their own amazing and incredible victories over their enemies, explaining their unbelievable successes by alleging a special divine inter-

vention on their behalf, using such words as these: "If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us, then they had swallowed us up quick." As did the Israelites, so did the Americans; telling astounding stories of overwhelming triumphs over their enemies, and then playing upon superstitious minds by explaining that the Lord was on their side, and dividing the credit between their own valor and God's miraculous aid. In the vanity of their self-conceit, in vainglorious boastfulness, and in the notion of being exceptional objects of divine favor, the professor may say, the Americans seem to have been not unlike the Israelites; and the accounts which the two peoples give of themselves are probably about equally untrustworthy.

The critic may especially point out that the most remarkable and invariable feature of all American accounts of the naval battles of the war of 1898 is that the historians allow nobody on their side to get hurt. All damage passes the Americans by and lights on the Spaniards. In the awful carnival of wholesale slaughter and swift destruction at Manila, where the Americans had six ships against thirteen, they relate that they had not one ship noticeably injured, not one man killed, not so much as a single gun dismounted or disabled. This prodigious miracle was achieved under command of a demigod called Dewey, who

came from far-off mountains, among which he was born, a sort of inland Mars who chose the sea for his playground.

Again in the flying fight off Santiago the American storytellers allow the formidable Spanish fleet to do no damage; they report not one American vessel crippled or seriously harmed, and no lives lost except that one man had his head shot off, probably because he did not wear the magical helmet which must have been part of the regulation uniform that made American sailors invulnerable if not invisible. And the gay and frolicsome fancy of the Yankee romancers gives a finishing touch to the highly colored tale of Santiago by picturing a private gentleman's pleasure yacht, unarmored and almost unarmed, fragile as an eggshell before the Spanish armament, venturing headlong into the awful *mêlée*, darting like a dragon-fly at two most formidable destroyers, engaging one of them at close quarters and piercing it so with her little guns that in a few minutes she sent it gurgling to the bottom, she herself, of course, coming out uninjured, as the consistent chronicler invariably relates, true to his patriotic habit of telling the biggest possible lie for the glory of his country. An air of legend atmospheres the story of this war, and imagination burns its multicolored lights on every page. Miraculous victories, warriors invincible, ships and

sailors invulnerable, holding a charmed life—these are the familiar paraphernalia and stage properties of legend and myth.

Will anyone say that it is inconceivable or improbable that some knowing historian, a thousand years hence, may make comments resembling those which we have suggested? And is it not possible that whoever shall feel it his duty to contend against the skeptical critics of 2898 A. D. will have no easy task? Will he not be obliged to admit that the professed history does tax faith almost to the breaking point, that some of it does seem highly improbable and nearly incredible? It will cost him no little labor to show that, nevertheless, there is good reason to trust the records, which, on the whole, are consistent with themselves and bear evidence of having been written in or near the time of the events by persons in a position to know the facts; and he may not be able to silence the iconoclastic historical critics unless some archæologist burrowing in the Iberian Peninsula or elsewhere shall unearth and decipher some Spanish or other long-lost records containing confirmation strong as Holy Writ of the story which the Americans wrote about their war and its improbable and astounding victories. The archæologist is frequently a useful citizen.

Far be it from us to cast reproach or attempt to

put restraint upon the most searching critical scholarship in its testing of the trustworthiness of all records for the purpose of distinguishing between truth and fiction. We have only taken advantage of an opportunity to illustrate from familiar current history how possible it is for records, teeming with discrepancies and loaded with improbabilities, to be, nevertheless, true. The methods used to discredit Scripture history would equally discredit much other history, modern as well as ancient; and one is not a credulous fool who holds fast to his faith in the historicity of Christianity as written in the Old and New Testaments against the doubts and denials of skeptical critics; but he is a sad and shallow simpleton who gives up his faith in the Bible because critics say that it contains things inexplicable, discrepancies irreconcilable, improbabilities great and marvelous which they consider impossible.

THE BIBLE AS A STRAIN OF MUSIC

THE masters of "Ethical Culture" are explaining to their disciples how it is possible for advanced progressives like themselves to utilize what is permanently valuable in Christianity. Ethical culture winging its way over all fields to find honey for its hive is willing to suck sweetness even from the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, which, it acknowledges, still hold some drops of nectar for the bitter needs of hungry souls. The romantic picture of Christ is so amiable and gracious a figure that the aforesaid masters would fain find an excuse for continuing to give it place somewhere upon their walls; and, besides, there seems to be something in the great common human heart which is reluctant to part with Jesus of Nazareth; in deference to which "something" it is perhaps wise for them to retain him in some capacity, provided they can justify themselves in so doing before the august bar of enlightened reason and modern culture. It is also acknowledged that the Scriptures, popularly called holy, and hitherto supposed to have been given by inspiration of God, contain some golden grains which make them some-

what too precious to be cast as rubbish in the void; and it ought to be possible to turn them still to some good account, to make them "profitable," not, of course, as Paul imagined, "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," much less for making men "wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus," but perhaps for some sort of stimulation or soothing, for kindling pure emotions and high imaginings, for impressing us with that sublimity which someone says is unmistakably Hebrew by birth.

And so the question is under discussion in certain circles how one can get the good out of Christianity without being a Christian; what sort of salvation one who disbelieves in Christ can derive from him; and especially what use a man who rejects the Christian Scriptures or denies their authority can make of them. In pursuance of this inquiry the ethical culturists suggest that the clearest, widest, and wisest usefulness of the Bible in the future will be considerably like that of music. Concerning a piece of music, whether a sonata or a fugue, a dirge, a waltz, or a march, no one thinks of asking, Is it true? Its function is not to convey truth or impart knowledge. To report facts is all aside from its purpose. It neither affirms nor denies anything. Its effect is to play upon the nervous sensibilities, arouse the sense of

harmony and rhythm, send little thrills up and down the spine, flush the lachrymal ducts, induce moods, and excite emotions pleasurable or pathetic, tender or sublime, conveying to the mind nothing more definite than vague suggestions, presenting nothing more real than visions of the imagination. The proposition is to utilize the Bible in much the same fashion and for similar effects. This liberating, labor-saving, and sybaritic scheme seems dear to its clever originators and has fascinations for the æsthetic temperament. Their idea is that the best way to make the Bible serviceable for moral elevation and spiritual purification is to refrain from asking anything about actual events, supernatural manifestations, divine revelations, or Christian evidences.

It is evident that if we can agree, as is proposed, to regard all scriptures, the sacred books of all peoples, including our Bible, as we regard a musical composition, an instrumental potpourri, or vocal medley, using them, accordingly, for sentimental and emotional effects, we will be relieved of the necessity of inquiring as to the truth or falseness of anything therein contained, and no one will be at liberty to press upon our attention troublesome questions of historicity, authenticity, integrity, authority. From such a standpoint such questions will seem so irrelevant and unnecessary that we cannot be expected to

spend time and labor in trying to settle them; nor will we need, in reading the Scriptures, to feel bound to accept, believe, conform, or obey as if we were in the presence of something didactic, dogmatic, obligatory, imperative.

The proposition of our ethical friends seems born of a humane and commendable desire to save our Bible from impending noxious desuetude, and to furnish us with a prudent provision against the time when we shall perceive, as their superior intelligence already does, that divine revelation must take its place in the category of refined and admirable human productions along with poetry, painting, romance, sculpture, and music, descending to a utility like theirs. This attempt, which on their side is a well-meant endeavor to prolong the usefulness of the documents of a discredited faith, is to the evangelical thinker almost superfluous and absurd enough to have for the alienist a mild pathologic interest. In it thoughtful men are gravely pointing out how the indestructible may be preserved.

In order to give some impression of the intellectual quality of the pages which set forth the feasibility of treating the Scriptures as a piece of music empty of categorical truth and definite reality—in order that the degree of logical solidity and philosophic coherence, the amount of clear seeing and straight

thinking in those pages may be fairly estimated—we quote from a current “ethical” authority. He says in substance and almost *verbatim*: “When reading the story of Christ’s life and the accounts of his wonderful teachings I do not feel that I must try to believe it all. Whether the life was real or unreal, whether the Christian records are trustworthy or untrustworthy—all this is of minor importance and quite aside from the main point. As I turn the leaves of those Scriptures an Image rises before me of an ideal which men have admired and revered and which they have wanted to reproduce in their own lives. The stories of the saints and martyrs no longer come before me as mere creations of fancy or superstition. What took place on the outside may be disputed. But the efforts which such men have made to be like their Master and obey his precepts are tremendously significant. *There we have unquestioned reality.*”

Will some “ethical” person kindly tell us how the written records which give us “the stories of the saints and martyrs” are known to be any more trustworthy than those which give us the history of the personal Jesus, and how “the stories of the saints and martyrs” are saved from appearing “as mere creations of fancy or superstition,” when, over the fire-tested pages of the New Testament wherein evangelists and apostles witness in downright and explicit

terms to absolutely matter-of-fact events, the Master, whom the saints and martyrs worshiped, imitated, and obeyed, is regarded as only the "Image of an ideal" like Hamlet, or Jean Valjean, or Sir Galahad of the Arthurian legend? If criticism, literary or historic, lower or higher, were turned loose upon "the stories of the saints and martyrs" is there any reason to suppose they could abide any such searching tests as those which, though applied often by hostile hands, have resulted in establishing the trustworthiness of the Christian gospels and epistles? Few of them would fare as well as did the history of Napoleon Bonaparte under the historic doubts of Archbishop Whately. A most peculiar statement indeed it seems for a man who declines to accept the reality of the recorded life of Jesus to say that in the efforts of saints and martyrs "to be like their Master and obey his precepts" we "*have unquestioned reality.*" In the next sentence he refers undoubtingly to Saint Francis of Assisi, and says: "We are fascinated in seeing how he tried to make the Jesus he believed in an example for his own life." We would really like to know what ground anyone can see for thinking Sabatier's Life of Francis of Assisi more reliably historic than is the life of Jesus Christ as given in four-fold narration by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. It is implied in the passage quoted that we have more

certain knowledge of the agonizings of "the saints and martyrs" after Christlikeness than we have of the agony in Gethsemane and the crucifixion on Calvary. It is confidently asserted that, in the aspirings and spiritual strivings of saints and martyrs, "we have *unquestioned* reality." Were we in debate we would, just for the sake of putting this "ethical" gentleman to his proofs, challenge the reality of his "saints and martyrs" and their alleged efforts, in order that we might see by what evidential methods a man who rejects the historicity of the New Testament would proceed to convince us of the actual existence and soul struggles of a personal Saint Francis in any fixed time or place. We have been to Assisi, but never saw Francis; no one there can remember him; and we have vastly less faith in the stories told about him than in the invulnerable history of the Man of Nazareth, Son of God and Saviour of the world, enacted in that small, world-influencing country which his footprints have caused men to name the Holy Land.

Ethical culture eliminates the historic Christ, the actual personal divine Jesus, because it finds the four gospels incredible as history; yet, being thriftily and laudably bent on saving something out of the wreck of Christianity, searches among the ruins and reports for our consolation that there is still left "the Ethical

Christ," which, we are told, is very valuable, notwithstanding it must be regarded as an ideal largely of our own creation; the fact being, so "Ethical Culture" says, that struggling humanity has formed for itself the picture of a type of character and a form of life by imitation of which the conquest over evil may be most fully assured. [This is the view of naturalistic scientists, the only one permitted by the all-engulfing theories of rationalistic evolution, which dogmatically declare that no life or knowledge has come down from heaven; all things have come up from the ground—monad, mollusk, mammal, man, and even the Christ ideal—all evolved by instinctive and aspiring struggle from primeval germ or germs concerning the origin of which it is impertinent, uncivil, and vexing for us to insist on inquiring.] We hear the "ethical" teacher, who feels no need of believing anything as to objective facts when he reads the New Testament, saying that this ideal "Ethical Christ" appeals to him, moves and inspires him far more than when he viewed the subject in the conventional way. Having dropped the facts of history and revelation's distinctly declared truths and the supernatural in the Bible and the concrete flesh-and-blood God-man, he exults in his disencumbered freedom and testifies to the blessedness of his fellowship with that airy ideal, "the Ethical Christ," as follows:

"It gives me greater pleasure now to read the Scriptures which tell the story of that life. I enjoy listening to the music of Handel's Messiah more than ever before. The paintings of the great masters which illustrate that life stir me more profoundly; the splendor of the cathedral architecture, which speaks for the new spiritual view of life, has an even greater hold upon me. I can even read the 'devotional literature' of Christianity and be more helped and inspired by it. I take even larger satisfaction, and am more than ever kindled in my aspirations when reading some of the writings of such men as Jeremy Taylor or John Henry Newman. Formerly I was constantly led to think how much I disagreed with such writings; but now it is the other way, and I keep thinking how much I am in sympathy with them. As long as we have to dispute about points of philosophy or the facts of history the disagreement will have no end. But when we come down to the issue, what our hearts hunger and crave for, then we draw close together. We who may be dubious about historic records . . . will, nevertheless, be equally anxious to see this ideal type of character more and more reproduced in ourselves."

The ethical culturist, though a rationalist, is unwilling to be called an agnostic, and is certainly no scoffer. To the bottom of his depth he is an earnest

man, cherishing the ideals and ethics of religion, measurably reverent toward Christ, and unwilling to dispense with Christianity in bulk and altogether, apparently feeling toward it much as Matthew Arnold did toward the Christian Scriptures when he wrote in *Literature and Dogma*: "To the Bible men will return because they cannot do without it; because happiness is our being's end and aim, and happiness belongs to righteousness, and righteousness is revealed in the Bible. For this simple reason men will return to the Bible, just as a man who tried to give up food, thinking it was a vain thing and that he could do without it, would return to food; or a man who tried to give up sleep, thinking it was a vain thing and he could do without it, would return to sleep."

It is commendable in our "ethical" friends that they do not entirely discard Jesus Christ; they are endeavoring to find what good use they can consistently make of him. Their writings seem confusedly to assume him sometimes to be an actual character, a real person, and sometimes only an ideal; but in either view they say he was incomplete. The ethical ideal, which "was only vaguely or dimly outlined in the Christ picture," is now, they promise us, to be completed and clothed "in more realistic form"; and this well-dressed, new, and perfect ideal is the consummate "offspring of the universal human heart,"

now offered to us as a superior substitute for the Word made flesh, the everlasting Son of the Father. For one thing they regret that the Christ portrayed in the New Testament was not aggressive enough, lacked "the determined will and venturesome mind." His purity of spirit, his meekness and lowliness of heart were very lovely, but there was not in him, they think, "the bold, resolute, energetic will, pushing ahead to change the course of events and to alter the trend of history." And this they say of Him whom Schelling calls "the turning point in the world's history," who in three little centuries, without swords or ships, allies or armies, subdued the Roman empire to his sway, making the emperor Julian cry: "O Galilean, thou hast conquered!" this they say of Him who was "holiest among the mighty, and mightiest among the holy, who lifted with his pierced hands empires off their hinges, turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages."

John Stuart Mill thought the most valuable part of Christianity's salutary effect on character to be available even to the absolute unbeliever; and it is now being definitely explained from "ethical" platforms how the unbeliever may obtain that salutary effect. The plan is to use Christ as an (incomplete) ethical ideal, and to listen to the Scriptures as to a strain of music, which may move us, influence us,

induce certain moods in us, without our entertaining intrusive and pestering questions about truth, reality, or historicity. It is recommended that each of us make a Bible for himself, beginning by going through the Christian Scriptures and selecting the passages that suit us best, judging from the way any passage affects us whether it is advisable to include it in our compilation. One "will seldom know positively at the first reading whether anything should belong to his sacred scriptures. He has to wait and see how it affects him on second or third perusal, what moods it awakens." "I do not see, for instance," says our ethical instructor, "how any human being, no matter what his religion or philosophy, can help being inspired by parts of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. Say over to yourself the words: 'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have wandered each in his own way and on him was laid the iniquity of us all. He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. As one from whom men hide their faces, he was despised, and we esteemed him not. He was oppressed and afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. As a lamb that is led to the slaughter, or as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. Truly he hath borne our griefs and car-

ried our sorrows; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.' One can repeat that every few days all his life," says the "ethical" teacher, "and never tire of it. We can see why. It puts one into a certain mood. It starts the soul into life. One begins to think of all the vicarious suffering in the world, how men have to bear each other's burdens and one man endure the penalty for the sins of another. We think of the whole past of the human race and what had to be undergone in order that we might be where we are at the present day. There is something unutterably sad and yet sublime about it. We see all mankind under this law of vicarious suffering and draw nearer than ever before to our great human brotherhood." Such, it seems, are the benefits obtainable from Isaiah's wonderful chapter, apart from all belief or disbelief: no thought of the Messiah, no asking who he is of whom such things are written, no concern as to whether they are true or false, or whether it was the Son of God who did and suffered these things, or whether there was any virtue in his doing and enduring, or any benefit flowing therefrom. Plain statements of fact are dodged by meandering off into vague sentimentalities, dissipating definite meaning into dim generalities, and dispersing God's Messiah-Christ into "all mankind"! It is the opinion of the sapient

thinkers whose suggestions we are considering that the Bible contains quite a goodly number of powerful and impressive passages which, "if read as we listen to certain kinds of music, will linger in the consciousness as a mood, and leave a sort of afterglow." Take for another example the fifty-first psalm; it is a work of art; its unity, its perfect harmony of tone makes it a penitential symphony; it would be a fitting prayer indeed for a sinner (if there were such a thing as sin) to offer to an insulted and grieved God (if "ethical culture" permitted definite recognition of such a Being). As matters stand, this psalm is well adapted to produce in the "ethical" mind those subdued regrets and better aspirations which make for moral dignity and must surely tend toward nobleness. Or take the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians: how sweet and beautiful and grand! Let a man just steep his mind in its fine sentiments, and see how lovely, loving, and lovable he will become—in his moods; at least for a time and on eupeptic days when the barometer is high and the wind sits in the favorable quarter.

It is conceded by our "ethical" friends that the Bible, in parts, takes a high rank in mood-making, yet they say it is palpably insufficient. For example, in order to construct a moral symphony perfectly adapted to play us up into a superior ethical mood

it is necessary to balance the sayings of Christ with the wisdom of the Stoics. Furthermore, your orchestra of players for mood-producing music must not exclude Buddha, who, going to Benares, said: "I go to beat the drum of the immortal in the darkness of this world." Alongside of "David's harp of solemn sound" put Gotama Buddha's drum. And for complete spiritual self-culture one should gather choice passages from many sources—whatever impresses him as excellent—from the opening chapters of the Buddhist canon, from the Greek tragedies, from Plato, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, from Shakespeare and Marian Evans Cross and Emerson; including also the passage about the "Sanctuary of Sorrows" from Sartor Resartus, Wordsworth's lines about Tintern Abbey, some lines from Shelley's "Adonais," some from Browning's "Saul," one or two of Clough's poems, and possibly something great from Walt Whitman. What a liturgy might be compiled from these sources! If our "ethical" brethren would print such a service, some nominally Christian churches which reject the deity of our Saviour, or belittle sin and atonement, regeneration and sanctification, or think it desirable to garnish the gospel with flowers from pagan gardens, might like to adopt it in their worship. If you will make up thus by a cosmopolitan eclecticism a composite Bible, you will

have a variously inspired volume, and if you read it as you would listen to a strain of music, the ethical culturist tells how it will affect you: "Its thoughts, its sayings, will move you, thrill you, strengthen you, nerve you to tread the pathway of your life; because it will seem much of the time as if you were the being through which [*sic*] they were being spoken, as if at that instant you were half divine." Thus ethical ecstasy may be excited as patriotism is kindled in the Frenchman by the "Marseillaise," and in the German by the "Watch on the Rhine." It is added that for some temperaments the best possible Bible would be made up, not of literary extracts—words and sentences—but exclusively of musical selections.

We envy no man his ability to enjoy the twenty-third psalm without reference to whether there is any shepherd or any house of the Lord, and we count it a singular mind that can write: "A book like *The Imitation of Christ* is a perfect gold mine of inspiration, and can be read with enthusiasm even by those who do not share the beliefs of Christianity." Such enjoyment and enthusiasm are the same as one experiences in reading a romance. Real moral fiber cannot be so made. Indeed, the effect must be distinctly demoralizing. The scheme for getting the good out of Christianity without believing in it is a plan to better one's ethical condition by playing

tricks on oneself. If we should admit it to be possible for a man to cherish the Image of beautiful character, which is seen in the New Testament Christ, and which corresponds to a deep ethical ideal in the human soul, while disregarding the historic basis of Christianity and ignoring the question whether such a Christ is or ever was; yet, with this question put aside, another equally serious question stands stubbornly in the foreground: How much good can a moral being hope to attain by conscious self-fooling and make-believe?

Was it the fault of a certain man who mused over a volume of "ethical culture" before an open Adirondack fire that it occurred to him while gazing into the flickering flames and bursting sparks and crumbling coals that one form of possible usefulness for the Scripture has not been included by our "ethical" neighbors in their scheme? At all events, the man, musing while the fire burned, found himself wondering why they had not gone a little farther and suggested that on a cold night one might get some comfort out of Bibles by making a bonfire of them and sitting in the light and warmth of their brief blaze. Surely, listening to the Bible as to mood-producing music is little above watching the blaze of logs and indulging in the pensive reveries which its mysterious mesmeric influence induces. To ask the fireside

dreamer whether the lambent tongues of flame in the fireplace tell the truth would not be much more absurd and idiotic than to trouble the "ethical" reader of the Bible with a similar question about its pages.

The proposition to use the sacred Scriptures for merely inspirational purposes like music, excites in us emotions which contrast strongly with those we derive from the Bible. We cannot help wondering that a platform which claims to stand for a superior degree of culture should show so little philosophic seriousness and mental penetration, so little of the hungry appetite, keen scent, and patient pursuit of the cultivated intellect after exact and ultimate knowledge. As spectators of its intellectual action on the field we see much fumbling, little sharp tackling and playing straight for a goal. We miss in this culture the keen discernment of the skilled thinker, neatly dissecting off and tossing aside the irrelevant and unnecessary, cutting straight down to the core and marrow of the matter. There is lack of intellectual virility, seizing the subject with the firm grip of an energetic and determined mind, and an easy-going mental indifference which seems to assume that to know is not a prime necessity for man's happiness or welfare. It is surprising that persons assuming the function of public instructors in this day evince so little of the scientific temper and make so little

use of the scientific method. In this respect Christian lectureships and the Christian pulpit are far in advance. The Christian student wants to know, demands to know, and investigates by experiment to find and prove facts. Christianity insists on facts, and has them; it is the patron of the scientific method, the chief promoter of science, a few of whose votaries sometimes vaunt themselves against it. Christianity studies things above in the spirit of the astronomer who uses his telescope not so much for exciting in himself a passing emotion of wonder and awe, as for finding out all ascertainable facts about the heavenly bodies; and studies things below, including the human state and the heart of man, as geologist and mineralogist study the earth to learn what it is made of and how it is constructed. Christianity maintains laboratories of many kinds, and the characteristic style of the Christian instructor to his students is, "You are here to obtain by experimental, scientific methods exact knowledge of the nature, effects, and uses of whatever substances you study," while it is hardly caricature to say that the consistent style of the professors whose teachings have provoked this essay would be: "Students in this laboratory, do not insist on knowledge. The most practical and certain use of these chemicals will be to excite in you by their colors and odors feelings of pleasure or disgust."

As to the relentless search of science, so also to philosophy Christianity gives its approval, urging on its tireless pursuit of reality out and up to the supreme and ultimate. Somewhat, bidding the philosopher sail all seas of thought throughout the wide universe, and make soundings everywhere until he touches deepest bottom and finds the *Welt-Grund*.

Again, we cannot help wondering that the proposition to make a vague and vapory use of the Bible comes from an "ethical" source, since it seems to us deficient in moral earnestness and unworthy of persons professing to make a specialty of ethics. It is the business of ethical teaching to discriminate primarily between right and wrong and coördinately between truth and falsehood. It is immoral to make light of the importance of this distinction. A live conscience pushes the question of truth and reality ever to the front, and never consents to make believe something is true. To put to the uses of fiction a book which claims to contain eternal truth, and which as centuries roll is so accepted by ever-increasing millions of the highly characterized and intelligent, is ethically frivolous. In the presence of the most austere and lofty standard of morals, commanding action and prescribing duty, to content oneself with passive moods and indolent day dreams is ethical lotus-eating; and a moral life so fed is flabby and unsound—

it is virtue in delirium. The conviction grows in us that deep moral earnestness is not found apart from religion, and that ethical culture cannot have real fighting force unless it stands on a positively religious basis. The moral revolutions of history have been brought to pass by men who had in their veins the warm red blood of religious faith and the throb of strong convictions; history, as we read it, says that the best moral brawn and sinew need not be looked for except in such men.

Furthermore, the Bible is by its very nature unsusceptible of such treatment. It is too solid and inflexible for such soft, feathery uses. First of all, it is largely a book of downright assertions, direct declarations of fact about many things past and future, in earth and in heaven—declarations in the presence of which the instinctively natural and forever necessary question which every sound mind must ask is, "Are these things so?" It is a matter-of-fact book, reporting events and giving explicit accounts, affirming that thus and thus real persons spoke, so and so real actors did, with names and places, times and circumstances given, as literal and exact as a mercantile inventory, and in a style as careful and responsible as an affidavit or a deathbed deposition. To hold off from it the question of true or false is impracticable. The proposal to read such a book as

one would listen to the inexplicit, unaffirming song of a bird, or instrumentation of an orchestra, is inane if not insane. As well instruct a jury in court to listen to the testimony, not in order to obtain a clear conviction as to the facts of the case and to render a true verdict, but with the idea of inducing in themselves certain sentimental moods and tones of feeling. The Bible purports to be a record of real happenings, and the intelligence of the world no more thinks the Christian history a fiction, nor the life of Christ a fable, than it believes the physical universe to be a mirage. The same is true of all the moral and spiritual realities which the inspired volume reveals or refers to. Emotions and moods are inevitable, and may be highly useful, but religion has more important uses than to produce them. The Bible is sure to stimulate the imagination, but the supreme function of that splendid faculty is not to beguile us with unsubstantial visions, but to make vivid to us divinely revealed and certified realities. Of the imagination it has been as truly as reverently said, that "its first and noblest use is to enable us to bring sensibly to our sight the things which are recorded as belonging to our future state or invisibly surrounding us in this. It is given us that we may imagine the cloud of witnesses in heaven and earth as if they were present—the souls of the righteous waiting for us; that we

may conceive the great army of the inhabitants of heaven and discover among them those whom we most desire to be with forever; that we may be able to vision forth the ministry of our God beside us, and see the chariots of fire on the mountains that gird us round; but, above all, *to call up the scenes and facts in which we are commanded to believe, and be present, as if in the body, at every recorded event of the history of the Redeemer.*" Because the Bible is a declaration of facts and a revelation of realities it cannot be reduced to the uses of fiction nor listened to with the same indifference to truth as if it were a strain of music.

In the next place, such use is at variance with the avowed purpose and obvious stress of the Scriptures, which are bent not so much on imparting fine sentiments and certainly cannot be conceived as stopping there; the heaviest emphasis is on conduct and service, endurances, obediences, activities, fruits. Toward such concrete and positive results they push urgently on; and "Ye did it" or "Ye did it not" is the explanation and justification of the final irreversible moral verdict.

Again, the contents of the Bible are too solemn and august to be so lightly dealt with. To treat the tremendous as if it were trivial is grossly incongruous and improper. It shows an utter lack of mental

perspective, an absence of the sense of proportion. Take, for example, such passages as these: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life"; "There is one God, one mediator also between God and men, himself man, Christ Jesus"; "Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man"; "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world"; "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." How is it possible to listen to declarations so transcendently significant, sacred, and momentous as to an inarticulate and comparatively meaningless strain of music? Can a prisoner listen to his death warrant or his reprieve without asking, "Is it true, that I am to die?" or, "Is it so, that I am to live?" The proposition thus to treat the Holy Scriptures is a piece of solemn trifling fit to go with Mirabeau's enormous and irreverent frivolity when he said: "Let me die to the sound of delicious music."

Once more, such an attitude of mind toward a book so awful and majestic as the Bible is reckless audacity little short of defiance; it is folly approaching madness. This commanding book speaks with the most authoritative tone ever heard by man. Probably Wellington knew the sound of command when he

heard it, and holding his ear against the Bible he said he heard the sharp ring of marching orders, such as a man must obey or suffer punishment. There are orders in it as peremptory and relentless as Grant's "By the left flank forward!" under which his army went forward through seven days' slaughter in the bloody Wilderness. The most imperative sentences ever framed are in its pages. It claims to be the voice of the almighty Maker and Judge of all. Its commands are backed by threats of penalty which blaze and thunder against disbelief and disobedience. A moral law able to enforce itself says: "Do this and live; refuse and die." If there is any ground for this authoritativeness, any power behind these commands, he who listens to them as to the rumble of stage thunder does so at his peril. The moral pungency, incisiveness, and grapple of many parts of Scripture make them as little like a strain of music as can be imagined. To attempt, for example, to put the Decalogue or the Sermon on the Mount to such a use is as preposterous and hazardous as for a man to lie under the rattling thunder, with heaven's live lightning stabbing the ground, and expect to be tickled into a mood of tears or of laughter by the prongs of its fiery pitchfork.

In the moralizings which this essay criticises we see only iridescent film stretched over vacancy. The

mind hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them. As we watch them float away one impression left upon us is that, if obliged to choose between the pundits of a pagan faith and the promulgators of a shallow antichristian unfaith, we would find it difficult to prefer the latter; that we might have more patience with Swami Saradananda, and Jehanghier Dossabhoy Cola, and Kwanchu Shaku Soyen, and Swami Vivekananda, than with certain utterances of our "ethical" professors.

Why, then, spend so many words on a foolish proposition? For one reason if no other, because it warns us to watch lest we ourselves inadvertently appear as practical disciples of such shallow teachings and show no deeper earnestness; lest we read the Holy Scriptures with no more lasting result than a momentary solemnization and wistfulness; or lest, worst of all, we permit congregations to go out from under our preaching to the conflicts and temptations of life to the onset of savage foes and to the final exigencies of death, no more impressed, instructed, strengthened, or established than if they had been listening to the "song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument."

THE SCIENTIST'S COMPASSIONATE SMILE

ONE comment made by Henry M. Stanley upon Emin Pasha in the pages of *Darkest Africa* was so broadened to include "the votaries of science" in general as to have more than a transient interest and topical pertinence. With the entomological ruler of Equatoria for a provoking example, the great explorer, who claimed to be "conscious of a soul," complained of the votaries of science that they "are more apt to feel an affection for one's bleached skull and frame of unsightly bones than for what is divine within a man. If one talks of the inner beauty, which to some of us is the only beauty worth anything, they are apt to yawn or to return a compassionate smile. They seem to wish you to infer that they have explored the body through and through and that it is a waste of time to discuss what exists only in the imagination."

Emin Pasha would thus be classified among those scientific searchers who explore the universe to report, with Professor Clifford, an empty heaven and a soulless earth. Such was Laplace, who said: "In my heaven I find no God"; such also Lalande, who wrote:

"I have peered through the heavens for sixty years, and have never seen him yet." Reading which, one is tempted to say: "Dear scientific sages, have you ever tasted the binomial theorem, or smelled the precession of the equinoxes? And because your tongue and olfactories report the probable nonexistence of the supposed theorem and precession, must the mathematician and astronomer put crape on their hats and go mourning all their days as men bereaved? Or if they persist in clinging to their theorem and precession delusions because these alone enable them to solve certain problems and explain certain facts, will you therefore turn up your agnostic noses and smile compassionately?"

One long-gone Greek afternoon, historic now for twenty-three centuries, Socrates fled the city heat to sit beside a cool fountain underneath a plane-tree beyond the walls, reasoning there serenely with his friends concerning immortality. After some hours of such divine discourse Phædrus remarked that the heat of the day was past and proposed that they return within the gates of Athens. Socrates responded: "Ought not you and I to pray before we leave?" And there in a scene of utmost Attic loveliness Socrates, nominal pagan but essential Christian; Socrates, sensible of the beauty around him, and perhaps pathetically conscious of his own lack of exter-

nal beauty of person, prayed thus: "O thou Author of nature, well-beloved, grant that I may be beautiful in the inner man!"

Of what avail is it to such men as Stanley complains of to live two thousand studious and experimenting years after Socrates, and to be heirs of all the ages, only to be two thousand times less wise than he? Such men, essential atheists even when nominally Christian, have more need than Erasmus ever had to say: "*Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!*" William Penn thought Socrates as good a Christian in essence and spirit as Richard Baxter.

What may properly be expected of scientific votaries who yawn or smile at the mention of spiritual things? Is it too much to ask of them reverence now and then for what they ought at least to recognize as a sublime perhaps; a small measure of such respect for sacred possibilities as restrained the old Jew from treading on any piece of paper lying on the ground lest *perhaps* the awful name of God might be written on it? Or must it be that less reverence in them live, as their alleged knowledge grows from more to more? Do they conceive it to be the mission of science to desecrate the universe until there shall remain no holy ground on which intelligent humanity can find any reason to put off its shoes?

The pasha's apathetic yawn over matters in which

he feels no interest, we may not resent, however much we regret it, since it is doubtless involuntary and chiefly concerns himself; but his "compassionate smile" at those who assert a spiritual world is quite another matter; it is insolent, offensive, and unpardonable, and justifies Stanley's sturdy indignation. That smile, or its equivalent, constitutes the chief offense of certain superficial and supercilious scientific votaries against mankind.

That science should be a professed and pledged agnostic toward everything beyond its own horizon is entirely proper. Only let it live up to its profession of ignorance, and as to matters extrascientific, conscientiously confine itself to saying with a face discharged of expression, "I do not know." When it turns upon believers in spiritual things a supercilious or pitying smile, which virtually says, "My superior knowledge perceives the unreality of such things," it is inconsistent with its profession, violates its oath of neutrality, trespasses beyond its allotted reservation, and assails the rights of the lawful tenants of neighboring territories. The contumelious smile is not agnostic but inimical; it offers mortal insult to humanity's best and highest and invites war.

It is not lawful for scientists to disparage certitudes which are as valid and solid as those of science.

A Christian scientific professor, W. N. Rice, characterizes with proper severity the "utter vanity of the talk in which the boasted certainties of science are contrasted with the uncertainties of religion, and religious men are reproached with folly for making undemonstrable beliefs the basis of their plans of life." There is not one of the central and basal affirmations of Christianity which is not backed by as great an aggregate of intellect and conscience as can be shown to support the declarations and doctrines of physical science. If this be true, or so much as half-true, then religion is entitled at least to mute respect from every scientist. An impartial outsider has quietly remarked that "if durability be a proof of truth, then Christianity has a stronger basis than any scientific theory with which we are acquainted."

It is as easy to puzzle the scientist as the theologian. Ask science what force is, or matter, or life, or electricity, or gravitation, and science does not know.

When the poet Aldrich asks the scientific sages,

What mortal knows
Whence come the tint and odor of the rose?
What probing deep
Has ever solved the mystery of sleep?

all is silent and responseless as if the scientist had dived into the abyss of sleep to probe its mystery and had never come up.

Charles Darwin said that the church is ready to accept any scientific doctrine on which scientific workers are themselves agreed. His statement is probably correct, although the history of science is largely a record of the errors of scientists, and theories and supposed facts once agreed upon by the scientific world have been exploded in the focus of the sun-glass of a noonday of knowledge. But if Darwin told the truth about the church, then ought not the scientific world to accept those religious doctrines on which the Christian Church is agreed?

Many things which science tells us sound to the unscientific mind like fairy tales. For simplest possible example, we are informed that a pin falling to the ground jars the earth, and we believe it, although none of us hears the slightest sound, feels the least concussion, or perceives any sensible evidence of the truth of the scientist's declaration. He tells us that on tried and proved principles it must be so, and we assent. Afterward, when the philosopher, theologian, and ethicist report to the scientist concerning matters in their realms, of which they are trained and qualified judges and he is not, that certain conclusions are necessitated by laws and tests which they have proved true and valid, then we submit it is his turn to assent and accept what is reported by experts.

The specialist in one department has no right to

cast contempt on the assured conclusions of specialists in other departments, even if those conclusions are reached by methods not familiar to him, and probably inapplicable in his own branch of study. Yet the agnostic scientific specialist sometimes assumes to teach elementary morals to ethical experts. For instance, Mr. Huxley says solemnly, if not sanctimoniously, fixing his reproachful eye on Christian believers: "It is wrong for a man to say that he is certain of the truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty." And again this teacher of science, not father of agnostics, but father of the name, writes: "We agnostics deny and repudiate as immoral the doctrine that there are propositions which men ought to believe without logical scientific evidence." To lock up human nature inside of logical and scientific bars is pretty close confinement. Is it true that we are dependent for all possible knowledge of fact, truth, reality of any kind, on logic and science? We suggest to this self-elected professor of ethics, who calls us wicked for believing things outside the ken of syllogisms and science, that nothing else can be quite so immoral as to abolish ethics altogether, as he seems to us to have done; for neither logic nor natural science reports any thing about morals, and if they are our only witnesses for proving truth and

reality, then we can know nothing about morals; and the ethicists, including the most skilled professional specialists, as well as mere amateurs like Mr. Huxley, may be, for aught we can discover, telling us Munchausen tales, giving us new chapters of Arabian Nights, Gulliver's Travels, or Charles Kingsley's Water Babies, which we are no way bound to believe.

Against the agnostic scientist's absurd statement we firmly assert that certainties supported by the logical faculty or by scientific proof are no way superior to, are far less valuable than, some certainties which in no degree depend on such faculties and evidence. The disk of the full moon in a clear June evening sky is not more obvious than are various shining entities and verities that lie beyond the myopic vision of the scientific agnostic. Carlyle, who prided himself on knowing fact from delusion, writes of "actual matters which refuse to be theoremed or diagramed; which logic ought to know that she cannot even speak of."

There are many magnificent realities which scientific criteria are incompetent to test. The spectroscope detects in far-off Aldebaran the presence of sodium, magnesium, calcium, and bismuth, and exhibits proof of them in its lines. Edison's tasimeter measures and records the amount of heat received from Arcturus, a star inconceivably distant. Such

far-gathered knowledge we receive with unutterable delight and awe. But we know with even greater certainty that there are other realities, brighter than the stars, nearer than the sky, dearer than sunlight, and more abiding than the adamant earth, of which tasimeter and spectroscope receive no information or impression.

Stanley did well to complain of a certain kind of smile. Voltaire's worst crime was the sneer which became habitual on his face.

“THE COSMIC CHILL”

A VOLUME of Religious Discussions and Criticisms from the Naturalist's Point of View makes it appear that the standpoint of a naturalist does not afford a cheerful outlook, but rather a shivery, shuddery, shocking sort of view. This naturalist finds the universe to be, for the heart and hope of man, “a great void,” the contemplation of which gives the normal man a “chill.” Amid heights and depths enormous, vastness immense, he sees our helpless lives embosomed in a world of blind, titanic vital forces from which there is no escape. And this practically infinite universe, the naturalist says, is “going its own way with no thought of us.” This is the discovery that “sends the cosmic chill with which so many of us are familiar in these days.”

The naturalist sees that we are shocked at his report, and remarks that “the world is not yet used to the open air of this thought—the great out-of-doors of it; we are not hardened to it.” He explains that we are hothouse plants, too tenderly shielded, and that it is because we have been so long housed in our comfortable religious creeds, and surrounded

with their warmth and light, that we experience "the cosmic chill" when we are suddenly turned out-of-doors by the eviction papers which scientific atheism serves on us. This observant naturalist, watching the habits of the human race, notes that "every man builds or tries to build himself a house of truth of some sort to shelter him from the great void." Naturally enough every man does this, for the exposure is intolerable. The great void sendeth forth its ice like morsels. Who can stand before its cold? Some shelter from the merciless drive of its infinite wind, and the pelt of its elemental storms is a dire necessity. The impulse to find a refuge or build a shelter implies no high degree of intelligence. The frozen brain of the Laplander has wit enough to build a hut against the bite of the insufferable air; and it is pathetic to see how even the dumbest brutes, caught in the fierce blizzard's cruelty, will huddle in the lee of any hill, or rock, or tree, or building. If, as the naturalist reports, there is no shelter, no shadow of a Great Rock, for the human soul, then is our lot bleak and terrible beyond endurance.

Our naturalistic nomad, with not so much as a tent, moved by the misanthropic wish to make his fellow-men sharers of his own homelessness, sets out as a missionary for the propagation of misery. His book is a vehicle in which he rides about on his errand

of eviction to apprise his neighbors that they must abandon their homes. He carries tools with him to knock their houses down about their ears, in case they are unconscionably slow in vacating under his orders. He informs us naively that he finds they "object to being turned out of doors." He apparently wonders that they do not enjoy being homeless, shelterless, and naked. The poor, sensitive souls really suffer. What wonder if, like evicted peasants on an Irish moor, they should sit outside on their household goods, wringing their hands and wailing hopelessly: "Where are we to go? What is to become of us?" The keenest sufferers among the evicted, our naturalist observes, are women, whom it seems his doctrines disrobe as well as dispossess. They are so delicate, he says, that they "cannot face the chill of the great cosmic out-of-doors without being clad in some tangible faith." The poor, shivering creatures plead piteously for something to shield their frost-bitten nakedness. Nevertheless, he sees no help for them. His theories allow them not so much as a rag for their comfort. For them, as for all, there is nothing but stark exposure to "the great void," and the universe's icy indifference, and "the cosmic chill." Imagining that science has stripped men and women of the garments of faith and conviction, in which they have been wont to wrap themselves, our naturalist writes

(in exceedingly clumsy English): "What mankind will finally clothe themselves with to protect them from the chill of the great void, or whether or not they will clothe themselves at all, but become toughened and indifferent, is more than I can pretend to say."

For himself he says that the longer he lives the less he feels the need of any garments of religious faith or any shelter of truth for his supposed soul. He has become quite accustomed to living under Professor Clifford's "empty heaven" and upon his "soulless earth." "The cosmic chill," however, seems to be much on his mind, his teeth chatter occasionally with an involuntary shiver, and the description of his sensations reminds us of the experience of a man who is freezing to death, his sensations of cold passing into numbness and insensibility, succeeded presently by delirium, in which the victim has comfortable dreams the while the congealing blood is settling purple under his finger nails.

On the whole, the apostle of the great void thinks it probable that future generations will be so robust that they will be able to endure the extreme exposure and the bitterly inclement weather which mere naturalism gives us. Severe as life in the open is, he believes we will, in time, get used to roughing it. At any rate, whether we can stand it or not, live or

die, there is nothing else for us, he says. His words are: “We must face it, and still find life sweet under its influence.” Nevertheless, sometimes the naturalist shows signs of feeling an intelligent sympathy with those who are reluctant to leave the shelter of their homestead and the shadow of its roof-tree; who, as he puts it, “cleave to the shelter of the old traditions.” He writes wistfully: “Probably the bravest among us do not abandon them without a pang. The old church has a friendly and sheltering look, after all, and the white monuments in the rear of it where our kindred sleep—how eloquent is the silent appeal they make!” No wonder a pang smites the spirit of the unbeliever as he looks on those headstones graven with records of the immortal faith of those whose bodies rest beneath, for among them is one which bears the name of his own sainted father concerning whom he himself writes: “As an old man he died in the faith he had early professed. It was sufficient unto him while he lived, and at the last it did not fail him. Father always spoke of his approaching end with perfect assurance and composure. He looked upon it as some journey he was about to make, some change of scene that was to come to him, and which need give him none but happy anticipations. . . . He no more doubted these things than he did his own existence.” An eloquent appeal, indeed, must such a god-

ly old man's monument make to his disbelieving and denying son, whose pride in being more knowing than his father was suggests that scientific knowledge is not wisdom, and reminds us of Tennyson's line,

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

Fortunately the naturalist's book contains some happy, perhaps hopeful, inconsistencies. If he is saved, it will be by the warmer, better, and nobler side of his inconsistencies, a bright gleam of which is seen in the following: "I cannot tell what the simple apparition of earth and sky means to me. I think at rare intervals one sees that they have an immense spiritual meaning, altogether unspeakable, and that they are the great helps after all." How a man, who looks into the face of nature and says, "There is no God," can gather spiritual meaning out of a spiritless universe, or get help by gazing into the heartless, heedless, untenanted heavens, is as incomprehensible by us as it is inexplicable by him; but if he shall be saved at the expense of his intellectual consistency or by sloughing off his atheistic notions, there will be joy in heaven.

In our naturalist, as in Darwin and Spencer, we see the limitations of thought produced by a strictly scientific education or habit of mind and the atrophy which ensues from a disuse of the higher spiritual

faculties. By believing in the exclusive light of the scientific method in the Court of Reason, George J. Romanes also passed into agnosticism and even for a time into positive materialism. It was then that he published his *Candid Examination of Theism*, the processes and conclusions of which brought him only sadness of spirit and distress of mind. The reader of that wall-eyed argument sees its author visibly shivering in "the cosmic chill" as he lays down his misguided pen and turns with a shudder from the horribleness of his own conclusions, confessing his horror in the following statement: "Forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the 'new faith' is a desirable substitute for the waning splendor of 'the old,' I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and, although from henceforth the precept to 'work while it is day' will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that 'the night cometh when no man can work,' yet when at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it, at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which

my nature is susceptible. For whether it be due to my intelligence not being sufficiently advanced to meet the requirements of the age, or whether it be due to the memory of those sacred associations which to me at least were the sweetest that life has given, I cannot but feel that for me, and for others who think as I do, there is a dreadful truth in those words of Hamilton, that philosophy having become a meditation not merely of death, but of annihilation, the precept *Know thyself* has become transformed into the terrific oracle to Œdipus:

“Mayest thou ne’er know the truth of what thou art!”

In this confession of Romanes, as in our naturalist’s discussions of religion, is matter enough to make us fly back from dallying with skepticism when we see on the brink of what an awful abyss it sports, a gulf the only adequate description of which is furnished by Holy Scripture in its phrase, “the bottomless pit.” Surely, if there were little positive evidence to make a man believe, he might well let himself be driven back to faith as an alternative to the unspeakable and intolerable horror of existence as unfaith pictures it; and in so doing he would be entitled to rank as a wise man, since in a universe the contents and fortunes of which the naturalist must at least admit to be debatable, he who jumps to the worst of

all possible conclusions or accepts the most painful and degrading of alternatives is a suicidal fool.

What worse could a man do than propagate such a doctrine as this: “In the light of modern astronomy one finds himself looking in vain for the God of his fathers. In his place we have an infinite and eternal Power whose expression is the visible universe, and to whom man is no more and no less than any other creature.” The naturalist’s great void is no more interested in us infinitesimal human insects crawling about on this earth-globule than in a swarm of aphides pasturing on a rose-leaf. It is impossible not to note the condemnation pronounced upon such teachings by their own legitimate and probable, if not inevitable, moral effects on character and conduct. Surely they empty life of noble incentives. The doctrine of the worthlessness of man is calculated to make men worthless. If man is but a beast, what reason can there be why he should not be exhorted to live like one? Why vex and strain himself with vain and absurd efforts to climb out of bestiality? Surely he cannot break the bounds to his nature. Strive as he may, the ape and the tiger will not die in him. Why should they? What is he but own brother to the tiger and the ape?

Since the naturalist’s doctrine has despoiled and desecrated existence and disgraced man of all his dignity, he ought to be neither displeased nor surprised

if in his lifetime his fellow-men shall say among themselves, when he passes by, "There goes the man who thinks himself a beast," nor can he expect his open graveside to be dignified with any sacred and lofty words, inasmuch as the only ritual warranted by his creed would be, "Behold, he is buried with the burial of an ass."

He does us a service who makes us feel the horror of the dreadful doctrine so coolly and stoically propounded by mere naturalism. The effect of the shock of such theories should be to settle us on our foundations. Like the oak in the tempest, let us grip the ground with all our roots and work them down to a deeper hold. Let us make men see the sharpness and narrowness of their dilemma. This is no case of *in mediis tutissimus ibis*. Men delude themselves who think that some midway position is tenable—that in the *corps legislatif* of belief they can sit with the right center or the left center. There is no center; nothing but the extreme right of warm evangelical Christianity on the one side, and on the other the extreme left of agnosticism, "the great void" and "the cosmic chill," the blackness of darkness and the abomination of desolation for evermore. So Romanes said at last, "It is Christianity or nothing," and fled back for shelter and peace to the warmth of the church's fireside and the comforting glow of the dear old faith.

Great indeed is the responsibility resting on those who are set to tend the church's altars, for the world is warmed by its altar-fires, and if they die down, "the cosmic chill" creeps in and numbs all hope and cheer, all courage, aspiration, and noble endeavor. Tennyson, when he feels the winds of eternity filling his sails, sings, with the good cheer of Christian faith,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

He is a child of God and an heir of immortality. The naturalist, faithless and forlorn, drifts on his uncharted and unpiloted way at the mercy of unreturning currents which set toward the frozen pole, with no music more comforting and no fellowship more fraternal than the crunch of icebergs in a bitter ocean gouging and grinding each other in an arctic night. He is the hapless, helpless, and accursed victim of a hideous, ghastly, and scandalous universe. His only gospel for time and for eternity is "the great void" and "the cosmic chill."

DREAMS THAT COME TRUE

IN a bitter January a schooner bound from Fernandina for Demerara sprung a leak in heavy weather and settled in the sea till her decks were all awash. The captain's wife, lashed to the top of the deck house, kept watch for a sail. On the third night, falling asleep from exhaustion, she saw in a dream a great ship coming to their rescue. Awaking at daylight, she opened her eyes on the fulfillment of the vision. A towering mass of canvas stood up against the southern sky; a big ship sailing northward from far Cape Horn was bearing straight down upon the waterlogged lumber schooner. Approaching deliverance cast its shadow before; the shadow fell upon the sleeping woman; she came through her dream to the salvation it foretold. So runs the story. Whether true or not, it may introduce pictorially to the mind the moral certainty that humanity is to be saved by the coming true of its happiest dreams.

That man has had certain noble persuasions of things unseen and presentiments of things to come is matter of fact; whether these were perceptions of reality and revelations of truth vouchsafed from a

benign, superhuman source, or were hallucinations self-generated from within, is, it seems, matter of dispute. According to the views of some investigators religion, in its genesis and its nature, belongs in the category of dreams. Huxley thinks that primitive man obtained his first conception of a spirit world from his experience in dreams; and it is asserted that man has no valid evidence of any objective reality corresponding to this dream-born conception. Tylor, the anthropologist, Herbert Spencer, and others also inform us that the origin of religion was in the dreams of primitive man, of whom, it is assumed, the savage of today is so certainly the mental type that by studying the latter we may know the former. It is explained that to the savage "all dreams are realities, and dreamland is to him an actual spirit land. The memories of dreams are accepted by the savage as veritable experiences of the spirit world, are narrated as such in perfect good faith, and thus that shadowy realm becomes an object of unquestioning belief." According to Leslie Stephen, according to the unknown author of the book entitled *Supernatural Religion*, and according to agnostics of all schools, our beliefs are only "our dreams," to which no one knows that there are any corresponding facts. These so-called dreams, they say, are the effects and not the cause of our qualities; that is to say, we hold cer-

tain beliefs because we are what we are, and it is in no degree true that we are what we are because we cherish certain beliefs. Our Christian creeds, they think, are but the formulation, in terms of dreamland, of imaginings spontaneously produced and projected by our own minds; they do not contain any truth revealed to us, but are a revelation only of the contents of human nature; and they are less substantial than the spider's web in the morning grass which the insect spins out of his own bowels in the darkness of the night as we spin creeds in the darkness of our ignorance and superstition.

All these theorists exert themselves, with zeal worthy of a better cause, to bring quickly in the time apprehended in the lament of Hermes Trismegistus, when "the religious man shall be held insane—the victim of delusions, taking daydreams for realities, the devotee of enchanted nothings and illusory phantasms, like the dream of the oriental Maya." To these dismal gentlemen, naturally enough, Zola adds himself, a champion "realist" who knows real things when he sees them, and paints them to the life, so that if one wants to commune with reality he should go to Zola's books and not to the New Testament. Zola writes that the Christian religion, like all others, grew up because "humanity thirsts after illusions. It was born of that need of the Lie" (and he writes "lie"

with a capital as we do the name of God)—“born of that necessity for credulity which is a characteristic of human nature. This is in fact the story of the foundation of all religions.” Concerning such an utterance from such a source it seems not improper to remark that when a man, to whom the world is a sty where he goes about on all fours in the mire, interrupts his nosing of nastiness and gives himself a crick in the neck by lifting his head a moment toward the high theme of religion for the purpose of expressing his swinish views thereon, the opinion we have quoted is just about the sort of drivel that might be expected to drip from his jaws.

According to the naturalists the genesis of religion was as we have described largely in their own words, and it seems naturally to follow—indeed, it is by many of them distinctly declared—that religion even in its highest form is unsubstantial, flimsy as dream-stuff and built of hallucinations which correspond to no reality. The bald naturalistic affirmation is that all religion is delusion and its objects fictitious; faith is imagination, and a personal God is a ghost conjured up out of the foolish fears or fond wishes of human ignorance and imbecility. Now, it would seem that there should be some criterion by which reality may be distinguished from unreality, some way in which a man may know whether he was in any

particular experience dreaming or awake, and in general whether his faculties, especially those which are highest and noblest, trustworthily inform him or habitually deceive him. It would appear not too much to suppose that the common sense of all men might agree to say that a vision which can materialize itself is a potent entity; that a chain of predictions which is afterward fulfilled proves foreknowledge; that a ghost from whom proceed moral transformations, spiritual impartations, and other divine effects is too puissant to pass for a mere specter; and that a dream which comes true is something more than a dream even though it be the Messianic dream of a Deliverer causing the light of an infinite hope to flit across the face of the human race in its infancy like a smile on the countenance of a sleeping child indicative of happy dreams; concerning which the men of faith (who have found glory begun below) assert that the Bible's earliest prophecies were humanity talking in its sleep and disclosing a heaven-sent dream, which, centuries after and now some centuries ago, came literally and visibly true in the incarnation, life, death, resurrection, and ascension of the historic Christ our Lord and Saviour, whose kingdom still proceeds with ever-increasing momentum toward world-wide dominion—in confirmation of which the Bible, Christianity, Hebrew and other history, and Christendom itself are

in evidence. It seems unscholarly and stupid to class things like these among unrealities. We submit that all such matters may be fairly judged by the principle contained in the thoroughly scientific test of prophecy proposed in Deut. 18. 22, ages before scientists were born: "When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken; the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously."

The skeptical opinions we have quoted are nothing new, for history reports that the approach of religion's messenger has frequently been greeted with "Behold this *dreamer* cometh," and it is not to be denied that, viewed from ground level with the merely natural eye, Christianity's story has a look of the improbable and its program seems preposterous. Skepticism from the first turned upon its history and its prophecy a cynical or compassionate smile. Trypho, the Jew, said to the early Christians in Justin Martyr's time concerning some of their testimonies about Christ, "Do not venture to tell romancing tales lest you be convicted of making fools of yourselves," and Celsus declared that the disciples in telling of Christ's miracles were romancing. "What will this babblers say?" was curiosity's frequent remark as it paused a moment to listen to the prattling of the infant faith. From it many listeners turned away as from the inane

maundering of some "tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing." When the Boy of twelve disputed with the doctors in the temple there was doubtless incredulity if not scorn upon some of their faces. How should they suppose that his briefest syllables were eternal, his local utterances pregnant with cosmic intentions, and his lightest word heavy with meanings which outweighed all human wisdom? Christianity to the age in which it was first promulgated was a "June dream in January," not then known to be a revelation of tides and forces certain to bring on the time of the singing of birds and the blooming of moral summer over the face of the earth. Nor is it wholly different now. Not a few men who think themselves shrewd and sensible, who thoroughly and devoutly believe in real estate and stocks and bonds and bank accounts, feel when religion is broached as Faust did when he said,

Now we're in the sphere, I deem,
Of enchantment and of dream.

Astute and knowing persons—"men of affairs," they are called—practical politicians, diplomats and statesmen, financiers and dealers, who claim to know what sort of a world this is and what are the conditions of success, lawyers and judges familiar with the obverse and sinister side of human affairs, police and de-

tectives who wade about in the slimy sediment of depravity that settles at the bottom of society—many of these hard-headed, unimaginative, sagacious men of the world looking from their standpoint regard Christianity's optimistic scheme as impracticable, its success highly improbable, and its advocates amiable theorists and enthusiasts, a company of harmless though rather troublesome innocents abroad. So ideal and unearthly do Christian plans appear that even believers are sometimes daunted by very solid and apparently insuperable obstacles, and the faith of many fails to entertain millennial or any very sanguine expectations. To those who stand off and apply critical judgment to the prospects of Christian enterprises, untouched by the enthusiasm which launches them, they often wear a look of impracticability. Listening to Miss Vida Scudder, fresh from residence and labor in Saint Mary's Street, in the slums of Philadelphia, tell to a cultured audience in the shadow of a great university the story of the "College Settlements," their origin, spirit, purpose, and methods, it seemed like the recital of a poem, an ideally beautiful dream, too good to be true, and the speaker seemed a rapt visionary. To hear such high conceptions unfolded with a confidence unconscious of its own audacity, in the calm, sweet, matter-of-fact manner which Christian faith adopts, was sentimentally

an elevating and exhilarating experience; but even in the mind of a believer the momentary question would rise how, in this selfish, sunken, and sordid world, such beauteous schemes can possibly be worked, or, being carried on, accomplish such results as are proposed.

Practical judgment, unaware of the might of spiritual forces, naturally condemns Christian plans for the elevation of mankind as Utopian and absurd; and it must be confessed that, in contrast, some of the schemes of wordly wisdom for human relief and amelioration have had an appearance of superior practicability, a look of moderation and reasonableness and not attempting too much. Their proposals have kept within the bounds of obvious possibility. Common sense approved them and expected results. Yet they came to naught. They collided with facts which they had left out of account, or were caught in laws they had failed to perceive, or lacked motive power from having neglected to connect with the sources of real energy. They were adynamic. The shrewd makers of these plans ventured on them with confidence, reason took a solid comfort in settling thereon, little dreaming that plans and planners would sink and disappear together; as was fabled of sailors in arctic waters, who, mistaking a sleeping whale for an island, disembarked upon it and built a fire at

which they warmed themselves until leviathan awoke and dived, and the sea swallowed them. Take, for a single instance, Machiavelli, who shrewdly aimed to create a science of practical politics. His ideas are embodied in his "Prince." The salvation of society by political management was his plan. He assumed the total incurable depravity as well as the gullibility of men. He believed they were evil by nature and good only by compulsion. He supposed himself to know human nature. Government by force and fraud was a necessity. What small nominal morals he had were Jesuitical. Unscrupulous selfishness, superior cunning, heartless ambition, audacious boldness, duplicity, and artful dissimulation were the forces and means by which the problems of government could be solved. This practical politician forgot that there is a moral nature in man and a moral law in the world. He altogether divorced government from morals. The verdict of four hundred years, based on experience, condemns his scheme as not only disgraceful but utterly futile, and his reward is to be remembered as "Machiavelli the visionary, the impractical theorist." Even more foolish and stupid are the men who today, after four centuries of additional enlightenment, in a republic that is strongly Christian and loaded with moral sentiment, attempt to dispense with moral ideas and ignore moral principles, and announce that the

Ten Commandments have nothing to do with politics and that morality in politics is an iridescent dream. History serves notice upon such men that any party or party leader that undertakes to dispense with moral ideas is doomed. The people watch the growth of corruption, and when it threatens to take control they can be depended on to rise in their wrath and drench politics with a tide of moral fury which will wash things clean. When the body politic is nigh to death from blood poisoning and gangrene the uncorrupted manhood of the nation injects fresh morals by transfusion from its own pure, healthy veins.

In contrast with worldly wise schemes that failed through structural weakness and lack of motive power, Christianity is a worldly foolish enterprise which succeeds. In it an appearance of feebleness conceals amazing energies. The new faith which Christ brought to men ought by all earthly calculations to have failed at the very outset; somehow it failed to fail. All established earthlinesses jeered at it as a superstition and delusion. Yet the most unlikely doctrines, preached by the most unlikely men, in the most unlikely place and manner, took possession of the world. Pliny wrote to Trajan concerning it: "The contagion of that superstition has penetrated not the cities only, but the villages and country; yet it seems possible to stop it." Pliny was wrong; no

power could stop it. The only adequate explanation is that "that superstition" is divine; its efficiency is of God. We should beware of surrendering one iota of the really supernatural and miraculous out of the Bible, out of the Christian origins, and out of moral experience; for if Christianity is not miraculous, it is a fraud. Gibbon's explanation of its progress is insufficient. In truth it is built, foundation and superstructure, of the supernatural, and is radiant within and without with a "light that never was on land or sea."

Our unearthly religion might easily pass for a dream but for the fact that it keeps its dreamlike promise to the soul and life, reads us a poetic prophecy and proceeds to harden it into history, composes what seems a fine fiction at variance with earthly canons of probability and then institutes it into the firmest kind of fact. "Such stuff as dreams are made on" according to the naturalistic theorists, solidifies into durable reality. A paradisaic mirage petrifies into a continent abiding between the floods, anchored and wedged into the frame of the world. The New Jerusalem which hangs in the firmament of an exile's island apocalypse, too golden and glorious to be more than a cloud pageant afloat in gulfs of unsubstantial sky, descends slowly out of heaven from God, settles down upon the solid earth, and establishes itself

in undeniable forms of godly lives, just and peaceable communities, and benign civilizations—an actual kingdom of God among men, as much a reality as the Russian empire.

“Christianity,” said Schelling, “is in its inmost nature historic”; that is, it is fact and not myth or theory. It has a philosophy and promulgates doctrines; but it is an event, something which has transpired and goes on happening up to date. Instead of saying, “I beg leave to submit my theory about God,” it points to the incarnate Lord and says: “Behold God manifest in the flesh!” Instead of arguing for the possible perfectibility of humanity, it presents Mary’s sinless Son and says: “Behold the perfect Man!” Such is the directness of its method, and the demonstrative nature of its proofs. It justifiably insists on being treated historically since it offers records as authentic and hardset as any that are petrified in geologic rocks, and can prove itself to have been for two, if not for three, thousand years the one great history-making power.

Our simplest formularies of faith, those primitive statements of belief most widely accepted, the Apostles’ Creed and the Nicene, are made up chiefly of faith’s recital of facts. They reasonably affirm God, the Creator of the world and Father of men, the divinity, incarnation, crucifixion, resurrection, and

ascension of Jesus, immortality, the general judgment, the spiritual church universal, the Holy Spirit. The Christian credo is not simply a declaration of opinion, but a positive assertion of well-substantiated facts. Moreover, its facts are dynamic, kinetic, multipotent. On Christmas day, 1892, in the Church of the Incarnation, in New York city, Phillips Brooks said: "The very moment that the birth in Bethlehem was a fact it became a power. The little hands beckoned and sages from the East harnessed their camels and started on their way. The little hands were lifted and Herod trembled on his throne. . . . And there is no difference more striking between the vague religion of aspiration and the definite religion of personal faith than just in this; the last is no sooner a fact than it becomes a power. . . . In that Baby-life at Bethlehem there lay the power which has run through the world, the power which makes Judea burn like a star forever, the power which has transfigured history, the power which has made millions of men its joyous servants, the power of millenniums yet to be." The one pertinent and imperious question which rises here and flings its challenge out through the wide world is, whether that of which such things are truly said by such a king of men, too manly to lie and too sturdy and clear-headed to be deluded, can be only a mythic dream.

A careful study of the nature, language, personnel, action, and results of Christianity ascertains it to be as practical, sober, serious, sane, sensible, earnest, and effective as it is audaciously adventurous in the face of worldly improbabilities. It uses strong language and fulfills it; its pledged future comes on into the present tense as steadily as world-systems roll; its verbs are active-transitive whose forceful meaning passes over upon an object. Whereas Confucius said, "Do not to others what you would not have them do to you," Jesus Christ said: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you"—the one a negative refraining, the other a positive doing good. There is no inert passive voice in Christianity's grammar. Its patience is the self-control of power, its submission a decision and not a weakness of the will; its meekness has the might of Moses under it; even its reception of the efficient operations of the Holy Spirit is volitional, self-determined, and co-operative. Prayer is useless, say some. They would be correct if he who prays were isolated and insulated; but suppliant hands touch celestial currents and make overhead connection with moral energy. The objectors would be right if prayers went alone; with all true praying, however, goes commensurate working which it invigorates and empowers. The man who prays, in proportion to the purity of his prayer, be-

comes a spiritual power, a nerve from the divine brain, yea, perhaps a ganglion, as we call it, whence power anew goes forth upon his fellows. The true suppliant belongs to the laboring classes and toils unremittingly to answer his own prayers; the ground where he energizes and agonizes is well bedewed with sweat, sometimes of blood. The properly devout Christian prays like an ultra Calvinist to whom all power is with God, and works like an ultra Arminian to whom the power is largely with men. The inspired dreamer is a doer who strenuously strives to make connections outward and upward in order to avail himself of the friendly aid of forces which help those who help themselves, making the stones of the field to be at peace with him and the stars in their courses to fight for him.

The religion of Christ, though born in early Eastern lands, devotes itself not to metaphysic meditation, umbilical self-contemplation, and pietistic reverie, but to athletic enterprise, striding aggression, and a manifold imperial dominion. The stream of its project does not melt in mist as does the Staubbach at Lauterbrunnen, a falling wreath of "dangling water-smoke which like a broken purpose wastes in air"; rather some of its propulsions—for example, the impact which breached a way through savage barbarism in the Sandwich and other South Pacific islands—sug-

gest that it more resembles that dense emission which in the mining regions of the West shoots from an iron nozzle and tears a hole into the mountainside. While Hinduism gives the prime place to elaborate philosophies, Christianity gives philosophy a secondary rank and its first preoccupation and urgency are directly religious and practical. Dr. Paul Carus, a student of comparative religion, after pointing out that Buddhism by reason of its philosophy and its ethics bears a closer resemblance to Christianity than any other religion, adds that this does not impair the superiority of the Christian religion, for everything that is good in Buddhism may be found in Christianity, while Christianity has various advantages, one of them being that it is vastly more *practical*, more in touch with the progressive life of the world and suited to that Western civilization which dominates the present and the future. Kaftan, the philosopher of the Ritschlian school, calls attention to the intensely practical aim of Christianity, showing its supreme purpose to be the substantial redemption and enduring blessedness of mankind.

Horace Mann once said: "Just in proportion as a man becomes Christlike, he passes out of the region of theorizing into the region of beneficent activities." Christ has raised up a race of idealists with sturdy common sense, intense and formidable, hard-headed

and soft-hearted; men of pith and nerve and muscle, whose inspired intention shapes a purpose as distinct and firm as any nail and whose very pulse-beats are hammer-strokes to drive that nail home to its useful place; men as substantial as ever tramped the earth, dented deep footprints in historic clay, or carved their memorable names upon enduring rock; men with grip and go, with grace and grit, strong-handed and sure-footed. The forefathers and founders of this nation are described as "stern men with empires in their brains." They were specimen Christian products, and it is now written pretty large in the most momentous history of two centuries that those brains were not daft; the empires simmering therein, which might well have been called iridescent dreams, have materialized until forty-five of them salute the sun, which never shone on such a sight before, as he drives his chariot from Atlantic to Pacific. The ideal in their minds concreted into an actual model for all future ages. The Koreans had no name for Christian missionaries, never having seen such people before. So they watched and studied them until they could construct a descriptive name. Then they put together a word which meant "The-Jesus-doctrine-doing-people." They had observed that the missionaries all the time talked of Jesus, taught his doctrine, did his commandments. The only thing known to the credit

of the anarchists is the invention of one expressive phrase, "the propaganda of the deed." The most spiritual of religions files a prior claim to that phrase as being photographically descriptive of its own method, though its implements are not bombs and pistols, but deeds of justice, self-denial, mercy, and love.

Not only does all Christian inculcation conclude upon action, and aim at the production of powerful personalities, but its tone and utterance are brisk, prompt, and businesslike. It consents not to be put off, but insists upon immediateness. Its civilization is not found in the land of "Pretty Soon," which is the country of "By and By," where procrastination takes the place of punctuality and no one does anything today that he can put off till tomorrow. Everywhere it utters a peremptory "Now!" and moves to have its business declared urgent. No one, we think, has ever intimated that "The Lotus Eaters," as Tennyson describes them, look like a Christian company.

In this same direction, as indicative of the intensely practical nature of Christianity, it is noteworthy that Christ turns rewards and penalties on doing or not doing the things we ought. Our understanding is that whatever ultimates in a man's loving righteousness with all his heart and working righteousness with all his powers accomplishes his salvation on grounds provided, and whatever falls short of just and right-

eous conduct is insufficient. He who said "Conduct is three fourths of life" was not in that particular far wrong. No amount of mere sentiment, complacency, feeling, professing, or believing can meet Christ's terms. Faith is spurious unless in proportion to its opportunity it fruits in commensurate action. Trusting is vain without obeying, and the obedient soul involuntarily doubting all things is safer than the disobedient presumptuously believing all things. Feeling must coin itself in deeds or it is worse than nothing. This is Christianity's teaching. It deals severely with mere visionaries. Its emphasis is on things to be done: "This *do*, and thou shalt live," "He that *doeth* the will of my Father," "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and *doeth* them." If it be true, as is claimed, that in certain early centuries the church was led by Hellenizing influences to lay too much stress upon dogma and too little upon conduct, it is undeniable that in these last days the church returns Christward and cares more for the Sermon on the Mount than for any dogmatic formula. If it be true that "while Romanism is the religion of ritual, Protestantism has been too largely that of the creed," it is also a fact that the growing sentiment of Christendom, both Catholic and Protestant, was expressed by Canon Farrar when he wrote: "The more years pass on, the deeper becomes my conviction that

religion does not mean and has little to do with many things it is taken to mean. It does not mean elaborate theologies; it does not mean membership in this or that organization; it does not depend on orthodoxy in matters of opinion respecting which Christians differ. It means a good heart and a good life. Right conduct and holy character—these are the tests of the only sort of religion which is of the smallest value. All else will vanish; this will remain. Of the many lies which God's fiery finger will shrivel from the souls of men, all sorts of religious shams, unrealities, human systems, shibboleths, and accretions to the pure truth of his gospel will be most numerous."

It is proper that those who surmise that Christianity may be phantasmic be required to admit that it is a ubiquitous and somewhat industrious phantom, which walks in open day rather than in the dim mysterious night; restless and intrusive with an irrepressible propensity to participate aggressively in all affairs; a phenomenally brisk and obtrusive specter, a universal busybody intermeddling with every sphere and interest as if its motto were, "Nothing human is foreign to me"; a specter which stimulates the inquisitiveness of science, furnishes a coherent philosophy to the student of the nature of things, strides into every important conflict to take a hand in the struggle, rises in every arena of debate to discuss all sub-

jects, grapples with urgent social and industrial perplexities, submits solutions for all serious problems, estimates values like an actuary, warns of danger and prescribes safe methods of procedure; a specter which establishes chairs of applied Christianity in the assumed conviction that it is variously applicable all around the circle of human concerns and activities; a specter which so interferes like an adviser general to the whole earth as to arouse resentment in those who do not acknowledge its authority and are not pleased with its everlasting intrusions. Henrik Pontoppidan, a Danish writer, has given fresh publication to the often-reiterated complaint that Christianity insists on meddling with everything. He says querulously: "Local Christendom is called to arms whenever a temperance club is to be organized, or woman suffrage discussed, or clothing procured for the poor." Pontoppidan charges America with being the author of the "new doctrine" of "practical Christianity," and for his part would like to order the officious clergy back to their cloisters, cathedrals, churches, and chapels, to long prayers and pious vigils and saintly seclusion. He wishes Christianity to return to Thomas à Kempis, clasp its hands in meditation, fix its gaze on the heavens, and deport itself here as a pilgrim and a stranger. But it has already gone back past the cloister reveries of Thomas à Kem-

pis and the subtle metaphysics of the Athanasian Creed to the lofty ethics of the Sermon on the Mount and the active compassionate benevolence of Jesus Christ—to recall and emulate the example of that busy Friend of publicans and sinners, who continually went about doing good. Matthew Arnold truly said: “The Hebrews had a genius for righteousness.” That genius was God-given, and the more complete religion which came through the seed of Abraham and great David’s greater Son is in the world as a power of rectification and control to superintend all movements and conditions into conformity to the will of Christ our adorable Lord.

When the unbeliever informs us that delusions are abroad, and that our faith is one of them, we unhesitatingly admit that many things have been believed which were not true. That this is a world full of illusions, not all optical, no one is more assiduously warned, incessantly reminded, and completely aware than the Christian. He knows that the imagination is an active and prolific faculty, often unduly developed, and that a large part of practical and saving wisdom must always lie in discriminating between mere imagining and rational faith, between the figments of a foolish brain and the deepest convictions of the human soul, between the vain visions of an oversanguine nature and measurably realizable ideals.

James Russell Lowell wrote a friend: "You know what a distrust I have of the poetical temperament, with its self-deceptions, its real unrealities, building its New Jerusalems in a sunset cloud rather than in the world of actuality and man." There is no denying that a stream of poetic propensity runs through the veins of mankind, and man's nature and the world make possible many self-delusions from within and impositions from without. But as Christ showed himself to be a discerner of hidden facts, even of character and thoughts, so Christianity furnishes tests for distinguishing between substance and unsubstantiality; and the effect of the moral and spiritual illumination given to the devout soul is not to cloud but to clarify intellectual perception. Moreover, the mind committed unconditionally to rightness, by its fixed adjustment to the great Center of all, gains a universally correct perspective and is in possession of the true parallax by which it may know the bearing and relationships of all realities. Christianity does not disuse the critical faculties, but sharpens them to their keenest edge. It encourages the application of scientific methods to the examination of all things whose nature admits of such methods. It applies the severest possible tests for the sifting of the exact truth from the crude mass of falsehood. In the highest sense it is utilitarian and estimates all things by their

face value for usefulness. Lowell, recognizing and guarding against the dangers of the poetical temperament, was one of those who hold that whatever else may be illusive, religion lives, moves, and has its being in the world of actuality, and that Christianity's prospectus is not of a white city of crumbling palaces built upon cloud-continents of sunset seas, but of a kingdom which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.

For reasons internal as well as external the Christian disciple has been able from the first to face without dismay the curled lip, the incredulous sneer, the derisive laugh. A cynical skeptic recently defined faith to be the power "by which men are enabled to believe that which they know to be untrue." For the reasonableness of belief let the strongest poetical intellect of the nineteenth century answer. Let the denier listen to the vigorous voice of that unprofessional but downright and independent asserter of the supernatural, whose soul ascended from Venice in December, 1889, and whose body by England's decree rests in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. Could affirmation be more positive than this?

I absolutely and peremptorily believe!

I say faith is my *waking* life.

This man holds religion to be no reverie. He is certain he is not in a trance when he believes, but wide-

awake, self-possessed, and master of all his robust powers. His faith is firm conviction; he spurns the agnostic with language on the great essentials quite dogmatic. And in full accord with him touching the unseen objects of belief was the titled laureate of Victorian England whose final declarations affirmed spirit to be the one indubitable reality. "Matter, time, and space," he said, "are all illusions; above and beyond them all is God, who is no illusion." What such men sturdily affirm, can it be in any man a sign of strength, sanity, and wisdom to deny? If the faith-life were all a dream-life made of unrealities, would not such keen, high, fearless thinkers know it? Who is it claims a shrewder faculty for knowing? Does the cynical skeptic whom we quoted stand up to measure his stature with theirs? When he tiptoes to his full height it becomes clear that he needs to be on his watch lest the cranes that sup on pygmies gobble him up.

Reasons which satisfy the strongest minds justify the high faith and immense hope of Christianity. If there be a God in the universe, a supreme and eternal Spirit, Creator of worlds and Father of men, Master of all forces, Lord of all being, then faith may reasonably affirm possibilities otherwise incredible. The Most High God when he arrives brings infinite possibilities along with him. He is not limited by our

petty finite preconceptions any more than a rosebush is limited by the ideas of the aphides encamped on one of its leaves. The Christian is a daring believer, because whoever believes in Jesus Christ as Son of God and Saviour of men has leaped the gulf of darkness, doubt, and fear, and stands where all is light and nothing can be too good to be true. He who is sure of Christ can be sure of numberless consequent things. Once for all and forever he believes in boundless blessedness and beauty of which Christ is the proof and the pledge. Defeats cannot daunt, delays cannot dishearten the disciple of him to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth and with whom a thousand years are as a single day. This disciple believes indomitably, through dark and bright, and, no matter what happens or fails to happen, lives and dies believing with intrepid and unwavering reliance. He sees the vast inclusiveness of simple faith in Christ and knows that all the rationalists in the world have nothing more rational than that blessed faith. If this be dreaming, then the only sane and advisable prayer to whatever superior power may happen to exist is,

O let me not awake, my God,
But let me dream alway.

MILK FOR BABES

TRACTS FOR SPIRITUAL READING is the title of a book of 484 pages, by the Rev. J. Furniss, C.S.S.R., "designed for First Communions, Retreats, Missions," etc., published in New York city, by the Excelsior Catholic Publishing House, and bearing on its second page the official approbation, given at its previous publication in Ireland, of William Meagher, vicar-general, in these words: "I have carefully read over this little volume for children, and have found nothing whatever in it contrary to the doctrines of Holy Faith; but, on the contrary, a great deal to charm, instruct, and edify our youthful classes, for whose benefit it has been written."

A few extracts indicate the peculiar character of portions of this manual of religious instruction for children. "In the morning before you get up make the sign of the cross and say: 'Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul.' For this you get one hundred days' indulgence." "It is impossible for anyone to save his soul who is not devout to the blessed Virgin and protected by her." The book relates that Saint Bridget had a son, Charles, who enlisted as a soldier and led a wicked life. After he

was dead Jesus Christ appeared to Saint Bridget and told her that the soul of her son was saved. Saint Bridget wondered how it could be that his soul was saved when he had led a bad life. Jesus told her how this happened. He said: "Although Charles was wicked, still there was one very good thing he did: he loved my dear mother Mary, and he often prayed to her; so when he was dying my mother prayed to me for him, that he might repent and not go to hell. Now, I never refuse anything that my mother asks me for, so I gave Charles the grace to repent."

Infant piety is set forth as follows: "When F. Blasucci was a little baby, not a day old, he was seen to lift up his little arms and fold them on his breast like a cross."

The efficacy of the sign of the cross is illustrated thus: "When Saint Alphonsus was a baby he was carried to Saint Francis Jerome. Saint Francis made the sign of the cross over him, and said he would live to be ninety years old, and be a bishop, and do great things for Almighty God. All this happened afterward." And thus: Two priests saw three fiery devils in the room of a dying person in Rome. One of the priests made the sign of the cross and sprinkled holy water on the place where he saw the devils standing. Then the devils went away, leaving behind a frightful smell, like brimstone out of hell.

The history and protective power of the brown scapular are explained: "In the year 1246, on the 16th of July, the Blessed Virgin appeared to Saint Simon Stock, a Carmelite monk, living in the County of Kent, England. She brought with her a brown scapular and invested him with it. She then spoke these words: 'He who dies in this scapular will not go into the flames of hell. This scapular is a sign of salvation and of safety in dangers.' Children, you should wear the holy scapular in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary." And then it is narrated how a little boy who wore the scapular, falling into the sea and sinking to the bottom, felt the scapular pulling him up and was soon out of the water on the dry land.

The book teaches that hell is just four thousand miles away, in the center of the earth, and gives little children some glimpses of it. Saint Frances, of Rome, a very holy woman, was taken to hell once that she might come back and tell what she saw. The following is part of the description: "Look at the floor of hell. It is red-hot, like red-hot iron. Streams of burning pitch and sulphur run through it. The floor blazes up to the roof. Look at the walls; the enormous stones are red-hot, sparks of fire are always falling down from them. Sometimes when you get up on a winter's morning you see the country filled with a great, thick fog. Hell is filled with a fog of

fire. In some parts of the world torrents of rain come down which sweep away trees and houses. In hell torrents, not of rain, but of fire and brimstone, are rained down. Storms of hailstones come down on the earth and break the windows in pieces; but in hell the hailstones are thunderbolts, red-hot balls of fire. See that great whirlwind of fire sweeping across hell. Look how floods of fire roll themselves through hell, like the waves of the sea. Take a spark out of the kitchen fire, throw it into the sea, and it will go out; but take a little spark out of hell, less than a pinhead, throw it into the ocean, it will not go out. In one moment it would dry up all the waters of the ocean and set the whole world in a blaze. Fire on earth gives light, but it is not so in hell; there the fire is dark."

We recall the sculptured representation of the fortunes of the lost on the front of the old cathedral at Ferrara, in Italy, as we read: "Little child, if you go to hell, there will be a devil at your side to strike you. He will go on striking you forever and ever without stopping. The first stroke will make your body as bad as the body of Job, covered from head to foot with sores and ulcers. The second stroke will make your body twice as bad as the body of Job. The third stroke will make your body three times as bad as the body of Job, and so on. How, then, will your body

be after the devil has been striking it every moment for a hundred million years without stopping?"

Holy Saint Frances also saw the great devil chained down in the center of hell. "He was sitting on a long beam which passed through the middle of hell. His feet went down into the lowest depths of hell; they rested on the floor. They were fastened with great heavy iron chains to an immense ring in the floor. His hands were chained to the roof. One of his hands was turned up against heaven, to blaspheme God and the saints who dwell there. His other hand was stretched out, pointing to the lowest hell. His tremendous and horrible head was raised up on high and touched the roof. From his head came two immense horns; and from each horn smaller horns without number branched out, which, like chimneys, sent out fire and smoke. His enormous mouth was wide open; out of it there was running a river of fire, which gave no light, but a most abominable smell. Round his neck was a collar of red-hot iron. A burning chain tied him round the middle. The ugliness of his face was such that no man or devil could bear it. It was the most deformed and horrible thing that ever was or will be. His great, fierce eyes were filled with pride and anger, with rage and spite and blood and fire and savage cruelty. There was something else in those eyes, for which there is no name; but

it made those on whom the devil's eyes were fixed to tremble and shake as if they were dying. One of the saints who saw the devil said she would rather be burned for a thousand years than look at the devil for one moment."

More particulars about hell are authoritatively given to the little folks, as follows: "Saint Teresa says she found the entrance of hell filled with venomous insects. If you cannot bear the sight of ugly vermin and creeping things on the earth, will you be content with the sight of the venomous things in hell which are a million times worse? The bite or the pricking of one insect on the earth sometimes keeps you awake and torments you for hours. How will you feel in hell when millions of them make their dwelling place in your mouth and ears and eyes, and creep all over you, and sting you with their deadly stings through all eternity?"

The children are also edified in the faith by being shown a number of sample dungeons in the prison of the lost. In the First Dungeon, this: "Come into this room. It is very small. But see: in the midst of it there is a girl, perhaps about eighteen years old. What a terrible dress she has on—her dress is made of fire. On her head she wears a bonnet of fire. It is pressed down close all over her head; it burns her head; it burns into her skin; it scorches

the bone of her skull and makes it smoke. The red-hot, fiery heat goes into the brain and melts it. You do not, perhaps, like a headache. Think what a headache that girl must have. But even more. She is wrapped up in flames, for her frock is fire. If she were on the earth she would be burned to a cinder in a moment. But she is in hell, where fire burns everything, but burns nothing away. There she will stand forever scorched and burning. She counts with her fingers the moments as they pass away slowly, for each moment seems to her like a hundred years. As she counts she remembers that she will have to count them forever and ever." In the Fourth Dungeon, this spectacle: "Look into this little prison. In the middle of it there is a boy, a young man. He is silent; despair is on him. He stands straight up. His eyes are burning like two burning coals. Two long flames come out of his ears. His breathing is difficult. Sometimes he opens his mouth, and breath of blazing fire rolls out of it. But listen! There is a sound, just like that of a kettle boiling. Is it really a kettle which is boiling? No. Then what is it? Hear what it is. The blood is boiling in the scalding veins of that boy. The brain is boiling and bubbling in his head. The marrow is boiling in his bones." All this, and much more of the same sort, is taught to children as perfectly literal, without a single intima-

tion that any part of it is figurative or symbolic. The dire and deadly consequences of wickedness cannot be overestimated; but the "penny dreadful" style of presenting eternal realities does not promote a wholesome and worthy effect in the tender heart of a little child.

Near the end of this balmy, dewy, and delectable volume prepared for the instruction and nurture of childhood in the Romish Church, a warning is given against Protestant "schools, in which children lose their Holy Faith." "Dear little children, they want you to come to their school in order to make you Protestants. It cannot be because they believe the Protestant religion to be the religion of Jesus Christ that they want to make you Protestants, for they know right well that the Protestant religion was made, not by Jesus Christ, but fifteen hundred years afterward by a wicked man called Luther, who broke his vows to God, and confessed that he made the Protestant religion to please the devil and spite the pope." A recent visitor to China writes: "The 'Temple of Horrors' is one of the sights of Canton. It contains representations of future punishment that are vivid enough to make even a Chinaman sober. Each little chapel contains representations of the torments of the damned. In one they are being boiled in oil, in another encased in a hollow tree and sawn asunder

down the whole length of the timber, and so on through a dozen different progressions of every conceivable torture. In each scene the god of the lower world is presented in some horrible form, and the poor culprits who are waiting their turn are standing in the background with terror on their faces. This temple is farmed out every year to a speculator who pays large rent for it, and receives all the offerings of the worshipers in return, and is said to make a fortune out of it. The practical Chinaman is not unwilling to make money, even out of a subject so horrible. The place is full of money changers and various offices, and seemed a strange mixture of sordid avarice and ghastly superstition." In the city of Tsi-nan, China, the Roman Catholic church has on its walls a lurid fresco of devils pitchforking human souls into a flaming pit. The Romish priest in charge when questioned about it says, with a grimace and shrug: "Oh, that is for the Chinese!" It seems, from the volume before us, that it is also considered proper nourishment for the tender souls of the sweet little children of Christian lands. A missionary, ten years in China, now sitting at our side, says that paganism, in its most abominable fabrications, has never devised anything in the way of religion so diabolical as this book contains.

In this most frightful book, which bears on its title-

page, in token of Church authorization, "*Permissu Superiorum*," the vicar-general sees, he says, "a great deal to charm, instruct, and edify" the youthful classes "for whose benefit it has been written." Is this the sort of milk for babes that the "Holy Mother Church" of Rome gives forth from her bosom to her nurslings in the closing decades of the nineteenth Christian century? Were it not better for infancy to be suckled by a she-wolf on the Roman hills? To such books as this, thrifty and unscrupulous professional infidels frequently resort for ammunition to use in their assaults upon the Christian religion, which they caricature as grossly as Furniss's Tracts for Spiritual Reading misrepresent it.

A PHILOSOPHICAL ROMANCE

THE temptation to attempt fiction often besets men who are not professional novelists. Notably the men of two professions, the medical and the clerical, acquire so much intimate knowledge of life and character, and of strange human histories, full of pathos, surprise, and tragedy, that the real wonder is that so many doctors and ministers keep from putting their large accumulations of material into stories. Doubtless their exclusive absorption in strict and immediate duties is what mostly prevents them. There is nothing to be surprised at in the success of some of these men of a different vocation when they deviate into fiction as an avocation, as when Ian Maclaren captures the field with *The Bonnie Brier Bush*, or Dr. S. Weir Mitchell writes, in *Hugh Wynne*, possibly the greatest American novel of its decade.

Mr. William H. Mallock, though not a physician nor a clergyman, is yet an example of those who make a venture into the field of fiction from outside of it. For some years the attention he attracted came by such writings as *Is Life Worth Living?*, *The New Republic*, *Property and Progress*, and similar serious

didactic discussions. But in the end of the century his tissues were invaded by the bacillus of that particular *cacoethes scribendi* which produces fiction, and the result was what he calls a philosophical romance, identical in spirit and purport with his previous writings, a study of the essential difference between vice and virtue and, in reality, only a long analysis of that eternal difference, but what the blunt and, Mr. Mallock thinks, the stupid British public calls an aimless and licentious story.

The severe censure pronounced upon his book in the court of public opinion constrained him to send out the second edition with a preface intended as an explanation and defense. If the meaning of the story had been half as clear as that of the preface, the latter would not have been needed, for the English reading public would not have misapprehended this author. It is not likely that the aforesaid public had any motive for misunderstanding Mr. Mallock of malice prepense. His story, he claims, is a purpose novel, intended to teach morality. But it seems fair to say that the necessity of supplementary statements, explanatory and defensive, convicts the teacher of a want of clearness, so diminishing his value and lowering his rank. The failure to make himself understood must be counted a defect in any instructor, whatever he may be teaching; and especially is it a

grave matter if his meaning is obscure or ambiguous when dealing with morals or theology, either in a pulpit, or in a romance, or in a lecture room.

Like many another Romance of the Nineteenth Century, Mr. Mallock's story needed, as a preventive against being misunderstood, a preface or a postscript, saying, This narrative is an honest effort to promote faith by exhibiting skepticism, virtuous wisdom by depicting vicious folly, and purity by a study of a society which is impure.

In this story of the effect of skepticism and sensualism the novelist meant to paint a picture of the earth with the salt of the earth withdrawn from it, a picture of human life minus faith in God, and with scientific atheism bearing its natural fruit of moral indifference, irresponsibility, frivolity, unscrupulousness, and general rottenness, a picture of a faithless epicurean society, of fashionable worldliness, cynicism, luxury, bordering all the time on actual vice and frequently falling into it, secretly if not openly. He thinks he has not offended against good taste or propriety in his details, but no one need complain that he has not made the picture sufficiently repulsive and sickening.

Several doctrines, it seems, are held in solution in the story for the reader to extract by some intellectual chemistry. The first is that the source of goodness

is historically in the human affections; that he who does not love his brother and his sister whom he has seen will not love God whom he has not seen; that capacity for loving conditions the possibility of goodness; and that nothing so helps one to believe in the divine love as an experience of human love. So that, for example, the man is blessed indeed, and mightily helped toward goodness, who has

A pure, good mother's name and memory
To hold by when the world grows thick and bad
And he feels out for virtue.

Happy he with such a mother.
Trust in womankind beats with his blood,
And faith in all things high (including God)
Comes easy to him.

The second doctrine taught is that the explanation of goodness is logically in the postulates of theology; that Christianity alone furnishes the rationale of real virtue; that the Bible's explanation of the genesis of goodness is the correct one: "It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do"; "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The third teaching is that goodness may exist before these postulates are assented to consciously and explicitly. It may exist in some who have never heard of those theological postulates and doctrines, or even in those to whom such teachings have been incomprehensibly, unacceptably, or unconvincingly presented.

The fourth lesson intended to be taught is that goodness is sure to be ruined in the long run when those postulates, the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith, are consciously and persistently denied and repudiated. This last is the chief and most obvious lesson of Mr. Mallock's book. Faith and goodness are inseparable; they live or die together. When a man ceases to believe in the Most High there is nothing that can surely prevent him from sinking to the most low, even to the bottomless pit. The author plainly shows in his romance that skepticism is as ruinous to the spiritual nature as sensuality is. This is set forth in the two principal characters, Ralph Vernon and Cynthia Walters, both of whom are ruined by materialism, he by philosophical and she by practical, he by doubt of the reality of spirit and she by surrender to the flesh; both, in consequence, without God and without hope in the world. Two souls lost, one by losing faith, the other by losing virtue; one went out into darkness and the shadow of death by the door of the intellect, and the other by the door of the senses.

Ralph Vernon says it was not the lust of the flesh or the pride of life that overcame him, though both of these assailed him. He did not lose hold of God by sinning, but went into sin because he had first lost hold on God through unbelief. His religion became

a forlorn doubt. From various books he filled himself with a philosophy which by degrees unspiritualizes, demoralizes, degrades, and debauches—a philosophy which is shown to be the subtle and powerful ally of evil by impairing the motives to goodness and diminishing the restraints from wrong. He tells us that, in his childhood, God seemed near to him, and that, as he grew older, his thoughts dwelt more and more with him. In his innocence and reverence the blasphemies and wickedness of the world seemed dreadful to him. A sense of the misery of the sin men lay wallowing in grew upon him. The great city became horrible to him when he knew that on all sides men were killing their own souls, and even young souls were corrupting themselves and being polluted. And then he drew near to God in personal devotion at the altar of the church, cleansing his heart and his hands as never before, that he might be found worthy, and he watched against the strong temptations of youth to keep himself pure. But when he had done this for four or five years a slow change crept over him. Doubts took possession of him from some book he read. Out from their pages came the spirit of an unbelieving age and played on him like a cold wind, chilling and numbing his soul. The sacraments became an outworn symbol, the Bible lost its sacred authority, his prayers grew faint, the sense of God's

presence departed from him, and he felt that his body, which had been a temple of the Holy Spirit, was filled with vain thoughts and desires which took possession and held carnival within him. God, who had been his life, his light, and his salvation, the one wealth of his soul, its central and only fire, became but the specter of a credulous imagination, the vanishing phantom of a puerile dream.

And this man found that doubting God is doubting all things, losing God is losing all good. The most steadfast things grew dubious and debatable, the world itself became a realm of unrealities, and life's worth-whileness was involved in dismalest uncertainty. Doubting God, how can he pray to one whose existence seems unreal? Doubting God, how can he feel any worthy interest in his fellow-men who are but fellow-ghosts? If he were sure of God, he could honor humanity and love men because they were his children and therefore of eternal dignity and value. But the man himself says: "Without God, they are but shadows, they are no more than I who am the most void and frail of shadows; they get no hold on me, nor I on them. We are all unsubstantial ghosts together." Doubting God, all noble effort seems useless. Whenever Ralph Vernon desired to apply himself to any active endeavor, an evil spirit whispered in his ear: "To what purpose? Are not all things

vanity?" Having lost God, he abandons his Bible for books which discrown it of its dignity as the supreme exponent of the highest vocation of man—books which repudiate the supernatural, lower and lessen the sanctions of morality, and make light of the spiritual life, holding man's remorse over sin and desire for peace with God and for holiness of heart to be but morbid hysteria, and regarding science as more than religion, art as more than morals, knowledge as more than purity, sensual pleasures as more than the beatific vision, and an unskillful bricklayer as a more tragic object than a ruined soul.

As years go on existence has no more seriousness for him than tableaux which mimic real life and charades which set riddles for guessing. People who know him think that he takes only a speculative interest in the most momentous matters, and describe him as a man who would like to know God—on the supposition that there is a God—not to obey and glorify him, but just to discuss his nature and observe and criticise his methods. One intimate acquaintance says: "Religion is merely an intellectual question with Ralph Vernon, a tiresome riddle that piques him because he cannot answer it." Few give him credit for sincerity and earnestness. A rough-tongued cousin said, "He is incapable of really loving anybody," and a keen woman spoke of him as the worst form of

voluptuary, not gross in his tastes, but self-indulgent to the last degree of luxuriousness, and making a playground of the sacreddest places of his soul, as if a temple were turned into a *café chantant*.

In the fashionable society which dwells in villas along the Mediterranean, frequents Monte Carlo, and lives to amuse itself, this man who has lost faith falls in with a woman who has secretly lost virtue. These two unhappy souls are drawn together by mutual misery and by other affinities. Between them arises a friendship which with all its defects is as noble as is possible to two such spirits. They like, they pity, they try to help each other. In time each comes to know or to suspect the secret of the other's sadness. There is no vice in their relationship; rather, this friendship, with all its defects, is altogether the best thing in his life and in hers. Nor are they hardened into moral indifference; rather they look back wistfully, the one to his happy faith, the other to her happy innocence. But their efforts to help each other by the recovery of what has been lost prove futile. Neither has moral buoyancy or seaworthiness enough to offer safety to the other. They seem more likely to imperil than to aid each other, and there is fear lest only ultimate disaster come from the contiguity of these two religious wrecks. Once she is honest enough to warn him that he cannot save her without more co-

operation than she is able to give. She says: "Good women, when they need repentance, repent. They do the one thing I cannot do." Her past is as unescapable as it is hateful. The whole sad tale is a tragedy of moral debility. Pale, ineffectual ghosts haunt the darkened chambers where faith and virtue once kept house. "Enough, yet not enough" is the ever-recurring record. He has enough conscience to keep him from being content with an epicurean life, but not enough to lift him out of it; enough sense of responsibility to disquiet him, but not enough to nerve him to self-denial. He has an occasional impulse to pray, but his praying is like a man on the Brocken bowing to the huge bowing specter which he knows to be but the magnified shadow of himself projected on the mist. Such words as these are in his prayers: "I am not sure if you have any existence—you, the God I am crying to. Perhaps you are only a dream—an idea—a passing phenomenon in man's mental history." The woman tells him to his face, "There is something wanting in you. You are good enough to make me wish for holiness, but not good enough to make me able to attain it," and she says: "You love me enough to be made wretched by me, but not nearly enough to be made happy by me." Spite of his skepticism there are times when he sees that what we are and what we make ourselves is something of infinite and

eternal moment, that vice and virtue are as heaven and hell asunder, so that space with its million stars is as nothing to the gulf between them. And then he sees God real enough and near enough to beseech him to cleanse this woman and restore her to himself. But the blandishments of sense soon obscure the spirit's vision and the prayed-for purification does not happen to the woman, who, herself, has power to prevent it. He longs to cast the devils out of one who tells him she has seven, but he is not at all inclined to the sort of prayer and fasting which makes a successful driver-out of demons. In moments of self-knowledge he realizes that he is a sham, and says to himself: "I am a brute, a dolt, and a hypocrite. Only two nights ago I thought I would lay bare my mind to God. My mind seemed to me a little rose garden of fragrant sorrows. I forgot there was in it a stagnant sewer. Ah, the shattered fabric of my whole moral existence!" And this is what the loss of God through unbelief has done for a fine-natured and generous man. For a veritable Magdalene there may be a better chance than for Pilate if he rejects the Truth with a mocking sneer or a stony disbelief. The Great One said that there is more hope for publicans and harlots than for unbelieving scribes and hypocritical, proud Pharisees. There is something worse than even garments spotted by the flesh, and that is to disbelieve in

the reality of the holy. When Vernon says all his trouble arises from having no God to believe in, he confesses a fatal condition. From slips in sensual mire one may retrieve himself, if only he has that hold on something above which faith in the Divine gives him. But if he has no staple or fastening overhead to run his halyards through, how can he get any purchase to haul himself up out of the mire? And if there be no God in heaven, who is there to reach down and lift him up?

The woman in Mr. Mallock's story is as miserably helpless as the man. She prays now and then, but it is to the Holy Virgin or to Saint Mary Magdalene. She keeps a Bible at her bedside and opens it sometimes in the mornings, but her reading runs perversely and suspiciously to the least spiritual parts. She tells her friend: "I have enough faith left to make me miserable, but not enough to make me hopeful. My faith has lost its courage, but, like other cowards, it can still bully and terrify me. My life is bitter with the lees of a faith from which the finer spirit has evaporated." And she confesses: "All the holy things I was brought up to long for, and for which, till I had ruined myself, I did long—they seem fabulous or like wavering images to me now."

From opposite sides Ralph Vernon and Cynthia Walters have come to the same forlorn plight. She

has been disloyal to the holiest things she knew, grieving the Spirit by yielding to the enticement of the carnal, and the penalty is to lose touch and sight of them. He has been disloyal to holy things by withdrawing his trust in their reality, and they have faded out of sight in the fog of unbelief. Both have turned their backs upon those things and treated them as if they were not.

Moreover, this skeptic, losing faith in God, goes to the very brink of utter sensualism, and this poor victim of carnal desires passes over into a skepticism as hopeless as his. He finds Renan and Strauss and other faith destroyers on her library shelves, and she surprises him by saying: "It is not the masculine reason alone that is capable of skepticism. A mere woman may sometimes achieve the same greatness or have it thrust upon her. She, too, can doubt the reality of all she has held most valuable." And then she whispers, shudderingly, to herself: "How wicked I am! How shall I ever make myself good for anything?" Oh, the curse of destructive books! No wonder an eminent master of literature writes feelingly of "the indelible stain left on the imagination by three words of Juvenal, or the discolored spot in the mind which tells where a poisoned arrow from the death-dealing bow of Voltaire had struck, or the pollution of a part of life by the elaborate literary machinery

of that cuttlefish, Sterne." Worthy as Mr. Mallock defines his purpose to be, his book falls under Professor C. T. Winchester's complaint that novelists nowadays usually make the heroine "a person of undeveloped character and crude emotions, and often of narrow intelligence—a woman quite without moral or spiritual attractiveness," so that "one sometimes fears that the good woman is likely to disappear from modern literature altogether. The hectic, ill-balanced, morbid persons that take her place are a libel upon the beauty and charm of healthy womanhood."

The supreme lesson of this philosophical Romance of the Nineteenth Century is that infidelity and sensuality are in ultimate effect likely to prove equivalent and to merge into each other; that whether you cherish unbelief or cherish immorality, you abandon God and cherish a viper which will kill the soul. How, then, is the sin of the intellect superior in the last analysis and final result to the sin of the flesh? As they lie dead together, victims of the same foul beast of a man, how is Ralph Vernon better off than Cynthia Walters. When the Holy City is sacked and burned, what matters it to the smoking ruins whether the enemy marched in by the Golden Gate or by the Dung Gate? If the immediate jewel of the soul be missing from the golden casket in the inner chamber, what difference whether the thief entered by the cellar

or by the skylight? We fear it is all one to the bloated dead man with the venom in his blood whether he was bitten by that spirited and sparkling reptile, the diamond rattler, striking high with dash and brilliance through sun and air, or by the dull, dark, dirty water moccasin crawling in the black ooze of the bayou.

EXCESSIVE OPTIONALISM IN EDUCATION

THE discussion of present educational methods waxes so energetic that he who ventures in on the old-fashioned side exposes himself to epithets and other similar missiles. Recently a university professor of philosophy called the president of a city board of education who differed with him on a question of method "a fine old educational mastodon"—a fossil, in short. Nevertheless, we feel moved to state partially, yet as distinctly as may be, the conservative side of a vital and pressing question, the side which in these days is only infrequently presented. Concerning the "new education" we write in no spirit of asceticism or Puritanic austerity. We recognize that the "improved methods" are in many respects a real improvement. We have no sympathy with the man who looks back at the generation coming after him and thinks that none of the young men there is preparing to become as great as he feels himself to be. Rather, we believe that by reason of superior advantages the graduates of 1908 ought to surpass their predecessors, and that they will do so, unless there be underneath all the advantages some deep and radical

defect in the training given them. So strongly does the current of education set in the direction of optionalism that it would not be easy for any body of men to reverse it, and we do not expect to whirl even a little backward eddy in the sedge grass at the border of the swift-running stream; we simply set up on its bank a few interrogation points, which none would be happier than we to see bowled down by any solid facts that can be rolled against them; and we do expect that a natural reaction will set in presently toward sobriety and sanity. Briefly, our feeling is that the new education has some grave perils, that in our colleges the elective system is in danger of being overdone, that specialization begins too early and proceeds too narrowly, excluding things essential, and, in general, that too much optionalism is being infused into educational methods and the training of youth.

The president of a Universalist college being present at the alumni dinner of a Methodist college on commencement day was invited to make one of the after-dinner speeches. His theme was the new education, which he eulogized as vastly superior to the old methods, and in describing it he emphasized, as its distinguishing peculiarity, the fact that it follows the student's aptitudes and proclivities, permitting his education to move along the line of least resistance. To provide for this indulgence of personal preference

a wide and varied curriculum of studies is offered, from among which each student to a considerable extent elects what he likes. Its principle is optionalism as against rigid requirement. One listener to the aforesaid postprandial speech caught himself wondering whether a Universalist pedagogue might naturally be expected to carry optionalism to an extreme, optionalism being education made easy, as Universalism is salvation made easy. In both, largely, a man is supposed to come out all right by doing about what he likes.

In recording here some sober misgivings we but state doubts which do now lie in the minds of numerous men of observation and experience, standing in the prime of their powers. They would like to be convinced that the new methods are the best for producing approximately an ideal manhood, but at present they are troubled with serious questionings.

1. *The ideal manhood is symmetrical.* Certainly symmetry is everywhere recognized as the physical ideal. It is what the mother desires for her child, the sculptor aims at realizing in his statue, and the physical director tries to develop in his pupil. The best-equipped and most thorough institutions of to-day subject each student on entering to physical measurements and tests, with a view to ascertaining what disproportions and weaknesses exist, so that spe-

cial exercise may be prescribed to strengthen whatever muscles are feeble, to correct abnormal habits of carriage or action, and to remedy whatever defects exist. Is not mental symmetry equally essential to the ideal manhood? Or is there so little analogy between body and mind that lopsidedness of mental development is the thing to be desired and planned for? The present trend in educational methods is indicated in a recent utterance of one of our educators: "Greater pains should be taken to determine each student's potentialities." This we do not dispute. But is it not quite as important to pay considerable attention to the student's impotentialities, to discover what faculties are comparatively weak? And then ought not some special provision and effort be made to insure the development of his feebler faculties by systematic stimulation and exercise thereof? Left to himself, the student will naturally do the things which he does most easily and best likes to do. For pleasure and for distinction he will use and exercise his strongest faculties and not his feeblest. Exercise develops and strengthens faculty; and the result will be that the stronger faculties will develop increased power, while the weaker ones will shrink into worse atrophy and impotence. Thus the abnormalities, whether congenital or acquired, will be steadily exaggerated, symmetry will be farther and farther departed from, im-

moderate eccentricities will be produced, and insanity itself will be risked, if not invoked. If this reasoning is valid, true to nature and experience, how could the new education silence the critic who should say that it seems to him like a scheme for enlarging Cyrano de Bergerac's nose and for further extending the under jaw of a man whose chin now resembles a plowshare? Is it not virtually a plan for tipping the Leaning Tower of Pisa till a plumb line from the center of gravity falls outside the base, and for capsizing a ship which already has a dangerous list to starboard or port? And, taking a long look ahead, must not the new system contemplate the possibility, if not the probability, of some startlingly unbalanced results? It is well known that one particular aptitude sometimes pervades and characterizes a family. Now, if this family bent, uncounterbalanced and steadily indulged, is passed on from father to son, each successively following that bent, there may be produced in a few generations by the aid of heredity some prodigious eccentricities and frightful deformities. It is desirable to have a system of education which will not chiefly manufacture faddists, hobbyists, and cranks, which will not populate museums with freaks or asylums with monomaniacs, but will produce a large number of symmetrically developed minds. The education which moves in the line of least resist-

ance, indulges the natural preference, and encourages chiefly, if not almost exclusively, the strongest aptitude, may develop prodigies, men phenomenally acute and brilliant in some one direction, but can anybody claim for it that it is likely to produce symmetrically proportioned and well-balanced men?

The new system says: "Instead of requiring all students to study to a large extent the same things, let each one specialize by taking up what he prefers. Then insist on a high standard in that, and you will turn out more competent and useful men than the old system produced. What is the use of an engineer studying Greek, or a theologian mathematics?" An American educator, advocating the new methods, asks: "If a student has a special natural aptness for languages, and desires to cultivate that gift, why should he be required to master mathematics?" The old system says he should be so required in order that he may not be without the benefit of that particular kind of discipline which is given by mathematics and not by languages, and in order that his intellectual development may not show such want of bilateral symmetry as caused the Scriptures to observe that the legs of the lame are not equal. It is better for symmetrical development that mathematics be insisted on, as they are at Dublin, than ignored, as they are at Oxford, as requisites for every degree in arts. A cor-

responding argument, of course, can be made for giving the classics their due place. The tendency of excessive specialization is to produce not only unsymmetrical but partially informed minds. Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of Trinity College, Dublin, deplors that the elective principle has been carried so far in both Oxford and Cambridge that, after a very slight test in arts, almost any student is allowed to devote the rest of his course to one subject only, with the result that many university men are graduated without so much as an inkling of astronomy or ethics or psychology or mechanics. And the professor thinks that it is not in England that optionalism has gone to wildest excesses, for he writes: "The largest example of a bustled-up modern education, on the new principle that everybody is to choose what he likes, is the education given by many modern universities in America. I doubt that anyone in Europe would urge us to follow that example." Against these excesses there are among us also many earnest protests. An American college president writes: "Early specializing is to be avoided. It is too common. What we need is well-informed scholars, well-rounded thinkers, liberally educated men of broad and generous mental sympathies." Yet the liberally educated and well-rounded man is often violently disparaged, as in this sentence from a recent discussion: "There is no more

dangerous and bungling Jack-at-all-trades than the all-around scholar." And of one such it is written: "There was nothing he could not do badly." Technical education, instead of being added to and built upon a liberal education, is largely displacing it, and the value of symmetrical intellectual development is being lost sight of. Are these the methods for approximating the ideal manhood?

2. *The ideal manhood is sturdy, hardy, strong of will, self-controlled, masterful, dauntless.* Many, especially of those educated under the old regime, doubt whether the indulgent system which allows a student to move in the line of least resistance, to go through college doing mostly what he likes and what comes easiest to him, is likely to develop in him the most virile and victorious power. This doubt had utterance last winter at the annual dinner of the Harvard alumni in New York. The professor who presided spoke at length on the advantages of the elective system in promoting intellectual growth. After him followed our newly appointed ambassador to the court of Saint James, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, who said: "I had not the good fortune to be educated under the elective system. In the halcyon days of my college course there was no such method as has just been described, and I do not know, myself, about the virtues of it. But if you are to judge a system by the

men it has produced, is it quite clear that the new surpasses the old as much as some of the present faculty seem to imagine? Let me recall some of the great sons of Harvard, and ask whether the system of culture which produced such men as Everett, Sumner, Phillips, Holmes, Emerson, Lowell, Hoar, Eliot, and Carter [cries of "And Choate"] is to be despised and deemed greatly inferior?" It is fairly certain that the ambassador's query was not so much a question of fact, raised to be decided by comparing the graduates of different decades, as it was a doubt, based on fundamental principles, whether the newer methods are fitted to produce the stronger men—a doubt which is entitled to respectful hearing, since it is expressed by not a few experienced and sagacious thinkers, and can be shown to have some philosophic warrant.

A typical utterance of the new education is that quoted from the president of a great university that "a subject is good for a student precisely in proportion to his liking for it, or, in other words, to his taste and capacity for it." The youth of today hear in many places a voice which seems to say: "Why weary, vex, and punish yourself? Elect what is easiest; get excused from the distasteful; shun the arduous. If something is difficult for you, drop it." It is the voice of lenience, luxury, and self-indulgence. It is the hedonism of the Sybarite. It sounds like

the voice of Rousseau, the unrivaled apostle of optionalism, or the gospel of doing as you please. Its soothing message is like the soft, relaxing south wind, and unlike the bracing counsel given aforetime by sturdier voices. Emerson advised, "Do the thing you are afraid to do"; so you conquer fear. Tennyson by implication urged to "face the specters of the mind"; that is the way to lay them and to cultivate courage. Is it harsh or irrational advice which says to a young man, "Force yourself sometimes to do the thing you dislike to do, in order that you may acquire and have in readiness for each austere emergency the triumphant ability to do it"? When difficulty stands up against a man on the path to some high achievement and says tauntingly, "You can't; you daren't," it is not a puerile but a virile temper which, stung by the taunt, fronts the difficulty with set jaw and stiffening spine, and doggedly mutters through its teeth, "By the help of Him who made me I WILL!" And a man is never more worthily and legitimately happy than when he has knocked the head off that insolent word "Impossible." But to do it requires extensor muscles which have practiced much at buffeting. We, for our part, cannot help counting that education to be superior which fosters such a temper and develops and drills such ability. This power M. Demolins, the Frenchman, had in mind when, in his book on the

causes of Anglo-Saxon superiority, he pointed out to France the necessity of rearing men of force and firm fiber, and not merely apt and accomplished scholars. We wholly agree with Mr. Huxley and place a high estimate on his wisdom when he defines the object of an education to be "the ability to do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like to do it or not." Without that ability no man is properly called educated; nor is he prepared for the tug and stress of life, for frequently the thing you have to do is a thing you do not like to do. The power to disregard inclination and to do with might and main what ought or needs to be done is of supreme importance. If educational methods fail to give the student that power, the failure is a fatal one, since it prevents the possibility of a dynamic manhood.

Michael Faraday wrote a great lecture on "The Education of the Judgment." As great a one might be written on "The Education of the Will." That lecture would undoubtedly say that the will is not educated by habitual indulgence of the preference for what comes easiest. The rugged governor of New York, himself an embodiment of decisive energy, recently urged on the students at Ithaca the doing of each small duty with care, never flinching when the doing of it involved self-denial and hardship. The one reiterated lesson of his address was the resolute

performance of every duty, private or public, no matter how distasteful. Certain it is that the graduate who lacks grip and grit for the arduous, the tedious, the wearisome, the disagreeable, will be a feeble factor in the world. Life often sets us tasks which go against the grain, and requires everywhere for serviceableness and success "a working will with a force that does not tire and an edge that does not turn." Henry M. Stanley said of Glave, the African explorer: "He is a man who relishes a task in proportion to its hardness, and greets danger with a fierce joy." In him was never seen John Morley's "somber acquiescence in duty." The virile and valiant temper is not born and bred by drifting on the tide of inclination. Only by "rowing hard against the stream" does one ever come in sight of the gleaming gates of that distant Eden which is promised exclusively to the overcomer. A certain graduate having two invitations to teach, one a chair of mathematics and the other of languages, chose for the sake of self-discipline the one which his natural taste and aptitude rendered the more difficult to him. He decided to go ahead on the line of greatest resistance. Will the new education tell us whether he was foolish or wise?

Kipling, in *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*, speaking of the British soldier of today, writes that "the discipline of four years is not sufficient to drive tough-

ness into his fiber or to teach him how holy a thing is his regiment. He wants to drink, he wants to enjoy himself, and he does not in the least like getting hurt." Kipling adds that by present methods of half-education her majesty's army, thirty years hence, "will be a beautifully unreliable machine; it will know too much, and it will do too little." Now, knowledge is a great thing, but the power to do is greater. Stores of information are worth toiling hard to acquire, but the most precious acquisition of the process is the increased power to toil, the fortitude to endure, the will to go against forbidding obstacles and stand up to the work when it grows trying and severe. To attain such power the immature student must come first or last and pretty extensively under sharp and rigorous compulsions. The discipline of four years must "drive toughness into his fiber." He must come in contact with something hard and obstructive enough to rub the velvet off his antlers. Colts, as a rule, before they are well broken for steady and trusty service need to feel "the lash that falls, and the curb that galls, and the sting of the roweled steel."

A recent writer criticises and deplores the easy-going, indecisive, inefficient spirit of the times as follows: "Instead of grasping a situation with will and force, and with the consciousness of innate power capable of pushing into it for a satisfactory solution,

we wait the logic of events to give us some opportunity for avoiding settlement altogether. Thus few men in our day hew their way into the callings of their lives. They simply move in the line of least resistance. A young man thinks he will be a minister possibly, or an electrical engineer perhaps, and comes out an architect. A student selects the studies which will, with least difficulty, lead up to a degree; and the result is a mass of nondescripts educated in name, but only half educated in fact."

Confessions of unsatisfactory results under modern methods come even from advocates and operators of them. A New England college president, observing the effects of those methods, wrote two years ago: "Many—and the number is increasing—feel that the results of our educational work are far from satisfactory. Pupils' minds do not grow as they should under processes of education. Young people end their studies with flabby minds, unable to analyze keenly or to generalize truthfully or far. This is made manifest when they come to write. The report, newspaper article, treatise, essay, or whatever the writing may be lacks unity, continuity, and progress."

Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, addressing some students, said: "Let us remember that there is one thing more important than making a living, and that is making a life." On those wise words another

wisely comments: "What a chasm there is between making a living and making a life! Never was a greater gulf fixed. Life needs enthusiasm; it involves toil and suffering; it rests on insight and will and the ability to maintain a persistent course in the face of difficulty and danger. That is how a life is made. Making a living is much simpler. It calls for no great courage, enthusiasm, or heroic endurance. It does not demand the high qualities which are requisite to give to human character its proper strength and dignity and crown. A living is not a life, and never will be."

The education which renders men capable of making a living, but incapable of making a life, is defective and deplorable. We heartily agree with the words of Professor Mahaffy in *The Nineteenth Century*: "In order to a liberal education every student must be taught a certain number of subjects *whether he likes them or not*. To urge, as many do, that a boy ought only to learn what he has a taste for is to throw an ægis over sloth and incompetence. The only thing boys generally have a taste for is for amusing themselves; many of them have a taste for mere idleness; only a very small minority have a taste for any definite serious pursuit, and if they have, they will prosecute it under any circumstances. The first step in any education is to recognize that it means

drudgery, and that no human mind has attained anything in the way of training till it can apply itself with vigor and patience to subjects for which it has no liking. Nor is it in the least true that men never succeed at studies unless they have a taste for them. The first Lord Redesdale left it on record that he had never met a successful man at the bar who had taken to the law because he felt for it a natural aptitude. It may be set down as an axiom that until a man has learned to apply his mind intelligently and without friction to whatever problem is set before him he is not properly educated."

3. *The ideal man is religious.* We come now to the most serious peril in the drift of the new methods. The tendency of modern college life is to surrender to the tender mercies of optionalism venerable requirements which from time immemorial have been depended on to conserve and promote religion and morality. We refer specifically to attendance on Sunday church services and daily chapel prayers and the study of the Bible, moral philosophy, and the Christian evidences. The good old custom has been to require them all. The growing disposition is to make some or all of them elective. Is not this virtually saying to the undergraduate that these things are no necessary part of human education and development?

As to the study of the Bible, of ethics, and of the

evidences, are not those who need them most the least likely to elect them? And is there not a possibility that the boy who takes logic, but is not required to study moral philosophy, may use his logic to reason that the study of ethics, being declared by authority of the college to be nonessential, the practice of ethics must be unimportant? Further and finally, would it be surprising if such reasoning should lead, in the ultimate extreme result, to numerous licentious orgies of optionalism, playing at ducks-and-drakes with decencies and dignities, proprieties and purities, verities and sanctities? President Raymond, of Wesleyan, in his lucid exposition of the merits and faults of the Herbartian system of education, noted as its worst defect the undue predominance given to the pupil's inclination and feeling of interest. He said: "The doctrine of interest needs to be supplemented by the doctrine of duty. There may be many things a boy needs to learn which are for his interest, although not interesting to him. There are many things a man has to do which demand that he summon his powers and hold himself to his task by the force of a well-disciplined will. Indeed, much of the work of life has to be done at the call of duty." It is not too much to say that the whole course of education should exalt the authority of duty over inclination. If the maxim of Herbart is true, which says that "the final purpose

of education is morality," then nothing is more important than to make sure that every student shall be taught, whether he elects or not, the deep foundations, divine sanctions, unequalled majesty, and eternal rewards of duty. A well-known college president, pointing out some unsatisfactory results of increasingly prevalent methods, says: "Worst of all, the majority of our students, even at maturity, are distressingly lacking in moral enthusiasm." Inquiring for a remedy, he expresses his judgment that the curriculum should be so changed as to put "unprecedented emphasis on moral character and conduct. There should be a continuous training in ethical matters, not confined to a single miserable term, which is only better than nothing, but running through the entire course. Ethical teaching should be carefully and pungently applied to all the capital problems of life. All capital problems are more or less moral problems."

As to church and chapel attendance, is it not true that the student who is averse to acknowledging God by worship or giving religion any recognition in his life is precisely the one who needs to have the indispensableness of these things impressed by stated and obligatory religious observances? His aversion, or apathy, so far from being a reason why he should be excused from such observance, is a sign that he, most of all, ought to be held to it. And he is more likely

to feel religion's appeal and to come to a realization of its importance if kept in contact with its rites and manifestations than if allowed to stay away beyond their touch and influence. That was a wise college president who, when asked his opinion concerning the propriety of required chapel attendance, answered sententiously: "God is not an elective." From beginning to end of his course it should be systematically impressed upon the student by every possible means that religion, which is the only firm foundation for ethics, is indispensable. Only religion can sustain his self-respect, grounding it on his likeness to and relations with God, including the destiny consequent thereupon; only religion can make him take his own existence seriously, without recklessness or frivolity; only religion can render life earnest and thoroughly sincere; only religion can give birth and breeding to such reverence and humility of spirit as will deliver from vanity and foolish pride; only religion can properly motive his activity, making him feel the glow and uplift of a noble mission; only religion can make him worthy, prosperous, and happy "while life and thought and being last or immortality endures."

It is impossible to respect institutions which send out men who, instead of singing Faber's great hymn, "Faith of our fathers," are agnostics or freethinkers,

all adrift without chart or compass, anchor or sounding line; men who do not go to church or observe the Sabbath, who build homes where religion and the Bible have no authority or recognition, where children are reared to disregard of the Sabbath, to wine and beer, to theaters, and to games which the law forbids and the courts define as gambling. It is impossible not to perceive that the situation today and the drift toward still more excessive optionalism in matters of the mind and of the soul loudly proclaim the superior value of the denominational colleges where the one supreme interest of existence is not ignored, where alone religion has due recognition, where the spiritual life is positively fostered, where a highly ethical religiousness furnishes the standard of manly conduct, and where an idealizing, purifying, and ennobling devotional spirit is not absent from the atmosphere of the institution, but breathes through all its life and is perceptible to every visitor.

All friends of positively Christian education must see how urgent is the need that the denominational colleges be speedily endowed with means and equipped with necessary buildings, apparatus, library, and teaching force to provide all the educational advantages that can be found in any state institutions. If those best and most indispensable of all colleges—the denominational—are to be maintained with any hope

of their fulfilling their distinguishing function, they must be enabled to compete successfully for students against rival institutions which have no positively religious character. The policy of dividing resources by multiplying feeble and struggling colleges is not the path to such a result. Concentration and consolidation are often strategic watchwords which point to wisdom's way.

Surveying the educational field today, and listening to current discussions, the conviction is driven in upon us that it is to the denominational colleges we must chiefly look for a manhood approximating the ideal—a manhood at once well-balanced, robust, and religious—the sort of manhood which will give dignity, steadiness, strength, and safety to the republic.

"A PRIMITIVE AND CHILDISH NOTION"

IF we should believe what is told us by certain gentlemen who must be some centuries older than they appear, we would conclude that Christianity has been logically and scientifically dead a long time, though not yet sensible of it. It must be like the woman in Hardy's poem, "The Slow Nature." The foundations went from under it, they say, a long while ago, and it remains standing through sheer obstinacy, mere force of habit, or an inconsequent mind, like the gunner who stood by his gun and kept on loading, taking aim, and firing after his head was blown off. Unlike Dr. Holmes's katydid, which says "an undisputed thing in such a solemn way," these antique gentlemen keep repeating a thing which is not only generally disputed, but abundantly disproved. Their oft-reiterated irreligious dogma is that "dogmatic religion may be said to have received a fatal wound three centuries ago when the Ptolemaic system was succeeded by the Copernican, and the real relation of the earth to the universe was disclosed." Yes, it "may be said," and it is so said by a few benighted and belated persons, who must be ignorant of the nature of things, un-

acquainted with modern history, and unaware of great Christian events now going on around them; but it must be retorted, with the instantaneousness of a rifle-flash, that there is no evidence of the truth of such a statement, so that whoever says it makes an assertion which he cannot prove, and which he ought to know is completely disproved by notorious facts under his own eyes and over all the world.

These antiquated doctrinaires reason that if Copernicus's astronomic theory is true, then the gospel is false. Firing off their misconstrued syllogisms at Christianity, they watch to see it drop dead. They are the surprised and mystified victims of their own false reasoning and materialistic philosophy. They declare, with Goldwin Smith, that "Christian doctrine is geocentric; it assumes our earth to be the center of the universe, the primary object of divine care, and the grand theater of divine administration." They are three hundred years out of date and have modern Christianity that much out of focus. It is a pity they are not better informed and more careful in their statements. They ought to know that as a matter of fact Christian theology does not assume the earth to be the center of the universe, and as a matter of reasoning it has no need to assume it. In being the chief support of the schools and colleges which teach the Copernican astronomy Christianity does not

undermine its own doctrines. And the idea that it has any logical, polemical, or apologetic need for Ptolemy or his geocentric theories is, as John Fiske curtly and pungently remarks, "a primitive and childish notion." Christianity holds, not exactly as Professor Smith puts it, but that this small earth is *among* the objects of divine care, *one* of the avenues of divine manifestation, and that man is not so insignificant as to be beneath the notice of the immanent God revealed by modern science when rightly interpreted, but long ago declared by Holy Scripture, who filleth all in all and upholdeth all things by the word of his power, who, as Paul said, is not far from any one of us, in whom we live and move and have our being; of whom Tennyson wrote: "Closer is he than breathing, nearer than hands and feet." When a befogged and belated professor tiresomely repeats, "It cannot be denied that the gospel history is adjusted physically and theologically to the mistaken idea that the earth is the center of the universe," we must answer, if any answer is worth while, if the partridge is worth the cartridge, that it can be denied, that it is and ever will be denied; for the Gospel is not tied up with any particular cosmogony, ancient or modern. Most surely the great essential truths of the New Testament are not involved with the cosmography and astronomy of an unscientific era.

Frederick Harrison, the English positivist, thinks the Christian faith could not possibly have originated in an age that had a heliocentric astronomy. Why could it not as easily originate as survive, thrive, and expand in such an age, as it assuredly and visibly does? Against it, in fact, heliocentrism and cosmic vastness appear not to militate in the least degree. It is plain truth, as the London Spectator said in answering Mr. Harrison, that modern astronomical science has not impaired the validity of those conceptions of man's nature and value which are found in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures; men of the best brain as well as of the purest lives and loftiest character in this most scientific of centuries have held the Christian faith firmly, counting it intellectually rational as well as morally obligatory and practically necessary so to do.

The most highly educated mind of the age deems it a mistake to imagine that the stars, as arranged by Copernicus and his successors, shed down sinister, baleful, and lethal intimations around the altar of our holy faith. Boötes, leading his hunting dogs across the meridian in a leash of sidereal fire, is not hunting Christianity to death. Above the bowed head of the intelligent Christian worshiper the influences of the Pleiades and of all the other stars are sweet and friendly. The orrery which puts the earth in its

small proper place is not a mill for grinding evangelical doctrine to powder.

Primitive, and puerile beyond belief, are some of the notions of a few supposedly intelligent men. One of them, in a very recent volume, says, in substance, to the Christian thinker: "Once admit that the appearance of the sun's rising and setting is an illusion caused by the earth's revolution, concede that the earth is round and turns over on its axis, and you have admitted a principle that makes your creeds and philosophies whirl like soap bubbles. Your creeds and philosophies are based on a different fact, proceed from different premises, and are totally inadequate to face the scientific facts." To write in such a fashion now, after the Christian creeds and philosophies have known for centuries all about the earth's revolution, and long ago discounted it and adjusted their conceptions and teachings with it without showing the smallest sign of floating away like soap bubbles, but rather continuing to roll and shine in their ancient orbits, like solid planets illumining the darkness of humanity's night—this seems like mental imbecility foretokening softening of the brain.

There was a time when such notions were, in a sense, natural and in some degree excusable. Even the church in the sixteenth century thought as these men now think. The official guardians of the church

then imagined that if the teachings of Copernicus were right, the doctrines of the church and the Christian faith itself would be overthrown. In a panic of fear, afraid for its very life, the church of that time did some wild, desperate, and wicked things. It persecuted men of science and burned Giordano Bruno to death. For its own safety, it reasoned, the teachings of astronomy and the deductions therefrom must be disproved or suppressed. If the church could not disprove them, it would exterminate the men who taught them, as if shooting the captain were equivalent to sinking the ship. That the church should hold such notions then is to be regretted, but was no more than might have been expected. Dazed and bewildered by the new discoveries, it had not had time to adjust itself to the new light. But the church long ago learned better, got over its panic, adjusted its exegesis and its theology to the facts of science, confessed its errors, and repented of its sins. A most amazing phenomenon it is that the foolish old notion that Copernicus had demolished the gospel, which notion from its very origin was all the time discredited by the steady survival of the faith, and was soon discarded as a bugbear raised by hysterical misapprehension, is now adopted and reiterated by a few poorly informed skeptical writers, ignorant of history and misconceiving the nature of things, whose cling-

ing to a long-obsolete and shallow misconception seems most unaccountable. Nothing is more absurd than to imagine that the fate of Christianity is involved in the fate of grotesque primitive cosmogonies framed in the infancy of man's knowledge.

THE LAW OF PARSIMONY

THE decree has gone forth that expenses must be reduced throughout all systems of thought. The agent of a modern consensus is going through the entire range of our intellectual operations discharging supernumeraries, issuing orders to dispense with superfluous theories, postulates, and doctrines, saying: "This, that, and the other is unnecessary; I'll show you how to do without it." The agent of this general reduction walks in among the theologians and says: "In order to enable your theology to meet the demands of reason and fact you must cut off various extravagant doctrines; if you do not, bankruptcy impends; you are indulging in unjustifiable luxuriousness of belief." To evangelical churches the agent says: "You must aim at greater terseness in your creeds by wiping off superfluities; faith must be more frugal, more circumspect, circumscribed, and abstemious in its affirmations." From various pulpits and printed pages the devout are told that they have believed too much about God, Christ, and the Bible. It is announced that hard times, a period of depression, with panics and crashes, is at hand for Faith,

and she is warned that the shrinkage of securities has so cut down her income that she must reduce her style of living and practice rigid economy. The law of parsimony is pressed upon our intellectual and religious life from various directions, by physical science, by antichristian philosophies, and by rationalistic biblical criticism. Our interpretations of the Bible, of human nature, human life, and the world are bidden to use lower and cheaper theories. One voice or another orders us to dispense with views which regard the Holy Scriptures as the product of special divine inspiration, or in any respect supernatural; to dismiss our ideas of a Divine Providence, or of the value and reasonableness of prayer, or of the influencing of the human spirit by the divine, or of the imperishability of man; to surrender the miraculous, including the supernatural Christ and his deeds, and to postpone, retire, and if possible do without a divine Creator.

The law of parsimony requires that all investigations in science, philosophy, or theology shall ask at every point, "What are the fewest number of data which, being granted, will explain the phenomena of experience?" In scientific study, for example, nothing short of necessity justifies the framing of a new hypothesis. Only when known data fail to account for phenomena does science tolerate the supposition of a

factor not as yet defined, identified, registered, appraised. Only when chemistry is unable to account for a compound by any possible combination of known elements does it admit as probable the presence of a new and undiscovered element. Not until astronomy is at a loss to explain the perturbations of Uranus does it suppose the existence of Neptune.

It is only fair to say that the animus of physical science is sometimes misjudged, its habitual attitude being construed as essentially hostile to faith and religion. Naturally enough, natural science holds no brief for theology; indeed, it has no license to practice in that circuit; its province is the natural and not the supernatural. Physical science appears skeptical for the reason that it labors strenuously to reduce belief to a minimum, to diminish the necessity for it by substituting knowledge for belief as far as possible; thus its push is in the direction of driving faith out of the world. Physical science appears anti-supernatural for the reason that it holds back from consenting to suppose supernatural interference or action wherever and so long as it can possibly explain observed facts by natural agencies and processes. Physical science seems atheistic because it fights off the necessity of admitting the active presence of a God wherever and whenever it is able to show that Nature can keep house and do business without him.

With a territorial ambition equal to that of Russia, it contends against theology over every foot of ground, saying to itself: "I'll see if I'm not strong enough to seize and hold this region for myself." But in all this there is no malice. Science is only pursuing its vocation and magnifying its natural function, holding lawfully enough that all things which it can cover in under its explanations rightfully belong to it and not to theology. There is no necessary irreverence in the effort to find out how far new species are developed out of those already existing without the expense of fresh interventions of creative power; and if science even pushes on to see whether all things may not have evolved from one primal germ, we see no reason for opposing or denouncing its effort, although, and inasmuch as, faith in its success remains optional with us.

Without inveighing against, but, on the contrary, approving every lawful application of the law of parsimony, it is yet proper and necessary to remark that there are numerous postulates, assumptions, and beliefs which cannot be dispensed with under any such law, because human nature cannot do without them. To begin at the beginning, the most economical reasoning cannot dispense with a sufficient Cause; and to postulate back of all secondary causes a great First Cause is a sheer necessity of human thinking. Be-

hind all possible explanations is a great inexplicable Somewhat beyond which the mind cannot go—which cannot be merged into, derived from, or explained by anything precedent to or greater than itself. What is the nature of that supreme, original, independent Fact? The materialist answers: "Matter alone, containing in itself the promise and potency of all things; matter from which mind and spirit are effluences like the flame from the candle." The pantheist replies: "The universe as a whole, including both mind and matter indistinguishably mixed in a mysterious unity." The spiritualist says: "Spirit alone; mind independent of and superior to matter; spirit by which all things have been caused and produced." But no answer is quite so satisfying to man's total nature as the theist's explicit and positive affirmation of a self-existent Personal Intelligence as the primal Fact and great First Cause.

Science and philosophy join with common sense in pointing to the necessary priority of mind as the only entity or mode of existence which is real in its own independent right. Today physical as well as mental science moves straight and fast toward the conclusion that there is no motion without mind. The most advanced knowledge confirms the unquestioning belief of primitive man that it is his spirit which animates his body, and also the validity of the further

inferential belief that as the movements of his body are caused and controlled by his mind and its volitions, so the movements which he sees in the world of nature must be due immediately or remotely to the volitions of a mind. Is any conception saner than that which sees back of or within all physical processes a psychical energy and regards "natural causation" as only the observable aspect or result of an invisible volitional action, tracing all things up to an Absolute Volition, to one divine Will? The ultimate, basal, insoluble mystery is One who is beyond our comprehension but not beyond our knowledge—of and to whom we say, "Before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God," and who can himself give to us no account of his own being except in words like these: "I am that I am."

In the simple admission of one original Cause, itself independent, with all else depending upon it, more is involved than appears. Herbert Spencer says that our belief in a First Cause is the most necessary of all beliefs, having demonstrably a higher warrant than any other, the existence of such a cause being the most certain of all certainties. Later he says that the nature and attributes of that First Cause are unknown and unknowable, but in so saying he contra-

dicts himself, for in his very statement of its existence he assigns to the First Cause these three attributes: causal energy, omnipresence, and eternity; and afterward, when he declares that the cosmos is undeniably regulated by law and to manifestly beneficent results, he implicitly attributes wisdom and love to the First Cause, to whose nature he thus with positive affirmation gives features so many and lineaments so distinct that we Christians recognize our God—omnipresent, eternal, all-mighty, all-wise, and all-good—in Mr. Spencer's description of his great First Cause. The professor of agnosticism gives us a broad as well as definite warrant for our faith in God.

The lowest reduction alleged to be justified under the law of parsimony is materialism's theory. The materialistic explanation of the cosmos would be "dirt cheap" if it were thorough and honest, but it is not, for the professed materialist does not really dispense with a God: he only makes believe, for in attempting to account for things from his standpoint he is obliged to endow matter with the attributes of mind. The materialist's matter is most amazing and incredible stuff. He explains the intelligible order of the universe by attributing intelligence to the atoms, and shows us each monad deporting itself like a little god, guiding itself by an omniscient intelligence which foresees and adjusts with the action of all other atoms

the universe through. This is a very costly theory, far more expensive than the theistic hypothesis; it lays on human credulity a tax heavy enough to bankrupt faith entirely. The materialist is an impostor, a sleight-of-hand man with a god up his sleeve. Into his material universe he clandestinely imports a concealed deity, and thus his pretended materialism becomes essentially pantheistic. If the universe is not the creation of an eternally self-existent divine Being, then the universe is itself self-existent and eternal, and, we are obliged to add, intelligent. Any theory which dispenses with a transcendent, personal First Cause practically lands us in pantheism, the first difficulty with which arises from our inability to conceive of mind, spirit, and will separate from personality; although this, we are told, is not a real difficulty, arising out of the nature of things, but only apparent and due to the necessary limitations of finite human minds. In parenthesis, it may be admitted that pantheism is not the worst of beliefs and solutions. Though beset with difficulties, formidable and to us insurmountable, it is rationally, at least, as much superior to positivism as the whole is greater than a part.

The law of parsimony makes it an unjustifiable extravagance for science or philosophy to keep a God unless there is something for him to do. But when

materialistic thinkers have done their best to prove this living universe to be independent and self-supporting they are, after all, obliged to admit that there are several places where a Deity may be in hiding, with perhaps some useful function to fulfill, some legitimate occupation to employ his energies upon while the ages roll. At several critical points, indeed, a God still seems quite indispensable; for example, at the origin of matter, the origin of life, and the origin of man. No wise person has come anywhere near explaining how these origins came to be without resorting to that ancient, yet ever fresh, immensely capable, and, in fact, all-sufficient theistic hypothesis. For matter, life, and man science can write no book of Genesis; and the prospect is that it must accept essentially the account given in the first pages of Holy Scripture, or be like that staircase on the top of Milan Cathedral, which starts from the marble roof but ends in vacancy without a landing. It grows plainer every day that any study of origins necessitates God. At every real beginning one is compelled to posit a divine Creator. The theist need not fear to accept any or all of the mechanical explanations furnished by science, inasmuch as those explanations do not account for the existence of anything. Physical science talks learnedly of development, but origination is hid from its ken. The processes of growth and unfolding from

and after any beginning may be open in a measure to its study, but beginnings remain absolutely inscrutable to its search; of them it can only say: "I have not seen, neither can I understand." All real origins lie beyond scientific knowledge. They are due not to matter but to spirit. To account for them mechanical explanations fail and natural causation is inadequate. All natural causes are secondary causes. The great First Cause is a supreme, almighty Spirit, the author and sustainer of what we call Nature. The geneses of matter, life, and mind, of sentiency, instinct, rationality, self-consciousness, morality, religion—these origins remain, despite all claims and theories, essentially inexplicable to science. Around the borders of those inaccessible primordial regions baffled human research blindly gropes, finding no thoroughfare; and when above each of those dense, impenetrable, genetic mysteries an august Voice is heard saying, "In the beginning God," there is no speech or language with which science or philosophy can answer back against the sublime sufficiency of that rationally authoritative declaration. Renan may call the book of Genesis a myth, but the plain alternative for him and for all men is Genesis or nothing. In the nature of things certain secrets can never be uncovered by natural science. Man can no more explain the world than he could make it. Only Omnis-

science can fully understand that which only Omnipotence could create.

If the extreme evolutionist, in his effort to reduce the number of beginnings to a minimum, could trace all things back to the protoplasmic or primary cell, he would there be obliged to admit a divine Creator. And so the most radical theory of evolution keeps at least one room reserved for the Deity, a little chamber on the wall wherein not only the man of God may rest in faith, but the God of man may permanently dwell. But a God cannot be kept locked up in a cell any more than God's Son could be kept locked fast in a sepulcher with a sealed stone and a Roman guard; if God is anywhere, he is everywhere by the mere fact of being God. Every enterprise of reasoning that sets out to exclude the Deity from anything is bound to end by confessing him to be in everything, the omnipresent, all-sustaining, all-animating God. Aubrey Moore says: "Darwinism has conferred upon philosophy and religion an inestimable benefit by showing us that we must choose between two alternatives: either God is everywhere present in nature or he is nowhere." And since the most resolutely atheistic science could not possibly prove that God is nowhere, Darwinism itself must affirm and insist that he is everywhere, that what is called natural causation is only the mode in which the divine

Being is omnipresently and eternally operating, and that it is absurd to talk of "mechanical necessity" as an explanation of anything that comes to pass.

The creative intelligence which affords the only explanation of origins manifestly animates and guides the originated universe. "Wherever we tap organic nature," says an eminent scientist, "it seems to flow with purpose." Common sense insists that this seeming shows a genuine reality; nothing less than intelligence could cause anything to simulate intelligence. Along with the operation of intelligent purpose there is everywhere evidence of some one supreme integrating Power pervading the cosmos and giving observable unity thereto. This universally coördinating Power can be nothing less than spiritual. Cosmic unity and the uniformity of phenomenal sequence in nature are effect and proof of the omnipresence and consistency of one supreme and controlling Volition. In the presence of the perfect correlation of natural laws and processes in the production of cosmic harmony the newest thinking finds the old-fashioned theistic hypothesis a very great convenience, for no one is able to suggest or imagine how that universal correlation can be otherwise accounted for.

As every line of scientific investigation finally runs into a *cul-de-sac*, so all metaphysical inquiry ultimately strikes against the inexplicable, halts there, and all

its after effort in that direction is only marking time, not marching. Metaphysics fails to explain entirely the nature of beings, their laws and actions. After it has done its best there is always an unexplored remainder, an unmeasured and unanalyzed residuum. All its equations contain the symbol of an unknown quantity, the value of which must be ciphered out before the problems of metaphysics can be solved. The metaphysical X stands for the signature of a Deity who makes his mark, and, for aught the metaphysician can say to the contrary, the Christian's personal God, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, may be behind that X. At any rate, the metaphysician cannot complete his work without calling in some kind of a Divinity. Even when he attempts to dispense with the anthropomorphic God of Christianity he is obliged to postulate some other sort of a divine Entity. To us it is clear that in the inn which the scientist and the metaphysician keep there is room for God the Father and for Jesus Christ the Son, and for the Holy Spirit.

The law of parsimony cannot shut out Christianity. One of our necessities, in order to be at peace with the system of things, in order to believe life worth living, in order to keep ourselves out of the madhouse, in order to keep from regarding the universe itself as one vast madhouse, is that we find some respectable

and measurably intelligible meaning to our human existence. This our moral and our rational natures demand. Now, the fact is that no worthy rationale has been suggested for the world, no decent justification of human life, except on the Christian theory that we are in a sphere of moral probation and a school for discipline; and from that point of view one of the most inveterate skeptics of modern times acknowledges that we cannot conceive a system of things better adapted to the ends of such a school than is this life of ours, and that it is not possible to imagine a better master of such a school than Jesus Christ. From which confession it appears that Christ and the world stand together in furnishing perfect satisfaction to the demands of our rational and moral being; and, since such satisfaction is obtainable from no other source, it follows that Christ and the Christian interpretation, being indispensable, are justified even under the law of parsimony.

A marked and dangerous feature of our time is that the law of parsimony is variously misapplied and pressed to unwarrantable and impoverishing extremes. Under its reduction we have lately been presented with an expurgated New Testament. Count Tolstoi eliminates the supernatural from the four Gospels and publishes the result in a volume entitled *The Gospel in Brief*, in which Christ appears simply

a noble man, a wonderful teacher, a gentle martyr. A self-conceit bordering on insanity leads men to an exaggerated estimate of their ability to do without. Grant Allen, the freethinker and freeloader, author of *The Woman Who Did*, dispenses with hymns, Scriptures, and religion as things he has no need for. With audacious self-sufficiency he wrote: "I never needed help other than physical or monetary. My own philosophy has always amply sufficed me." He is satisfied to live and die, with Professor Clifford, "under an empty heaven upon a soulless earth." He carries to the last extreme and widest extent Emerson's idea that "the height of elegance is to have few wants and to serve them yourself." Such ascetic independence inflicts upon itself a stripped and squalid destitution. It is the action of a miser depriving himself of the necessary comforts of life, reducing his legitimate wants to an unnatural minimum, in the insane and indecent ambition to see how little he can possibly get along on, the result being degradation, emaciation, and starvation—parsimony crossing the dead line. Unitarianism has gone so far in the negations of which it is principally made that Stopford Brooke says a belief in God is about all that is left unsundered. Liberal theologians also, in other communions, are talking in a way which makes Unitarians claim them as properly belonging in their camp.

It is time to warn them all, as Mr. Brooke does, that liberal theology will have to turn about and return to a few clear faiths if it wishes to do anything to meet the needs or promote the happiness and welfare of mankind. This theology has carried its parsimony of faith too far; spiritual inanition, impotence, and imbecility result from the withdrawal of nourishing beliefs. The fact that Unitarians are pointing out to each other that orthodoxy has the larger life gives hope that some of them at least may presently perceive that the larger life is due to the larger faith, and that liberal Christianity is dying of unbelief. There is no mystery in the failure of the Unitarian body to grow. "Over the hills to the poorhouse" is the dismal invitation of the liberal theology, and the hungry souls of men do not find it alluring. We prefer to dwell as our fathers did with abundance of faith in the house of the Lord, who, from the exceeding riches of his grace, giveth us all things richly to enjoy; we will remain where we can delight our souls with fatness and be fed plenteously with the finest of the wheat by Him who prepareth a table before us in the presence of our enemies.

THE SUPERIOR TRUTHFULNESS OF MEN OF SCIENCE

AN admirer of Professor Huxley, after saying that the author of *Science and Hebrew Tradition* might adopt Strauss's words, "I have fought for that which seemed to me the truth, and against that which I have thought error," expresses the hope that many will do Huxley the justice to say of him that "he has done that which he felt able and called upon to do, and has done it without looking to the right or to the left, seeking no man's favor, fearing no man's disfavor." And we are told that, if we are willing to say so much as that concerning this distinguished scientific teacher, it will, though far from being a complete account, be a eulogy, and a high one. So much sincerity as is thus claimed for Professor Huxley we are in no wise reluctant to concede; but what we strenuously deny is that, this being true, he is entitled to exceptional praise, as seems to be intimated, on account of superior devotion to truth; and what we take occasion to affirm is that immense multitudes of men and women in the ministry and membership of the Christian Church have lived and labored with equal sincerity, veracity, fidelity, and

fearlessness, and with far greater self-denial, on behalf of truth supported by evidence, and that in Christian circles through the Christian ages such devotion has been a common thing—in fact, is the veriest matter-of-course commonplace of Christian history from first to last.

Professor Huxley has announced that it is the high resolve of modern science to take nothing for truth “without clear knowledge that it is such”—a commendable resolve, unquestionably, and manifesting a spirit which might easily have been imbibed from a certain Galilean fisherman, whose words do not appear at any disadvantage when placed beside the best substantiated scientific statements of today: “For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were *eyewitnesses* of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we *heard*, when we were with him in the holy mount. We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts.” This calm, dignified, and sober statement is in the manner of a

man fully on his guard against accepting or teaching anything for truth "without clear knowledge that it is such." How did this humble fish dealer, without the aid of the example of modern science, attain this high level of scrupulous and critical veracity?

Occasionally Professor Huxley, with a sidelong, reproachful glance at religious teachers, lectures mankind on the immorality of "professing belief in propositions of the truth of which there is no sufficient evidence." Now, it happens that, at the moment when this scientific professor of superior ethics is thus endeavoring to do his duty by us as our moral instructor, Professor Weismann asks our attention, and undertakes to extend our hitherto neglected education, by pressing on our faith and acceptance a hypothetical developmental process called "natural selection," the truth of which he admits he cannot demonstrate in detail, and the operation of which he says he cannot even imagine. He informs us that we "must" accept this unimaginable process as scientific fact, because, if we do not, we cannot explain things as we find them without admitting the presence and working of intelligent design in the universe, to which he for some mysterious reason seems averse, although we are unable to perceive anything disastrous or disgraceful in such an admission. What we are moved to say, in the presence of Professor Weismann's dogmatizing

about natural selection, is that his effort to disciple us to his imperative theories encounters disadvantage in the fact that we, to our own good fortune, had previously received from Professor Huxley such pure ethical instruction, untainted by religion, as prepared us to resist any attempt to gain our assent to "propositions of the truth of which there is not sufficient evidence," especially to an hypothesis concerning which the advocate himself says it cannot be demonstrated or imagined, and concerning which the Marquis of Salisbury, in his address as president of the British Association, publicly said at Oxford that not a single instance of variation by natural selection is known; that the doctrine is purely hypothetical; but that, on the contrary, significantly enough, variation by artificial or outside selection, that is, selection devised, directed, and modified by the purpose of a superintending intelligence, is one of the most familiar facts known to modern science. This, from so high an authority as the president of the British Association, is calculated to hurt Professor Weismann's feelings, because it points straight at the old theistic argument from design which was regarded, even by Voltaire and John Stuart Mill, as mighty and formidable—by the former, indeed, as irresistible.

As for ourselves, having been elevated by lofty scientific tuition to the level of refusing to take anything

for truth "without clear knowledge that it is such," we are inexpressibly shocked at Weismann's unscrupulous attempt to lead us into immorality; and against him, as a promoter of inveracity and a corrupter of morals, we would have liked to make complaint to our instructor, Professor Huxley, whose career ought not to have closed until he had written a few "lay sermons" for the reforming of some well-known members of the scientific brotherhood, who have labored to induce mankind to take something for truth without sufficient evidence that it is so.

As for modern science, we admire and applaud its minute industry, its patient assiduity, its steady, piercing gaze and ingenious search into the secrets and mysteries of the universe; but the intellectual hauteur of some of its spokesmen, when they taunt Christian believers with mental imbecility and degradation, is hard to endure; and, when to this is added ethical superciliousness, charging us with an obtunded conscience, an inferior morality, untruthfulness, and a false pretense of knowledge, we feel warranted in producing for the occasion an ancient ethical authority, of wide repute and still undiscredited by any attainments of modern scientists, which once, in the morning of human history, commanded, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

COMMON SENSE AND HYPERCRITICISM

By common sense is here meant, not the crude and unenlightened incapacity manifest in the antiquated notions of ignorant multitudes, but the sound judgment of the intelligent and the judicious, of educated and experienced men, well informed, sober-minded, and wise. This shrewd sifting sagacity will have opinions on many subjects, testing and judging by general principles without minute technical knowledge of each specific subject. Over the specialist's shoulder leans the man of general education and trained intellect, attentive, eager to learn, meditative, fair-minded, convincible, but certain at the end to form his own independent judgment as to the validity and convincingness of it all. There is good reason for distrusting and declining to accept any conclusion which seems absurd or very doubtful to the roundabout common sense of the educated thinking world. Novel and sweeping conclusions from fragmentary data, wholesale demolitions of the founded and framed faith of centuries by some ambitious unproved theory, are invariably condemned by sound sense. Educated common sense often detects unsoundness without being

able to point out precisely the mistake in the process, expose the flaw which enfeebles the argument, or locate the break in the cable which interrupts the continuity of rationality; and it rejects many special theories and affirmations by a wisdom distilled from the sum total of its knowledge. The Newark Conference heard this common sense speaking from the lips of Dr. J. T. Crane when he criticised a certain unsettling volume by saying: "It is one of those books which go along from chapter to chapter plausibly enough in a casual reading, but when I get to the end and read the author's conclusion I know it isn't so."

The specialist, with his exhaustive technical knowledge, is indispensable in every department of research, and he must have unhindered liberty to investigate to the bottom. His business is to explore for facts and to report what he finds. Others not specialists can probably do better than he in adjusting his findings with existing theory and doctrine, or in harmonizing doctrines with any newly discovered and indisputable facts. The liability of the enthusiastic specialist, intoxicated with the exuberance of his own ingenuity, to be carried away into excesses of inference, prediction, announcement, is proverbial; twenty-five years ago an enthusiast in chemistry announced in our hearing that all the constituents of beef being ascertained by analysis it would soon be possible to

manufacture beefsteak in the laboratory by combining the elements in proper proportion, but the secret of sirloin and tenderloin is still known only to the bioplasts which mysteriously build the tissues of ox and cow. Sometimes the specialist has a pet theory through which he looks at facts and sees them distorted; sometimes he offers his own speculations instead of scientific results; and then the comment of discerning and experienced common sense is, "This is guesswork; the man is pursuing truth, as it were, but pursuing it as a dog pursues his own tail."

No word of this is written to disparage the capable specialist—he is beyond question the most successful finder of facts, and mankind is indebted to his focused study and penetrating and exhaustive investigation for most of its knowledge; we only note certain liabilities to error and excess in order to show that the specialist's work needs to be supervised and supplemented by the inspection of broadly educated but unspecialized intelligence.

The impression made upon the educated mind by the excesses of hypercriticism in its treatment of secular history was indicated at the one thousandth anniversary of University College, Oxford, when Lord Sherbrooke, the chosen speaker of a great occasion, selected for his theme the iconoclasm of the New Historians, against which he protested, complaining that

nothing is safe from their sacrilegious research, which seeks to resolve every tradition, however venerable and precious, into myth or fable; and, referring for illustration to a particular instance of special interest on the very spot where he spoke, he said: "For example, we have always believed that certain lands which this college owns in Berkshire were given to it by King Alfred. Now the New Historians come and tell us this could not have been the case, because they can prove that the lands in question never belonged to the king. But it seems to me that the New Historians prove too much; indeed, they prove the very point which they contest. If the lands had really belonged to the king, he would probably have kept them to himself, but as they belonged to someone else he made a handsome present of them to the college." This is quoted here because it breathes the disapproval which men of sober and conservative judgment often feel toward the unsettling work of suspicious specialists seeking to overturn with presumptuous innovation the presumptive knowledge of a thousand years; and because it fairly illustrates the inconclusiveness of some historical criticism, the facts used to substantiate new theories being often easily reversible for the support of the long-established beliefs. Lord Sherbrooke points out that, even supposing the facts to be as the New Historians claim to have found them, those facts

do not surely support the iconoclastic inferences drawn therefrom, but may with equal force be used in favor of the traditional understanding. In the educated world at large there is little patience with the puerile antics of hypercriticism attempting to play tiddledywinks with accredited history, prying up and flipping away through the air the nailed-down facts on the pages of reputable records.

Even Mr. Huxley, taking note of the excesses of hypercriticism, regarded himself as far from being the most destructive skeptic of his time. As to himself, he claimed not to be as black as some men painted him. He felt himself unjustly treated by professional ecclesiastics, and protested against being called an atheist, a theomachist, or an enemy of religion—saying that he could stand being persecuted for what he did hold, but could not patiently endure being denounced for views which he did not hold. Conceding Balfour's *Foundations of Belief* to be a clever bit of polemic, he complained that it misrepresented the views of some whom it attacked; that, for example, the opinions which Balfour speaks of as "naturalism" are held by no human being. More and more as life advanced Professor Huxley, we are told, desired to have it noticed that he himself valued that side of his writings which is consistent with the theistic view of life; and toward the last he frequently

called attention to the significance and scope of the religious admissions of his own teachings. In conversation he eloquently defended the theistic argument from design, and referred to his volume of *Darwiniana*, where he had acknowledged in print that no evolution theory could disprove that argument or weaken its force. Like Gladstone, he was an admirer of Bishop Butler's *Analogy*, which some professedly Christian men follow William Pitt in disparaging. Huxley praised it warmly, and pronounced its reasoning invulnerable and conclusive as far as it professes to go. In an Oxford lecture he forcibly showed that the struggle for existence and survival of the fittest as represented in the scientific theories of cosmic evolution entirely fail to account for the ethical element in man. His friends tell us of his rooted and reverent faith in the great ethical ideals, of his confession that they could not be accounted for by any known laws or offered theories of evolution, of his evident feeling that they are more important and imperative than his philosophic theory of knowledge would logically warrant him in explicitly declaring, and, most noteworthy of all, of the practical homage which he habitually paid, in word and in deed, to the majestic authority of those sublime ideals. Some students of his writings think he really left more possible foundation for the Christian faith than is left by

some undermining philosophers and some catalytic critics who claim the Christian name. And there are indications that, with all his critical temper, Mr. Huxley was of opinion that some historical critics, in their work upon records secular and records sacred, have overdone their business, exceeded reason and common sense, and made themselves ridiculous. This opinion was back of the shrewd irony of his remark when Wilfrid Ward showed him several different accounts of the Metaphysical Society and its doings, and pointed out a number of discrepancies between the accounts; Huxley said, "Don't find any more, or the German critics will prove that the society never existed"—a straight thrust at the irrational captiousness of destructive critics in German universities and of their disciples in Great Britain and America. There is reason to believe that Professor Huxley would have agreed that the Tipperary gentleman who said in his speech, "My fellow-countrymen, the round towers of Ireland have so completely disappeared that it is doubtful if they ever existed," might have gained notoriety as a biblical critic if he had turned loose his keen wits and remarkable reasoning faculties on the Old Testament.

THE SUICIDE OF GOD

IN the late seventies of the last century seven Japanese boys, schoolmates in a government college in one of the cities of Japan, having been converted to Christianity under the labors of Methodist missionaries, formed themselves into a society which they called a church. In that small membership, we are told, were seven different types of mind. It does not require a large number of human beings to insure variety. Two have been known to furnish not only variety but virulent contrariety.

Of one of the seven members the following account is given. He was physically nearsighted, perhaps also mentally myopic, and suffered from neuralgia. What seemed reasonable to others often looked unreasonable to him. He was so constituted that he must question everything, and prove things before he could accept them. The name of this suspicious and distrustful lad should have been Thomas, though it was not. With all his scholarly airs and spectacles and doubts, he is said to have been a guileless and gentle-hearted boy. But he often perplexed the mind and cooled the enthusiasm of the incipient church with his gloomy and seemingly captious skepticism about Divine

Providence and other momentous matters. In his unhealthy, neuralgic head he manufactured more puzzles and heresies than he or anybody else in that vicinity could dispose of. One of his heterodoxies rose from misreading that mysterious chapter, the ninth of Romans, through spectacles smoked black and blue by hyper-Calvinistic exegesis, which led him to this conclusion, explicitly announced: "If God made one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor, there is no use in trying to be saved; for he will take care of his own, and we shall be saved or damned in accordance with his inscrutable and unalterable decree, notwithstanding all our efforts to be otherwise." A strange, immoral, sacrilegious heresy, indeed, to be adopted and propounded by a Methodist convert!

In view of the multiplicity, gravity, pertinacity, volubility and disturbing effect of his heresies, it was finally deemed best to make a concerted and strenuous effort to settle some of these vexatious and insurgent questions, and silence this troubler of the little Israel; and, to this end, the young church turned itself temporarily into a theological debating society and focused its intellectual powers on the task of answering the doubter and extricating him from his gloomy conclusions.

The constitutional skeptic, thus formally put on the defensive and standing alone against the phalanx, per-

haps with something of the feeling of *Athanasius contra mundum*, showed himself not less but rather more unreasonable, captious, and obstinate, taking a position on the far off-side of nearly every question, even on that of the existence of God. When anybody framed an affirmative proposition and punctuated it with a period at the end, he rubbed out the period and put an interrogation point in its place. The climax of wanton and obstreperous dissent was reached when the six orthodox affirmers had proceeded so far with the job of silencing the ingenious recalcitrant as to have proved, by arguments conclusive to themselves, that this universe must have had a Creator, and that the Creator must be self-existing, all-mighty, and all-wise. Then the nervous neuralgist, driven into a corner but determined not to surrender, contracted his spectacled brows and answered: "I grant that this is indubitably a created universe and that the Creator must have been all-wise and all-mighty, so that nothing could be impossible for him. But how can you prove to me that this God, after he created this universe and set its processes in motion so that it can evolve and grow by itself with the potential energy originally imparted by him—how can you prove that this Creator has not put an end to his own existence and annihilated himself? If he can do all things, why can he not commit suicide?"

The incorrigible skeptic felt sure that he had plumped down a poser on the table of debate, and gazed around on his opponents with the air of one who does not know he is beaten. A painful silence fell for a moment on the astounded and nonplussed defenders of the faith, who simply stared aghast. But in another moment one member of the little church, who seems to have remembered the directions given for answering a certain class of persons in Prov. 26. 5, and who felt the wanton affront to sense and reason contained in the heretic's silly question, gathered his wits and indignantly blurted out the only answer fit and adequate to the occasion: "Well, only fools will ask such questions!"

The little church in Japan is not alone in its experience, and the suicide of God is not the only heresy, which, without any foundation in reason, has had behind it a morbid distrustfulness, a disputatious spirit, a cantankerous indocility, a pleasure in the apparent importance gained for oneself by conspicuous differing from the established consensus, and a propensity to worry the saints—one or all of these and similar constituent elements of the cerebral solution out of which multifarious and grotesque heresies crystallize. Indeed, as a general rule, the impeachments which assail the fundamentals of religion are too frivolous and preposterous to be intellectually respectable.

A REPLY TO AN AGNOSTIC

BLATCHFORD, the London socialist editor, has blown such a blast on *The Clarion* as might easily frighten the pusillanimous and the ill-informed. He has sallied gayly forth in vaunting, vicious, and vociferous style, with all his inexperience on his head, to undertake the alluring but oft-abandoned enterprise of demolishing Christianity. His adventure will probably do him good, because he is likely to learn something. In the end he will have some experience and Christianity will have the victory. Against this slashing assailant a swift young swordsman sets himself, with polemic skill, to champion Christianity. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, journalist, essayist, and critic, has made some striking and pungent replies to the agnostic socialist's attack. No systematic straight-out defense of Christianity is attempted, but dexterous and unlooked-for side-thrusts are delivered in the style of a nimble and versatile journalist apt at asking troublesome questions. One of his suggestions is that, in a controversy with agnosticism, Christianity has this disadvantage: it really exists and is responsible for things, and so its occasional failures and mis-

takes can be pointed out. It is an actual power, an active fact, and hence it can be criticised. No such exhibit can be made of agnosticism's failures and mistakes, for the reason that it is not a power at all; it has not anywhere been intrusted with control, nor has it assumed responsibility for affairs. It is, out and out, one of the "outs," and for the "outs" to criticise the blunders and shortcomings of the "ins" is always easy. The "ins" are loaded with the responsibility, and have the difficult task of managing obstreperous elements in a perfect way, by the agency of imperfect, even when well-meaning, agents. The "outs" have no responsibility to carry, no task to perform, nothing to do but to sit on the fence and find fault with the management, and jeer the unsuccesses, of the "ins." The business of the opposition is to oppose the government—a very easy job compared with the onerous and complicated work of governing perfectly. Within the borders of civilization Christianity is in office; it is the governing power. Agnosticism is only a critic, not an influential active participant. It is only a negation, a cipher. Among practical realities it has no place, it scarcely exists. For ages there has been a Christian Church, actual and powerful, toiling away at all the world's great problems. It has had to "run" the whole Western world for centuries. Agnosticism is nowhere instituted or established, it is not working

out any of the world's urgent problems, nor ministering to humanity's sore need; and it is not "running" anything. It has no solutions to offer. Christian civilization has been and is, and its work stands visible and open to critical examination. There has never been a totally agnostic civilization. It is true that there have been two civilizations that might be said to represent something resembling agnosticism. The later Roman empire was largely agnostic, and the Chinese empire is largely agnostic. The modern agnostic, however, shows no disposition to boast of those triumphs. This, says Chesterton, is one disadvantage of Christianity in a controversy with agnosticism: the Christian Church has long been busy doing and making many things; and so its doings are open to comment, and it has made some mistakes. Agnosticism has nowhere instituted itself, has organized nothing, and done nothing, and so its doings cannot be examined. One might say it escapes being criticised by not being at all.

The above is, in part, one of Mr. Chesterton's replies, and he makes another point against the agnostics as follows: "The strength of Christianity is a very mysterious thing; it has little to do with the controversial ingenuity either of its supporters or its opponents. Often it has happened that clever men have been on its side; often it has happened that clever

men have been on the other side. Its strength lies not in the fact that it is eloquent or successful, or well represented; it lies in the incidental fact that it is indispensable. By indispensable I mean this: It is, to all mortal appearance, impossible for men to attack Christianity without eventually ending up in positions that no sane masses of men have ever held, in positions which would horrify a decent pagan or an unbaptized savage. Schopenhauer attacks Christianity and ends by saying that life itself is a delusion. Nietzsche attacks it and ends by saying that charity itself is a delusion. Others attack it and end by saying that human goodness and badness are delusions. Christianity does not answer: a few of her apologists answer, and generally badly. But she is silent, for she is old, and has seen so many paradoxes. She knows the path you agnostics and deniers are on, and has seen many on it; she knows that on it are delightful hypotheses and luxurious negations, and that that way madness lies. She knows that as soon as you want any conceivable human reality, if it be only to say 'Thank you' for the mustard, you will be forced to return to her and her hypotheses, where she sits, guarding through the long ages the secret of an eternal sanity."

The fact is that in religious circles no weight can be allowed to agnosticism. There is no force in mere

negation, or in confessedly absentee testimony. Learning may properly ask attention to supposed new knowledge, but why should men claim and hold the floor for the purpose of vociferating their ignorance? Huxley spoke of "the absurdity of supposing that we know anything about either spirit or matter," which amounts to a declaration of comprehensive and all-embracing know-nothingism. Why should a man who claims to know so little talk and write so much as he did about what he doesn't know? We can see no object in all his labor except to try to persuade his fellow-men to confess that they, too, know nothing. Listening wearily to the volubility of the agnostics, it is impossible not to wonder why avowed ignorance should wear such learned, important, and pedagogic airs, and be so prolix and repetitious in setting forth by items and in sum the contents of its emptiness. When professed Ignorance assumes to steer the funeral-barge of Faith it were more decorous for it to do so quietly, as when, in Tennyson's idyl, the body of Elaine was floated toward the towers of Camelot,

The dead, steered by the dumb,
Went upward with the flood.

After many loquacious years, loud with the vaunt of ignorance, and aggressive with the supercilious arrogance of unfaith, Herbert Spencer, the chief of modern agnostics, seems to have been visited in his

later years by a sense of propriety which stayed with him long enough to make him confess that silence best becomes the unbeliever; that it is indecent and inhuman for the agnostic to go about robbing men of the sustaining comfort they derive from their creed, dropping dark and deadly hints to shake their faiths and unsettle their hope, and that the agnostic is "cruelly thoughtless" of the rights of his fellow-men in so doing, since "nothing but evil can follow" from depriving men of the sacred convictions which enable them to bear the ills they suffer and to carry the exhausting burden of daily duties, often fulfilled without thanks and without sympathy. Agnosticism is an ill-bred creature; to see a momentary sense of decency flit across its boorishness and check its loud volubility is encouraging. Possibly it may yet hear a Voice saying: "Be still and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen." Two classes of heathen there are: the better class, who, though worshipping they know not precisely what, still do worship Someone or Somewhat, and who are worthy in proportion to their reverence and sincerity; and a lower and more hopeless class who worship Nothing, and believe nothing but their own cocksure Ignorance. In war time there was a sable agnostic named "Pete," who did the cooking for the Ninth Illinois Regiment. At the battle of Fort Donelson black Pete showed the

white feather, ran at the first fire, and "would 'a' runned sooner" if he had "know'd it was a-comin'." Being reproached for not showing more courage, he said: "Dat ain't in my line. Cookin' is my perfeshin." Being asked if he cared nothing for patriotism and honor, he answered: "Dunno nuffin 'bout dem things, sah; I regards 'em as wanities." Is not Pete's insensibility to the reality and power of patriotism in the midst of ranks which it had mustered, and in the hot fire of a fight it was maintaining, very like the agnosticism of some toward religious verities and realities in the midst of a civilization which Christianity has created and is sustaining, and of a variously manifest supernatural kingdom of God which is making conquests in all parts of the world? And did the agnostic indifference of the colored cook of the Ninth Illinois toward patriotism at all discredit the reality and power of that sentiment which had marshaled a million patriots in arms and was fairly rocking the continent with a gigantic conflict?

Speaking roughly, it is fair to say that Christianity proves its reality and power by what it does and what it effects. The fact that agnosticism, which knows nothing, also consistently does nothing, builds nothing, and effects nothing, creates a presumption that it is to be classed among nonentities which escape criticism by not existing, as George K. Chesterton suggests.

III
CONSOLATIONS

LIFE'S SEASONS

IN Luccardi's studio, in Rome, were four marble busts representing the seasons. Spring was a delicate girl, with rosebuds at her breast, flowers in her smooth, silky hair, and a wistful look of the future. Summer was a woman with full lips, face, and figure, flushed with vigorous, lusty life, headed wheat in her hair, and a satisfied look of the present. Autumn was the same face later, crowned with clustered grapes, wearing a look of pensive retrospect, half-mournful satiety, and disenchantment, a sober afternoon look of reality, and seeing things as they are. Winter, with rigid, shrunken face and blown hair, wore pine cones in her thin locks, and her rheumy, uncertain eyes seemed to face a driving storm. This last bust was as effective artistically as the others, but too grim and stern to be pleasant. The marbles spoke not so much of earth's seasons as of the periods of human life.

Majestic man does not permit either the year or life to roll its seasons along without his questioning and demur, his murmurs being born partly of ignorance, partly of wickedness, some from purblind instincts which see dimly and erringly, and some from

the demons of unrest. The dread and protest of the timid instincts go out toward such seasons as are marked by fadings and apparent loss; in the French picture called "Automne" the angel who is extinguishing the flowers does it with averted face; but all seasons are obnoxious to the devils of discontent. God himself is not able to please some people. They have learned, in whatsoever state they are, therewith to quarrel and fight. At night they cry peevishly, "Would God it were morning!" and in the morning, "Would God it were evening!" No season suits them when they have it. They do not like summer, except in winter, nor winter, except in summer; and if winter gives a touch of warmth, or summer a little cold, they are ready with the querulous complaint, "It is unseasonable."

The half-fond, half-timid instincts which would hold back life from its progress are shown in various ways. One in middle life does not like to think that father and mother are growing old, and their heads whitening with life's winter. The growing up of children is not without an occasional feeling of momentary regret to the parent. The mother looks at the picture, taken in early childhood, of the daughter who is now a full-grown girl—notes the difference, and says: "Where is now the little child who sat for this picture? I have lost her just as truly, and in

a sense even more fatally, than I have the other one who died. Not on earth, nor even in heaven, can I ever find again my little girl of the picture." Hiram Powers used to show a marble copy, which he had made many years before, of the chubby hand of his little daughter, saying significantly: "I stopped that there." Victor Hugo's definition of paradise was, "The parents always young and the children always little."

But why shrink from life's later seasons? They may have a lovelier grace, richer possessions, and nobler satisfactions than any of the earlier. As for grace, the loveliness of youth is cheap and insignificant beside that of a truly beautiful age. Among the dearest ornaments of the world are the forms and faces that have grown bowed and wrinkled through years whose strength was spent unsparingly in helpful and honorable endeavors. When a man, by the strain of long service, is "bent like a laboring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean," that curved line is the line of beauty. Although the beauty of a pale face is invisible to the vulgar eye, it may have a superlative charm for those who see with mind and heart. A blowzy, beery Englishwoman went into Hiram Powers' studio in Florence, and, looking about among his works, came to a bust of his wife which he had chiseled tenderly. It was a thin and delicate face, as if

worn by sickness. "What an ugly face!" exclaimed the coarse woman to her companion, and seeing, as she half turned, a man in workman's cap and apron, and with clay-covered hands, who had stepped in from the shed and was standing near, she asked him, pointing to the bust: "Who is this?" The workman looked at her with his great, mild, wonderful, ideal eyes, and answered quietly: "My wife, madam." "And who are you?" she continued, nothing daunted by the serene dignity of his aspect. "My name is Powers, madam," replied the artist, in whom Thorwaldsen hailed the restorer to marble of a glory it had hardly known since the days of Praxiteles. The visitor no more knew enough to be abashed before him than she had soul to see the loveliness of the sweet face worn in loving wifehood and unselfish motherhood.

It has been well said that all lines of the human face have something either touching or grand, unless they seem to come from low passions or evil habits. About the streets of a certain city a certain man carries a grievously mutilated face, marred worse than any other you could well find—the nose gone entirely, the torn lips showing the teeth in ragged openings. He is a business man, but is observed to wear always a soldier's cap. The cap is worn to explain the face. Oh, yes, we see and understand. His countenance was shot in pieces so by standing up where the air

was thick and dreadful with flying lead, and since he faced the storm of deadly hail for us, that we might have a country, and since we hold our country at the price of all the symmetry that was in his features when he bore them manfully to the front against the foe for this merciless scarring, therefore he is our most beautiful brother for evermore, and we deserve ill of our kind, we are of the vulgar herd of the dry-souled and feeble-minded, if his ruined face is not fairer to us than the haughty and unspoiled perfectness of the Belvedere Apollo in the Vatican.

Does a face grow less attractive as the record of more and more worthy years is dented into it? Nothing is so good as ripeness and maturity; and life, like fruit, is at its best when it is ripe-sweet and mellow, and waiting to be gathered. The progress of life is sacred and to a consummation. Listen to the strongest of modern poets in the grandest lyric of human life ever written:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned;
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all,
Nor be afraid."

Each season of the year has open heaven's gate above it. Bryant wanted to die in June and he did,

but December answers just as well, and is as balmy for dying though not for living. Heaven is not so cold that they must shut the door in winter to keep it warm. Life's seasons, too, all front the open gates of eternal blessedness—open to the babe, who says to the challenge of the sentinel: "I was born near the gates of pearl, and had not far to come. I came across a narrow strip of breathing and pulse-beats. Almost as soon as the earthly air blew upon me it wafted me hither. My feet have not so much as touched the earth and are not dusty; they will not soil your gold-bright pavement; let me in!"—open as well to the old man, who says: "I have eaten the bread of a century. I have ridden the earth around the sun a hundred times. The snow five thousand winters old on the world's most aged mountain is not whiter than my locks. I have borne all weathers, drunk all waters, made all journeys. If earth is not weary of me, I am of it. Welcome heaven! Let me in!"

REFUGE

HUMANITY needs a refuge. Great is man's boasted power; he triumphs over nature, he makes the elements serve him, he seizes the forked lightning with his right hand and masters it, he lifts Jupiter in his left hand and tells his weight, he hath weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. But his power is not so much strength as skill; he really conquers nothing, overcomes and subdues nothing. He studies the forces of nature, and learning their habits and laws his ingenuity turns them to account by conforming to them. Human strength is less conspicuous than human weakness. Even in a comparison of men among themselves only a few can be called strong; the most are very weak; and of the proudest in might it is written "their strength is as grass; in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth." A refuge is something that all are in want of. None is able to cope with the foes that assail him, or to match the overwhelming ills of our mortal condition. The bravest and mightiest as well as the feeblest need surcease from strife and the rest of a refuge sometimes. Not only does the delicate dove of the deluge return weary

winged from leagues of flight over boundless waters to find her ark-built nest, but

That proud bird, the Condor of the Andes,
That can soar thro' heaven's unfathomable depths
And brave the fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Folds his broad wings at nightfall,
And sinks down to rest upon his mountain crag.

Man is hunted, like a partridge on the mountains, by innumerable enemies and ills, and needs a refuge.

I. He is exposed to general ills and perils belonging to our fallen human state; and these are the most grievous and dire.

1. Of all the many miseries of humanity the greatest and most lamentable is guilt. Poets have exhausted words in mournful descriptions of the sufferings of a guilty conscience, with its vain longing for the anodyne of forgetfulness. When Goethe, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, makes the old harper sing one of his lays, its subject is the remorse of the guilty. The heathen Plutarch depicts in affecting terms the torment of a mind possessed with fear of the divine wrath. The flagellants of the Middle Ages, amounting in northern Italy and Germany in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to many thousands, who went about practicing their horrible penance, were examples, though morbid ones, of a sense of guilt in a state of active excitement. No life is without guilt,

since none is without fault; and if all other judges were silent, there is one who will not be silent—our conscience. Its accusations pursue every sinner and embitter his life. Guilt paralyzes by making us unhappy, and he who would conquer the future must be cleansed from the past. There is no help in us, but because there is a God there is a remedy. The woeful lamentation of a guilty world has gone up into the ear of Him who hearkens from the realms of help, and drawn down the aid of grace. At this very point of guilt heaven begins the work of our deliverance, and being justified freely by his grace, we may have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

2. Again, not only is there a heavy sense of condemnation in every heart, which God alone can lift, but this being removed there are still evil tendencies to be eradicated—a bent to sinning, a vice in the blood to be taken away. The soul needs to be set free from the power of an evil nature; not merely to be pardoned but to be unchained, so that sin may no more have dominion over it; not only to have the bite of the old serpent healed but to be liberated from his horrid coils, and have them unwound from off his limbs so that he may have the use of his powers and may rise erect, and grind the head of his enemy forever under his heel. And God delivers from the power of Satan and gives a new nature.

3. Men need, moreover, to be sheltered from the fear of eternal punishment; to be insured against the punitive consequences of their sins. When the pangs of guilty feeling have been assuaged in their hearts they still want the white and awful judgment throne stripped of its terrors so that they can look without fear on the face of the Judge; they want a guarantee that their iniquities shall not accuse them in the day of final account, that the storm of divine wrath shall not break over them and sweep them away at last, that they shall not be cursed and slain in the dreadful drama of the judgment. And we find all this in the God-man, who was bruised for our iniquities and suffered in our stead.

4. Furthermore, from manifold conscious imperfections men need a refuge, and find it only in God. We come to no perfection except in him. To open our hearts and turn them, like heliotropes, to the Sun of Righteousness, so that we expand and grow, filled with his life and love, to be the temples of his spirit and the vessels of his grace, to have Paul's experience of Christ living in us, is to find all the perfection that is possible.

II. Besides these common ills, each individual life needs a refuge from particular personal troubles arising out of the past, the present, or the future.

1. For some there is a past that is hostile to their

peace. Perchance they feel the disquietude of a conscience that will not down. One wrong act may cause long-lingering self-condemnation and remorse. There may be some single specter that haunts them, out of days gone by; there may be some one fatal, irretrievable error which, load it as they may, they cannot permanently sink: it rises to the surface and ever floats in sight, face upward like a drowned man. Or the regret of the past may be a general one over mis-used opportunities, squandered privileges and wasted powers; a sowing of wind for a dreadful harvest of whirlwind.

Oh, that word "regret"!

There have been nights and morns when we have sighed:
"Let us alone, Regret! We are content
To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
For aye!"

Or, again, out of the past the still painful memory of griefs, and losses to which they have never been fully reconciled, may rise fresh and poignant as ever. Sometimes a blithe and singing life is wounded so that it never afterwards can fly, but creeps painfully along with a broken wing. Often it is said of some that they "never recovered" from this or that event. You have read of the king who never smiled again when the bark that held his prince went down. The dark pile of some ruined castle of hope or joy standing in the far past may cast the broken shadow of its

jagged outline all the way to the present. The shadow of one precious grave may lie broad and deep all down the sunshine of many a summer. Some wreck of the past may encumber with its fragments the waves of the present. The breathing body of today bleeds with the wounds of other days. What refuge from all this save in that good heavenly interference which not only prearranges and provides before us, but corrects and overrules from behind us; intercepts, if we ask it, the worst consequences of our wickedness and folly, hems up the frayed edges of our doings, which our neglect had left flying loose and threatening to unravel all the web of life, and promises that the losses of earth shall be compensated by the gains of heaven.

2. If we are able to let the dead past bury its dead, and to cast its cares behind us, present circumstances may be full of trial, infested with trouble from which we need a refuge.

(a) There is for every soul a battle with temptation, and it may be that now the powers of darkness are rushing in like a flood. Christ had his forty days in the wilderness, tried by want and solicited to ambition and presumption, and ever in this mortal life it shall be man's troubled lot to be tempted. In the glare of noonday publicity the devil sets open siege to the citadel of Mansoul, and in the gloom of midnight solitude men shall never cease to hear the

stealthy tread of the foe skulking on the margin of their most mysterious thoughts. But, tempted like Jesus, we may triumph like him. It becomes the Christian leaning his back against the cross to stand up against temptation like a line of cliffs against a tempestuous tide. The Lord is like the tower of David, builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers; and shield of Ajax seven-folded never stayed lance thrust as will the shield of faith the darts of the enemy. The soul fearless with its trust in God, alone but unterrified amid dangers and snares, may walk, as did the blind girl Nydia through the showering ashes of Vesuvius; the boiling torrents touched her not, huge fragments of scoria shivered the Pompeian pavements before and beside her, but spared her frail form, and when the lesser ashes fell on her she shook them off and dauntlessly went on her way.

(b) It may be that some are now bowed in a great sorrow which curtains the time in darkness, quenches the sun out of the noonday and stars out of the night. Anthems are changed to dirges. Loss has emptied life's honey, and spilled its wine. The earth has become a place of grief and graves. They mourn over mounds on which the grass is not yet grown. Bereaved and desolate they feel like Lear, lone and deserted, the cheerless heavens over him, the homeless

wild beneath him, the tempest beating against him with its pitiless storm.

(c) It may be that the feet of some have stumbled on the dark mountains of disappointment. Life has broken its pledges and cheated them of all they looked for with deepest longing. Dearest expectations have proved delusive. Disappointed hopes lie about their path—promises which the flattering and perfidious earth made but failed to keep. They struggle under the debris of plans and projects which were shattered, pinnacle to base, and came down a-clatter like a house of cards. Baffled and thwarted, chagrin and contradiction fill them with utter dismay; an element of melancholy is spread through their whole life by a perception of the nothingness of the possessions and enjoyments, the frail and transitory shows of earth. Even those who have obtained are disappointed and unsatisfied. The king of Israel, who had mental wealth beyond all others and terrestrial pleasures in a degree attained by few, summed up the whole in one word: "All is vanity." And the Roman emperor, who had commanded a world, when he came to die exclaimed: "I was everything, and have found that everything is nothing."

(d) It may be that some suffer by uncongenial and rasping surroundings; sensibilities are chafed and galled by conditions that do not fit them well; alien

circumstances have quartered upon them and crowded them out of all their comfort. The spirit shrinks from stinging touch, offensive and unnatural neighborhood; and, powerless and afraid, lies trembling, as one who feels a reptile crawling over him in the dark. A heart may sit like a bird brooding a nest that is lined with thorns, which, though it may cover them with its feathers, hurt none the less.

(e) It may be that the present pain of some is in the bitterness of love unappreciated and affection ill-treated and neglected. There are some natures in which, as Richter said of himself, "the business of hungering has gone to a great height"—eager, craving hearts that need ever to be fed afresh. Mozart, when he was a child, would go about from one to another, clinging around their necks, and pleading piteously, "Do you love me?" And there was that wonderful child in whom Walter Scott so much delighted, Margery Fleming, who at six years had a most wild hunger to love and to be loved. The most lavish hearts are sometimes denied their rights and listen in vain for any equal answer to their call, though even a cliff of rocks will send back an echo to the voice that cries toward it. Hawthorne said, though better off than most: "There is no measure for measure to my affections; but if the earth fails me, I can die and go to God." There be those whose lot it is to cast the pearls

of their affection where they are not honored—to scatter seeds of kindness upon a soil from which they can no more reap a just return than you can fill your barns with a harvest of grain from the fruitless furrows and pastureless fields of the desolate, barren, briny sea.

(f) Some have needed a refuge from persecution. It may never have been our distinction to be pierced and honored with this crown of thorns; for it is a select and Christlike experience, given not to many, to be persecuted for righteousness' sake, to be despised and rejected of men; but perhaps none know the value of the refuge as do they who have been chased into it by a scornful and merciless world.

(g) There be many whose present trial is the fiery one of bodily suffering. Whatever may be said of other ills, there is nothing imaginary or sentimental about this one. Disease may make the earth a place of torment—may so spoil the comfort of life and waste its energies that the sufferer finds every thought weariness and every breath pain. When the bed is changed from a couch of rest to a rack of torture, and the body is stretched upon it for long days or years, held down by a strong power called weakness, the soul, meanwhile, shut up in the aching prison house to learn through severe discipline the difficult lessons of patience, until the lips twitching with pain have mas-

tered the language of submission—this is no soft and luxurious experience, and it needs a succor and a shelter beyond what the world can give.

(h) Still again, in the case of others it may be that the mind is bewildered and baffled by problems of thought and faith and life. The human intellect unaided is unspeakably wretched through sheer perplexity and doubt. Alexis DeTocqueville said early in life, when groping in the midst of distressing mental perplexities and disheartened at the impotence of human reason: "If I were desired to classify human miseries, I should do it after this order: first, sickness; second, death; third, doubt."—Life's mysteries fill it with vague confusion, and provide a boundless realm for speculation which the busy brain peoples with a creation of its own and imagination makes populous with its conjectures. Has not the devil haunted us all at times with more doubts than Robert Buchanan raises in his *Book of Orm*—doubts of God's being, of his nature, of our immortality, of the Bible as God's word, of our original conversion, of our present acceptance, of our final salvation? Some minds have wandered in the thick murk of doubt till their thought was lost in chaos and night; then doubt has ended in despair and the soul weltered in darkness, like a man struggling in a midnight sea, the salt spray stinging in his eyes, the bitter brine stinging

in his throat, and no earthly answer to his despairing cry for help save the fierce howl of hungry waves and the wild shriek of the wind.

3. The chief disquietude of some heart arises from the onward look. The future seems adverse and sinister. Coming days loom up portentously in its fears. Forebodings of disaster make it shrink back from the darkening turbulence of menacing and dreaded uncertainties. We need a security which will keep us cheerful against a threatening tomorrow. And for those who are restless with ambitions about the future, longing sleeplessly toward its hoped-for riches and honor—they need to be freed from the thirst which fevers them. To have the heart weaned from earthly pleasures is better than to obtain them in fullest abundance.

Not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day, like the Sultan of old, in a garden
of spice.

Such are some of the ills of life. Make a better catalogue for yourselves if you can—supply all that is wanting—and then let us say that from all their unrest and weariness and woe the only sufficient refuge is in God. For the evils that arise within us, out of a wrong nature, divine grace is a remedy; and from the ills which are circumstantial, however grievous, our hearts may find a refuge by accepting

our lot and bowing in acquiescence before the throne of Him whose love we trust, though his ways are past our finding out. In a life full of troubles, the believer remembers it is not long, and adopts the wise words of the singer,

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky we might grow faint.

But, since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O, pusillanimous heart! be comforted;
And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!"

And then he remembers that eternity is long; and that a lifetime suffered here is but as a span of a single day in the bright world beyond the sun. Therefore hope gives him nerve to suffer and to do: For though no man

Can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus,
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast,
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat—

yet men may better bear the trials of earth by thinking of the heaven that is to come. The burden of

life's brief labors may well be borne looking to the endless calm of eternity's serene and tranquil Sabbath. There is rest—there and nowhere else; for rest is a treasure which God has not stored in the earth; you cannot harvest it from the fields, or pluck it from the trees; it is not for sale in the world's bazaars; it is a pearl the seas do not yield. Even when Providence fills a man with all earthly gifts his soul is disquieted with a repining restlessness, as if God had thought concerning him:

Let him be rich, and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

III. While we need a refuge from the ills of life we also need a refuge from the dread of death. Montaigne said he feared only fear, and in any form it is a thing to be delivered from. It was the motto of Heinrich V, inscribed in the Kaisersaale at Frankfurt on the Main, "*Miser qui mortem appetit, miserior qui timet.*" Yet death from of old is named King of Terrors, nor is this fear any sign of weakness of mind. Madame DeStaël offered her physician her fortune if he would take away her fear of death. Vinnet says that "after the happiest as well as after the most wretched of lives it is terrible to die." The great Samuel Johnson, rough and strong as he was,

was all his life time through fear of death subject to bondage. This abhorrence made Louis XV of France a coward. He would not suffer death to be spoken of, and avoided whatever would bring it to mind. It was but the device of the ostrich, but it shows his terror of the grim monarch. The vague, untried uncertainties of death render it naturally frightful to all. The heathen emperor, passing through dark agonies into the unknown, asked of his soul: "Into what places art thou now departing?" But the Christian, fronting death, knows that his soul departs into the bosom of Infinite Love, and into mansions prepared, and he finds refuge from the fear of death in the clear faith of an immortal life. To him whose life is hid with Christ in God

There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life
 elysian,
Whose portals we call Death.

The Christian Longfellow sings,

The grave itself is but a covered bridge
Leading from light to light thro' a brief darkness;

and ofttimes it seems to me that the grave is but a half-way house where I shall stop for a night, my Saviour's cross before it, my Saviour's graveclothes in it, my Father's house behind it.

IV. Although the eternal God is a perfect refuge for humanity, many run to refuges of lies which seem good to a man, but the end whereof is death. Let their example be a warning to us to flee for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us in the gospel. Shallow and flimsy are human devices for human relief. The thoughtful call in philosophy only to find that it proposes problems which religion alone can solve. The restless try change; take journeys, as if they could leave themselves behind; cross oceans and continents to find, when they have compassed sea and land, that they have changed the sky but not their mind. The weak and frivolous seek refuge in pleasure, find nepenthe in some intoxication, resort to drink or opium, bury thought in the pages of novels, hunt oblivion through the dizzy mazes of excitement, court delirium as a boon, dream upon the lotus shores of indulgence, and, like Saul, would banish melancholy by the tuning of a harp. Hearts nobler and stronger fling themselves upon work, plunge from labor to labor, toiling that they may not have time to remember, drowning the voice of their own soul in the hum of business and the surging Babel of the world's noisy strife. Cain sought to allay his remorse by building a city. All such refuges are the makeshifts of a moment, the delusions of a day.

But there is one fearful, false refuge which has

made room in its black bosom for a host of fugitives. I mean the suicides who have hid themselves away in the darkness of death, fled down the long steps that lead to silence and sought shelter in the grim gateway of the grave—the desperate, maddened ones, who, goaded to the brink of despair, have cried in their frenzy as they leaped into the abyss: “Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!” It seems strange and incomprehensible to people who find life sweet and pleasant that any should wish to die, and they are apt to pronounce the wish wicked. They do not wonder that Voltaire in the midnight blackness of infidelity and misery of unbelief said: “I wish I had never been born”; but they deny that Christians can ever have such feelings. Yet I find the feeling in every variety of manifestation among servants of God. I find Job cursing the day he was born, and saying: “Oh that thou would’st hide me in the grave!” I find Elijah wanting to die by the brook Cherith. I find Jonah by his withered gourd, smitten with the east wind and the sun, saying: “It is better for me to die than to live.” And sometimes I have thought Paul was staggering a little under his load and half homesick for glory when he wondered if it were not better to depart and be with Christ. I hear an old Puritan saying: “Sometimes the burden is so heavy and the prospect so dark that we would rather leave

the world and fly away and be at rest"; and I hear Doddridge singing, in one of his best hymns,

Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest in God.

Under a brown headstone in the English cemetery at Florence sleeps today in the rest he craved a man who once wrote: "Sometimes I wish that death would come and fan me to sleep with his wings; but faith soon stops that murmur, and, 'Thy will be done' is prayer enough for me."

It is not wonderful that souls without the fear of God before their eyes, weary of life and praying for death, have answered their own prayer. What a ghastly gallery the suicides would make if we could collect their faces: from Judas, flinging down the silver price of blood and going out to hang himself, down to the last poor coward that blew his brains out yesterday. Some choose death as an escape from shame and disgrace. Theodore, the Abyssinian king, sprang off into eternity rather than submit to a captivity which his proud spirit could not brook. Beaurepaire, the French general, compelled by the municipals to surrender Verdun to Brunswick and the King of Prussia's 60,000 men, strode away indignant to his room, from which, when he had shut the door, was heard a pistol shot and the heavy fall of his dead

body. His epitaph in the Pantheon reads: "He chose death rather than yield to despots." It is said that Marshal Ney, after his treason to Louis XVIII during the hundred days of Bonaparte's last struggle for the throne, fought like a man who only cared to die. There is a story that on the night of the day on which the abdication of the throne had been given, the victorious allies being camped on the boulevards of his beloved Paris, Napoleon at Fontainebleau took poison. He could not bear defeat. In Detroit one morning was found the corpse of a wretched, ruined girl; at her side, along with a revolver and an empty laudanum vial, was found a Bible open at the 11th chapter of Matthew and indexed at the 28th verse: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Poor child, she sought rest all amiss. Death is no refuge for the frantic spirit. "No one becomes blessed by being buried." There is no virtue in the hem of Azrael's garment. The grave cannot succor or shelter a broken heart. Hamlet guessed the truth in his "perchance": the sepulcher's sleep is full of dreams; an abyss of dreams more real than life, more terrible than death, more infinite than either. Better to bear the ills we have than fly to others we know not of.

There have not been wanting schools of philosophers to justify suicide, either as involved in that

right of control which every man has over his own life or as a legitimate asylum from suffering. And thousands who never heard of Epicurus have flung life away because, being exhausted of pleasure, it offered no prospect but pain; of which number, doubtless, are many of the 4,500 yearly suicides of France. One thinks of Chatterton, "the marvelous boy," the astonishing child of eighteen years, in a wretched room in Holborn, in the midst of the fullest din of London, where, after fighting for four months the wolf of hunger from the door, dispensing with food and sleep, on the verge of starvation and madness, impatient with fate, and but vaguely acquainted with God, he gave up angrily the struggle of life—and weak, ghastly, full of rage and despair, drank the arsenic one August day, and lay down among his papers, where the frightened people, breaking open his door, found him next morning, in all his young beauty, the bright eyes dim, the strong limbs powerless, like a young oak tree, felled while all his strength was yet to come. Altogether, it is a vast multitude that has made rash haste to the grave, and burst open with violent hands the door of the eternal world. And there is a still greater multitude of those who have wished for death. Many have sat down weary by the wayside and waited for the long night to come. Perhaps their years have worn the regalia

of grief, perhaps floods of tears have run the colors from life's fabric, and left it dead, pale stuff; perhaps they have lived till the heart is dry as dust, and the strength as weak as water; at any rate, away down deep within, where nobody but God hears, they have said to themselves: "The sooner it's over the sooner to sleep." And there are more than we are apt to think who, in some hour of peculiar trial and depression, have felt that they would fain hide in the tranquil depths of the quiet grave, out of reach of tempest and trouble; who would have liked some summer day to turn up the earth's green coverlid of sod and creep under and go to sleep; and who would have said with Ursus, when he found the cold, white body of the woman frozen in the cold, white snow: "Dead! there's one that's happy, decidedly happy! Dead, quite dead!" But we do not need that any lost self-slayer should come back from the land of shadows to tell us that the grave is no more a refuge for a troubled soul than philosophy, or change, or work, or pleasure. They who wrongly desire death are deceived, and would find in it not deliverance but doom.

V. Turn we now from the evils which afflict and threaten men, and from the false refuges they seek, to behold the one only true refuge, in which alone there is comfort and security. "The eternal God is

thy refuge." Consider the character of this glorious refuge.

It is not a refuge for idlers, but for toilers. It is not the offer of an easy shelter for mere comfort-seekers. God does not shield any of us from duty, nor excuse us from bearing the legitimate responsibilities of existence. Each of us must take our share of the wrestling and discipline of life. God puts no premium on indolence, furnishes no retreat for the recreant, cushions no cozy couch to indulge the ennui of a useless life; but appointing to everyone his work, and requiring diligence, he promises protection to all faithful ones and surrounds his servants with security. Travelers over the Alpine passes are familiar with the strong stone houses called "refuges," with thick walls and narrow windows and doors, built by the wayside at intervals of a few miles for the shelter of the workmen who keep the road in repair, and for any who may be overtaken by storm. The laborers sleep in the refuge at night and go out to work on the road during the day. From their castles of rest and safety they go forth to cast up the highway and, if need be, help travelers over the difficult and dangerous mountains. So they who are sheltered and refreshed in the Divine Refuge are sent forth upon a service and a ministry for the glory of God and the good of men. They must help keep the road

in order, from the valleys of earth to the heights of heaven. Over them rings the order: "Cast ye up the highways of the Lord, make his paths straight."

The refuge is a living refuge. The thought may be helped and impressed by suggesting a few contrasts. There is a difference between beauty in a picture and living beauty. There is a difference between the photograph of my friend, which I look upon in his absence, and my living, breathing, conversing friend himself. The Fornarina was more to Raphael than any of the Madonnas to whose faces he gave her features. There was a difference to Hiram Powers between the lifeless though beautiful bust of his wife, which his master chisel tenderly sculptured as a work of love, and the living mother of his children and partner of his life from his youth to his gray hairs. There is a difference between the cold marble Christ that I saw in the damp crypt of an old church in Naples, or the silver Christ that looks down over the choir of Saint Mark's in Venice, and my living Elder Brother, my great loving Almighty Saviour, the ever blessed Jesus. Oh, life is the precious thing, the charm of charms; to it belongs the music of the voice and the omnipotence of language; to it the light of the eye, like the keen sharp flash of broken steel in the sun; to it belong the smile, sunny as midsummer, and the tear of sympathy

like the dew of heaven; to it the crimson mist which suffuses the cheek, and the glow which warms the body; to it belongs the clasp of strenuous arms, with heart's blood throbbing through the length of them. Life is the charm of charms.

A living refuge! Luther did well to sing, in his grand Reformation hymn, "*Ein feste burg ist unser Gott*"; but God is something better than that. To behold a strong tower into which the righteous may run and be safe may fortify the soul with courage, but the impassive defense of cold castle walls is one thing, the protection of a living defender is another. I decline to think of Jehovah as a mere refuge of rocks, a sort of divine Gibraltar. The fugitive who hides in a den or cave of the earth may be safe from pursuit of foe or fury of storm; but how much happier he who escapes from wintry weather into the warm welcome of a home, with its eager greetings and its glowing hearthstone lit by healthful fires and happy faces. A living refuge is such as the wolf-hunted lamb finds in the shepherd's bosom, such as the child finds when lifted in a father's arms and borne upon his stout heart and heaving breast, or the babe when it nestles in the neck of its mother. A little girl was looking at that familiar picture entitled "Rock of Ages," in which a shipwrecked woman clings to a rocky cross in the midst of a black and

stormy sea. "What does that mean?" asked the child. "It is called the 'Rock of Ages,' " was the answer; "that means Jesus, to whom we cling for salvation." "Oh, yes," said the child, "but that rock isn't my Jesus; when I cling to him he reaches down and clings too."

A living refuge is one that can come to you. Are you lying by the wayside, on some Jericho road, plundered of robbers, and beaten almost to death? Your living refuge comes like a good Samaritan to bind up your wounds and take you to the inn. Are you Israel in Egypt? The mighty God whom no despot can baffle comes through the land of your captivity, with plagues of fire, and hail, and death, and scourges the tyrant with a lash of lightning through every chamber of his palaces, and from end to end of his dominions, and delivers you from bondage. Are you Peter in prison? His angel wakes you from your chained and guarded sleep, and leads you out between the slumbering sentinels, iron gates swinging open for your exit. Are you on Galilee, tossed by the sea and blown by adverse winds? In the fourth watch of the night, when the darkness has lasted long, there comes One like a spirit walking to you on the sea, treading the rough waves level with his feet, and saying: "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

GOD'S TENDEREST PROMISE

THE three greatest subjects for human study are God, man, and the relations between them. Whatever sheds light on them is of priceless value. As for God, he on his part is forever trying to teach us, in his Word and by his Christ, of his relations and attitude toward us; and we, on our side, should make life one long effort to understand. Along every path, in any realm, on which man goes forth, God meets him face to face and has something to say to him. In literature man meets the Bible, God's phonograph, rolling out its divine message with a "Thus saith the Lord"; in history he meets the Christ, the Son of the living God; in science he meets the Designer, Creator, and Upholder of the universe; in personal life and experience he meets a directing, overruling Providence and a reproving, advising, illuminating, and impelling Spirit. God's revelation of himself approaches man from every angle, touches him at every point, enters every open door of his nature. Availing himself of man's intelligence and moral nature, he does not neglect man's affections as aids to the human comprehension of the Divine. The supreme instance of this is his seizing upon parental love for the pur-

pose of interpreting to the children of men his own love toward them in the words, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," and, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Of these two marvelous self-revelations of God, most of us will agree, the latter is the more tender. Indeed, in all the Scripture is there any word quite so intimately touching, appealing, and dear? In it Divine Love appeals most widely to mankind by using the most universally experienced relationship. Everybody has a mother, and from known mother comfortings we may learn something of the previously unknown Divine.

For most human beings the first sensation on hearing such words spoken by the Almighty out of heaven is one of amazement. The natural thoughts of sinful men concerning the High and Lofty One who inhabits eternity, Ruler and Judge of all, do not prepare us for such condescending tenderness. Looking upon the greatest pipe organ in the world, its huge front looming like the façade of a cathedral, we naturally expect of it an overpowering volume of sound, something like the roar of battle, or the rumble and crash of thunder in the dome of a lurid sky, or the bellowing and booming of billows on the stormy beach or in the caves of hollow cliffs. All this we are prepared for, but we are filled with delighted wonder

when the tremendous instrument checks its awful force, sinks its great voice to strains as gentle as the cooing of doves, as soft and sweet as the song sparrow's notes, as tender as a mother's crooning to her babe in the twilight; tender, pathetic strains that move to ecstasy and tears. When we read the Hercules Furens of Euripides and see the gigantic hero of many mighty labors and astounding feats show his tender heart as he clings lovingly to Theseus and says, as he follows him to Athens, "Whoso rather would have strength and wealth than good friends reasons foolishly therein," we feel a wondering admiration for Hercules which no exhibition of his strength could have given. We knew he was brave; now we know he is tender. One man remembers the pleased surprise he felt when he found big, burly Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, the Herculean punisher of pugilists and terror of roughs and bullies, writing that daintiest of all delicate descriptions in literature, *The Fairy's Funeral*. In like manner, but infinitely more, are we filled with amazement when in the austere Old Testament, where God reveals himself as the almighty and majestic Creator, Lawgiver, and Ruler, we find him likening himself to a pitying father and a comforting mother. We can but wonder and adore. To show his power first and his love afterward seems to be God's way; to see, as Browning did, Power first

and Love afterward is the usual human experience. To make known the tenderness of the divine love is the purpose of such passages as we find in the one hundred and third psalm and the sixty-sixth chapter of Isaiah.

A loving God is a sheer necessity, equally to the reason, the moral nature, and the sensibilities of man. We all agree with him who insists that a loving worm within its clod were diviner than a loveless God among his worlds. A cruel God is intolerable, incredible; a good God or no God at all is the demand of reason and of the soul—which is simply a demand for a decent and respectable universe. It must be admitted that belief in a tender, parental Deity, pitying like a father, comforting as a mother, is not always an easy thing for suffering creatures, living in a rough, hard world, bludgeoned by many a heavy blow, beaten in many a battle, and at the last killed off the earth by methods more or less severe. Yet the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, and we are at best only half-way Christians until we believe in him as we do in fatherhood and motherhood at their most beautiful best. Nothing in God's inspired Word is more precious than its anthropomorphism, making the personality of the Supreme Power definite, positive, and certain; and one conspicuous

value of every word of revelation which assures us of the parental character of God is in giving us a vivid sense of the divine Personality real enough to protect us in the dark places of philosophy and theology from surrendering to the pantheist's diffused, misty, impersonal Deity, a God held in solution in the universe, or to the deist's irresponsive, indifferent, unfeeling, brutal, and wholly reprehensible Divinity. Moreover, the double revelation of fatherliness and motherliness is doubtless essential to give us a complete conception of the parental character of God; and we are like half-orphans in the universe, living on a hemisphere and not on a globe, until we unite and comprehend both of these two revelations. At this point, it is believed by many, we are in the neighborhood of the secret of the origin and prevalence of Mariolatry in the Papal Church. Frederick William Robertson held that the adoration of the Virgin Mary was added to the worship of Christ because the worshipers had a hemispheric and not a spherical conception of Jesus, regarding him as an incomplete embodiment and representative of human nature. Robertson showed that, speaking spiritually, the human race finds itself entire in Jesus Christ, its feminine qualities of spirit as well as its masculine; and held that the antidote for the idolatrous adoration of a mere mortal woman is to preach the all-inclusive perfect humanity of

Christ. Equally incomplete is our conception of God's parental feeling unless we include Isaiah with the Psalms, motherliness with fatherliness. Possibly Theodore Parker made the best point in his very imperfect theology when he spoke of God as the great Father and Mother of the world. Some years ago a misguided and unenlightened Methodist physician in Pennsylvania bequeathed five hundred dollars to the Universalist Church, "to aid," he said, "in spreading knowledge of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." What sort of doctrine had he heard from Methodist pulpits to make him imagine that Universalism had superior adaptation and ability for spreading such knowledge? Any one of the evangelical churches can do that better than Universalism, for they do not compromise everything away and remove the ethical foundations by preaching a weakly indulgent and morally imbecile Deity.

There is wide warrant for saying that human affections furnish the best analogue to enable us to understand the heart of God. This is not strange, for the best men agree to rank our affections among the highest of human faculties. They are certainly our most influential faculties; they make more history, move more energy, inspire more heroism and sacrifice, shape more lives, and fill more literature than any other human powers. They are the most beneficent;

they are the source of all unselfishness; they give most joy; they render most service. / Genius is not sure to bless; learning is sometimes sterile and unprofitable; power is often made a curse; and wealth may be heartless, harmful, and hateful; but when did a loving heart fail to be beneficent and helpful? The affections do most to give meaning to life. A wise philosopher has written:

The sense of the world is short,
Though long and varied the report —
To love and be beloved.
Wisest men have not outlearned it,
And, how oft soe'er they've turned it,
'Tis not to be improved.

The affections are more tenacious and indestructible than other faculties; they survive, endure, and cling till life's end, and are often intensest at the last. Cicero bent his head, without growing pale, to the knife of the centurion, but he wept at the thought that his family would be destroyed by Clodius. The gladiator, butchered to make a Roman holiday, thinks of his young barbarians and their Dacian mother by the far Danube, when his lifeblood wets the sands and the arena swims around him. Horatius, holding the bridge against Sextus and Lars Porsena and ninety thousand foes, looks, ere he leaps into the flood, to the white porch of his home on the Palatine hill, beyond the Tiber. A convict lay dying on a prison bed at

Auburn. He had grown up in a good and happy home, and moral irresolution rather than vicious wickedness led him to a felon's cell. In his sickness his thoughts wandered much, but on his last day his mind is centered on his childhood's home. He imagines that his mother is comforting him. He reaches up his wasted arm, seems to draw down to his lips her dear face, murmurs "Mother," and then, with a look of ineffable peace glorifying his wan and haggard features, sinks back content to end his wrecked and weary life with the sense of a mother's holy kiss upon his soul. Who can tell how much of this was delusion? Affirmation and denial are alike impossible. Who knows but this dying convict was visited and hovered over by the spirit of his mother, and, becoming as a little child in a final moment of sanity and not of delirium, was admitted under the Saviour's promise that so men should enter the kingdom of heaven. The affections rescue and keep and save more souls than anything else does. Yonder is a ruined old hut; the roof sags in, the walls are cracked, the windows are broken, the door is gone; evidently deserted and empty. But wait, see! A thin curl of blue smoke is rising from the crumbling chimney. That is proof that the hut is still inhabited; something human must be within, for only a human being can make a fire. So from the ruins of what was once

a man we see rising some faint sign, slight as a thread of chimney smoke, telling that all within him is not dead and cold, but that on the hearthstone of his inner being there remains something warm. It is almost sure to be a spark of affection, the ash-covered embers of a better past, revived and blown into a flame by some tender memory breathing on them, and renewing a glow of comfort in the ruined lair where once a virtuous and prosperous soul kept house. It is a token which certifies that humanity is not extinct in him; at least a remnant of manhood is left alive and may be saved.

Among human affections none transcends a mother's love, and in their commerce and ministry there is nothing sweeter than her comfortings. A father, doubtless, for many things—for practical advice based on worldly wisdom and knowledge of life, for strong reproof and stern discipline when these become necessary, as they sometimes do; but when it comes to comforting, give us—at least us who once were boys—give us a mother. / Blessed is the boy who was mother-nurtured, mother-trained, and mother-comforted! One of the things which explain John Ruskin—his sensitive conscience, his fine sensibilities, his noble ideals, his pure soul, his gentle, humane, unselfish life—is the powerful influence of his mother's character and spirit, by heredity and by per-

sonal touch and training. And Susanna Wesley largely accounts for the wonderful boys of the Epworth rectory. One of the things that ailed John Stuart Mill and made him abnormal was that he was never mothered; his father and not his mother took sole charge of his home training and his entire education. In Mrs. Whitney's Hitherto, Richard Hathaway feels that something is lacking in his wife, but he cannot guess what it is until it is borne in upon him that her defect is owing to the fact that she never knew her mother. The great philosopher and cynic, Schopenhauer, would not have been a pessimist if his heart had not been embittered in early life by his mother. He always spoke of her with scorn and hatred. No maternal love sunned and sweetened his boyhood. She gave him curdled milk and turned his spirit to gall. When Schopenhauer learned that he had sat at dinner next to Lady Byron, he said: "I wish I had known it at the time; I should have liked to be rude to her." Suppose Byron had been well mothered—what a different man! He never would have written *Don Juan*, nor have lived so mad, reckless, rebellious, and defiant a life. If Renan had heeded the teachings, warnings, and entreaties of his devoted mother, he would never have lost his faith and his morals.

If God wanted to lay hold on the most tender and

potent thing in the world with which to convey to mankind an idea of infinite comforting, he found it in a mother's love; and we will miss the meaning of the tenderest promise in the Old Testament if we do not learn from it, by studying a mother's comforting, what thoughts of God are warranted in us by his own words.

First: A mother's comforting is kindly, congenial, suited, acceptable. The bear-cub likes the caresses of its grizzly mother—she is of its kind; but the lamb would find them unsuited, unkindly, intolerable. It cannot like them, because between a lamb and a bear there is no likeness. And mother-comfortings are kindly because she and we are of a kind. The Scotch have a saying, "The mither's breath is aye sweet." So is God's, because we are his offspring, made in his likeness. He it was who breathed into our nostrils the breath of life and made us living souls; and the breath in us is his breath, one life in him and in us. And his comforting is kindly, of our kind, because he and we are akin.

Second: Mother-comfortings are freely bestowed on insensible or inappreciative objects—on children too small, too weak, too ignorant to be able to know, appreciate, or reciprocate. "Mother, do you know why I love you?" said a little girl; "because you loved me when I was too little to love you back."

Also such love lavishes itself often on larger children when they are indifferent, ungrateful, hard, ugly, and hateful. So is it, we are warranted in believing, with the divine love. It also is poured out upon many who are too ignorant or insensible or selfish or indecent to properly appreciate and reciprocate. Utterly unimagined by children, little or large, is the cost of the mother's unstinted care-taking, as wide as the house and the family, covering a multiplicity of interests; unmeasured is the maternal statesmanship which achieves the beautiful miracle of a pure, comfortable, wholesome, and happy home. No more can any of us comprehend or measure the infinite reach and complexity of the care-taking Providence which arranges for the welfare of all whom God's love broods over in the world's wide nest.

Third: Mother-love is attentive, and its comfortings are instant and immediate. A minister, making a pastoral call, sat talking in the parlor with the lady of the house. Though his ears were keen, he heard no sound from above; but the mother's far quicker ear heard her only child stirring upstairs, with something in the sound that troubled her, and she left him instantly to go to her little girl. In one of Victor Hugo's books a lost boy, wandering alone in night and storm on a desolate moor, stumbles over a mound of snow shaped like a human form. A mother lies frozen

to death, having stripped herself of her clothing to wrap it around her babe. The babe sleeping warmly on the frozen bosom, being jostled awake by the stumbling boy, utters a plaintive sobbing cry. And the great novelist says: "She must have been *very dead*, not to have heard that cry." Sensitive indeed is a mother to her child's least cry. So is God. We know not whether he cares for or even notes the roar of the wind in the forest, or the ocean on the rocks, or the thunder in the clouds, or any of the noises of nature; but as sure as the Lord liveth we know he hears and cares for the faintest cry of his feeblest child. *It must be so.*

Fourth: The comfortings of mother-love are intelligent and comprehending. Let a mother alone for finding out what is the matter with a child. She is better than a doctor, for she knows what to do for a wounded spirit, a troubled heart. Her insight does not depend on words. She knows what he wants before he asks for it. Even if he cannot tell, she will read it in his look or his voice. And if he tries to tell, she will not misunderstand him. He goes to her, feeling sure she will understand. She comprehends him, and often knows what he wants better than he does. So God knows and comprehends us. Often in our vague longings, inarticulate distresses, and confused self-ignorance our appeal is like

An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry,

but the Divine Heart, which is full of fatherliness and motherliness, understands what we mean. We need not fear that he will not, for the divine knowledge is full and the divine intuition unerring.

Fifth: A mother's comforting completely suffices. What does a babe find in its mother? Literally, all it needs. Her smile is all the heaven it cares for. Her eyes are its sun, moon, and stars. Her embrace is security. It wants no other stronghold than the stronghold of her arms; they are better than battlements and fortresses. The cooing of her voice is more than bands of instruments or the music of the spheres. When we were babies, before the world got between her and us and we grew into distance and independence, we knew no want that was not met in her; we were absolutely content with the fullness of her sweet resources, and the world and its nations were nothing to us. Later on, our cravings grew beyond all earthly power of filling, and many dissatisfactions arose within us. Between our infant rest in her and our final rest in God we travel a region in which is found no perfect satisfaction; and we shall never be absolutely satisfied again until we wake in his likeness and see him as he is. Then we shall find

that his comforting forever suffices and satisfies like a mother's.

Sixth: Mother-comfortings are tenderest to the neediest, to the unfortunate, the crippled, the deficient, and the suffering:

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss, and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best—
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

Seventh: Our mother's value and the sweetness of her comforting were known to us as not unto the world. Possibly the world thought her uninteresting and unattractive. That was because it did not know her. We found in her deep riches and beauty much to be admired. All purity, goodness, loveliness were, to our eyes, embodied in her; and having seen them there we never could disbelieve in their reality. Dark days may come and faith be hard pressed in this evil world, but he who has a pure, good mother's memory to hold by, when the world grows thick and bad and he feels out for virtue, will not grow disbelieving, cynical, misanthropic, pessimistic. Tennyson's mother was not a brilliant woman, but on the day when he buried her body in Highgate Cemetery

he requested Bishop Bickersteth, who conducted the service, to return with him to his house; and through the afternoon he poured out love and praise upon his mother's character and life; and when the bishop rose to leave, Tennyson said to him: "I hope you will not think I have spoken in exaggerated terms about my mother; for, indeed, she seemed to me the beautifulest thing that Almighty God ever did make."

Happy he

With such a mother! faith in womankind

Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high

Comes easy to him.

But not all the great laureate's affluent mastery of language could have made the world see the fullness of riches he found in his mother. And in like manner, though the fullness of the Godhead dwelt in Jesus Christ, the world could not perceive it. Only those who loved, listened to, lived with, and obeyed him could see what was in him, and say with unsealed and discerning eyes: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." "How is it," said the disciples, "that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?" Because they had eyes to see, minds to discern, and hearts to understand, and the dull world had not.

Eighth: Mother-love is unwearying, undespairing, unfailing, and her comforting waits everlastingly to

bestow itself on her child, however erring, rebellious, and unworthy. A wayward daughter left her country home for wild and vicious ways in the city, breaking her mother's heart. Sickening at last of the paths of sin, she turned homeward. Reaching the door long after midnight and finding it unbolted, she lifted the latch and walked in to be clasped in her mother's arms and to have her cheeks wet with her mother's tears as well as with her own. "Why was the door unfastened, and you here all alone?" she asked; and the mother answered: "That door has never been bolted since you went away, my daughter, lest you should come and find it locked and go away again." A certain man who went to hear Francis Murphy, the temperance advocate, speak, found himself wondering, on the way, what sort of a mother this man had, and whether her memory or influence had anything to do with his reformation. When the reformed drunkard rose to begin his address he said hardly anything before he began to talk about his mother, telling how she laid her hand in blessing on his head when he left the home cottage in Ireland for America, and telling how, when he found himself locked in a cell, his first thought was of his mother. He could almost see her weeping for him and hear her pleading with him. On his first Sunday morning in the county jail at Portland, Maine, when he stepped out

of his cell to the religious service held there by Captain Sturtevant, the first words he heard were, "His mercy endureth forever." He said to himself: "God's love is like mother's; it never fails. I've been grieving my two best friends." He was melted; his sore heart grew contrite; and by thinking of his loving mother and of the merciful God he was saved.

All that we have been saying sheds light on the high office and function of a mother. Her business is to interpret God to her children by giving them such experience of maternal comfortings as shall help them to comprehend how deep and rich and dear a thing God means in that tenderest promise given to his earthly children, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Mrs. Browning's un pitying paternal parent did not help her to comprehend the meaning of the psalmist's words, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," but that she was well mothered is indicated when she writes of God thus:

I feel that his embrace slides down
By thrills through all things made;
As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said,
"Who kissed you through the dark?"

What sort of a mother Thomas Carlyle had is reflected in the fact that when he was aged and feeble,

burdened with the weight of years, and left lonely by the death of his wife, talking one day with a friend about his weakness and desolation, the old man burst forth in a tremulous voice that was half humor and half sob, "It's a mother I want." One wishes somebody had been there to sing to him the quaint sweet words of the Scotch song:

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo unto my Saviour's breast;
For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like
me,
And he carries them himsel' to his ain countree.

There is sanity, reason, and the logic of common sense in the words of Mark Guy Pearse: "It is reasonable to trust the Power that has made a mother. To me a mother is the 'Fear Not' of nature, half a redeemer, a certificate and guarantee of God. I will trust the Power that makes a mother." He who creates mothers gives to us distincter and more articulate reason for trusting him in that tender promise in the pages of Isaiah, found in the heart of the austere Old Testament like honey in a cleft of the rock.

WHAT IS AGE?

I COULD not learn from words of men
The real significance of "old" and "young,"
And so I asked the mountains,
What is Age?
They said: "O child of Days,
Thou canst not know what age is;
Neither can we know,
For earth is not yet old, but in its prime:
And, tho' our brows are furrowed deep with time,
We hope to see full many a thousand years
Before our day of dissolution come.
A century is but one tick of the great clock
Which counts our years.

"And as for men,
They grow not old on earth—
They have not time;
They but begin to live.
They do not even come to ripeness here,
But only yonder in the Great Unseen.
It takes a million years to make a man!

"This earth is but man's cradle;
A man of fourscore is a babe,
Peering, perhaps, over his cradle's edge,
But the wide world of his existence
Is yet to roam thro' and to widen in.
Life is before him, greatness is to come!
After a while he shall vacate his cradle,
And go forth to seek the fortune
God reserves for him.

"But man on earth knows nothing of Old Age.
 Man's longest earthly life
 Is but a ripple lapping at our base.
 We see the generations come and go,
 And men say we are old;
 Yet are we young beside God
 And his angels, which excel in strength.
 And Paul is young yet,
 And John, and Moses, too,
 Walking the hills of everlasting life.
 Immortals grow and grow, but ne'er grow old!

"What man gets on the earth
 Is just *a start in life*,
 And it is well with him, whate'er his years,
 Who is well started—
 Has learned the speech of truth,
 The trade of righteousness,
 The love of God,
 The hope of deathless glory.

"He lives by heavenly plan,
 His hands are clean and kindly,
 His heart is gentle and his word is true;
 Men honor, angels love him,
 And his name is writ on high.
 He grows, but grows not old!"

So said the mountains; and I said:
 "Thank God, who gives his children
 An eternal youth, which knows advance
 But never knows decay!
 All hail, eternal youth!
 Eternal Life, that knows not youth nor age,
 But grows on thro' an everlasting Now!"

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